THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

CURIOUS DESCRIPTION OF MAN.

The following poetical description of the uses of the different parts of the human body we have quoted from the works of the celebrated Francis Quarles, preserving the obsolete spelling:—

Man's BODY's like a HOUSE, his greater BONES
Are the main TIMBER: and the lesser ones
Are smaller SPLINTS: his RIBS are LATHS daub'd o're
Plaistered with FLESH and BLOOD: his MOUTH's the door,
His THROAT's the narrow entry, and his HEART
Is the great CHAMBER full of curious art.
His MIDRIFF is a large PARTITION WALL
Twixt the great CHAMBER and the spacious HALL:
His STOMACH is the KITCHEN, where the meat
Is often but half sod for want of heat:
His SPLEEN's a VESSEL nature doth allot
To take the SKUM that rises from the pot:
His lungs are like the BELLOWS, that respire
In every OFFICE, quick'ning every fire:
His NOSE the CHIMNEY is, whereby are vented
Such FUMES as with the BELLOWS are augmented:
His BOWELS are the SINK, whose part's to drain
All noisom FILTH, and keep the kitchen clean:
His EYES are crystal WINDOWS, clear and bright;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the TIMBER is, great or small,
Or strong, or weak, 'tis apt to stand or fall;
Yet is the likeliest BUILDING sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances; overthrown
Oftimes by TEMPESTS, by the full-mouth'd BEASTS
Of HEAVEN; sometimes by FIRE, sometimes it wasts
Through unadvis'd neglect: put case the stuff
Were ruin-proof, by nature strong enough
To conquer time and age; put case it should
Nere know an end, alas our LEASES would:
What hast thou, then, PROUD FLESH AND BLOOD, to boast?
Thy daies are evil, at best; but few, at most;
But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
Unsure, at surest; and but short, at longest.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST LESSON IN SLANG; OR, A "BIRD" TO BE "PLUCKED"—UNCLE AND NEPHEW—VISITORS OF BOTH SEXES—MOST OF THEM ON FRIENDLY TERMS, BUT ONE INCLINED FOR FISTICUFFS—AN INTERLOPER—SOMETHING LIKE A "MUSS"—THE "TO-KIDS!"—A DETECTIVE AS A FABRICABLE SIGHT-SEEING.

"The bird is a good one, but would be much better for the plucking."

"The plucking?"

"Aye. But I see you don't understand me. I will therefore explain."

The last speaker said truly. His companion had looked half inquiringly, half wonderingly, when the slang terms fell upon his ear. And the promised explanation was rendered thus wise:

"Plucking, is taking from one man (whom I call bird) that which is better in our own pockets than in his. You comprehend me now—don't you?"

"Yes, perfectly."

The scene of the conversation of which the above is only a small portion, was a strange sort of place in Church street, New York, neither a private nor public house, though a little of each; while the men thus exchanging words there, in aspect, at least, were of an equally mixed or ambiguous character. One (the first speaker) was aged, square-built, and broad-shouldered; the other could not have been more than twenty-three years old, and was tall and slender. In physiognomy, both were remarkably alike, dark-haired, brown-complexioned, and coarse-featured, with sunken eyes of a sinister expression. In the older, that expression was more obvious than in the younger, but a few years would equalize the difference—that is, if life were spared to the latter.

John and Henry Benson were the respective names of the two, and uncle and nephew the respective relationships that existed between them. John Benson had been an inhabitant of New York for a long time, and really was one of its most lawless desperadoes at the period of our commencement. As a robber and burglar, he had been sent to the States' Prison at Sing Sing, whence the interference of friends, backed by that universal "open sesame" of modern days, money, had freed him, long ere the understood term of his captivity had expired. A blacker deed than even that of burglary or highway robbery had been charged against John Benson, from the penalties of which he had escaped through the lack of evidence; that crime was the murder of a woman! It is only necessary that we should thus briefly allude to the circumstance now; in the course of the narrative, it will be our duty to say more in detail about it.

Henry Benson, the only son of a deceased brother of the burglar, was country born and bred, and had taken some sea voyages. Always of a turbulent disposition, he had been compelled, while a mere boy, to beat a hasty retreat from his neighborhood, on account of some breech of the law which he had committed; and while at sea, he had been frequently punished very severely for acts of insubordination and actual crime. Returning to America, after a three years' whaling expedition, he found himself in the great city of New York for the first time in his life, in possession of a sum of money, which, properly governed, might have done him considerable service; but Henry Benson lavished it upon sensual indulgences, until he was literally without a dollar. He did not look about for his usual employment, for he knew that his name did not stand well upon the card, and that, consequently, it was not likely that any ship-master would listen to his overtures. It was then that he remembered he had an uncle, and he sought him out.

He had not to travel far to inquire much, before he found his relative in the place where we have exhibited them to the reader. A short introduction sufficed, and briefly, too, were arrangements completed, having for their object the connection of the two men in business. It may perhaps appear strange that this should be the case, in view of Henry Benson's ignorance of a city desperado; but it has to be divulged that his uncle, a principal in his gang, had recently lost a valued associate, whose place it was requisite to fill. No better opportunity for doing so than by choosing the young sailor, presented itself. Had it been otherwise, Henry Benson would have been turned adrift, for what was the tie of relationship in the opinion of the robber and slayer of the "Points" and Church street?

The conversation between the two men was continued for some time, and many stratagems beside that of "plucking" were spoken of, and then explained to the novice's edification. The older Benson expatiated on "professional" subjects, to the younger, who, though of lawless deeds himself, had heretofore practiced in a peculiar sphere; but the fact was, the sailor had invited the confidence of the landsman, by stating his desire to live as the other did, and indicating a rich young man, on whom it would be well to have an eye. By a singular coincidence, this young man was the only son of the chief proprietor of the recent whaling expedition, and of whom Henry Benson had heard only occasional mention while at sea; while the same young man had been noted down as the victim of the gang with which the uncle was connected.

"The bird is a good one, but would be much better for the plucking."

The words were fully comprehended; and the two men continued to talk and drink until the shades of evening commenced to descend on the great city. Yet, the uncle and nephew stirred not—being joined by several ugly-looking fellows, who had their own slang for the detail of what they had recently done. Nor were women wanted to add to the variety of the scene. Some of these were old, some middle-aged, and some young—mere girls. Their styles of dress were as diverse as their ages—ranging from goodly silks to dirty rags. There was a negro woman among the crowd, who was arrayed more gaudily than any one near her—with a red, green, and yellow turban on her head, and plenty of sham jewelry and gold variously distributed about her person.

It seemed to be the rule in that place for each desperado to have his particular lady-love (if we may use the expression,) with the allowance, perhaps, that Miss Rosa Dinah Julianna (the aforesaid colored lady) was the favorite of all in town. On the occasion in question, she seemed to select, as the most fervent admirer of her fascinations, young Benson, for whom, it might have been surmised, another inamorata, only of a more pleasing aspect, had been provided. She was a recent acquisition in the place, and known simply as Jane.

While many a coarse flirtation was being carried on, and many a boarser joke was passing around, and the fumes of tobacco and cheap liquor were mounting higher and higher, one tall, desperate-looking fellow, who had just confessed to a robbery on the public highway, accompanied by considerable violence, and who was evidently getting the worse for his rum, all of a sudden took exception to the presence of Henry Benson, at what he was pleased to call their "evening party."

"We want no greenhorns here!" he exclaimed. "They are always in the way, and seldom anything but very dangerous."

"Who is a greenhorn?" asked young Benson, starting up and confronting the burly man. "If you mean me, let me tell you, that, though I may not be old enough to break into a house, as you are, or knock a man down on the road, I have had practice in things equally clever, though not on *terra-firma*! So, that for your greenhorn!" and the speaker snapped his fingers jeeringly in the face of the big man.

"Damnation! shall I stand this, and from a mere boy too?" roared the highway robber. Then turning to his usual companions he added, with passion ill suppressed, "Who is answerable for the introduction of this stranger?"

"I am," was the reply of the elder Benson. "What then?"

"Why, that, as an old friend, I am sorry for you," returned the other, whom henceforth we shall designate by his proper name, Stephen Giles; "if it is only because I must take your—your—what is the stripling to you?"

"Nephew."

"Well, nephew; that makes it worse." Giles had spoken for the past few minutes, very thickly, most of his words being interspersed with hiccups, which we have not thought it proper to set down.

"That makes it worse," he reiterated; "but never mind—it can't be helped. Nobody ever insulted Stephen Giles with impunity, and nobody ever shall. Say, Spooney in the blue, can you fight?"

"I don't know," was the rejoinder; "but if called upon to do so, I will try."

"Peel, then, as I do!" exclaimed Giles, suiting his own action to his own words; "and if you want to go to Heaven when you die, say your prayers, as your time on earth will be short after I touch you."

"I am ready for you at any time, and without the prayer. Come on." So said the younger Benson; and he awaited the onslaught of his burly opponent.

Matters having arrived at this stage, there was an immediate uproar and confusion in the room. For many reasons, a riot was a thing not to be desired in that place, under the immediate eye of the police, as it was, and likely to be broken up altogether, if not kept in apparent order at all events. Aware of this, both men and women rushed between the two men on the eve of combat. In opposition to this interference, Giles exerted all his force; he brandished his arms above his head, swore terrible oaths, and actually foamed at his mouth. But after all, there was more noise and confusion than actual harm done. It is true, that bottles, decanters, pitchers, and glasses were ruthlessly smashed into atoms, chairs and tables thrown over, and people pushed down in the melee; but that was all that had been accomplished, when the landlord came bustling into the room exclaiming—"Quiet, boys, quiet! The police!"

"The police!" was the responding exclamations of more than thirty voices.

"Yes; Detective McQuaff, with a swell he is bringing here, only to show the curiosities, I think. If so, drinks all round. But any how, quiet, boys!"

No further admonition was needed. In a few moments Mr. Quaff, in citizen's clothes, came in view. He was accompanied by a young man, very handsome in face and figure, and dressed in the perfection of fashion.

Several were the exclamations of the rude crowd in that room. "Tis he!" exclaimed the elder Benson, speaking to his nephew, and clutching him nervously by the arm. "Golly, what a lubly chap! Gib Rosa someting, dar, say?" So did the colored Venus of the scene remark, as she straightened down her dress, gave her head a toss, and prepared to look uncommonly fascinating.

CHAPTER II.

A DESPONDING LOVER AND HIS SYMPATHISER, OR MASTER AND MAN—HARD TO BE SLIGHTED—CONFLICTING ATTRACTIONS—WHICH SHALL IT BE; THE THEATRE, OR THE TAVERN?—A BULLY NOT YET BROUGHT TO HIS SENSES—A LOOK OF HATE—A FACE PAINTED ON THE MEMORY.

Almost contemporaneous with the events narrated in the preceding chapter, a particular scene was presented in a section of the city, very different in all its details from Church street. In a handsome apartment in one of the best houses in West Twenty-second street, was seated a young man, fair-complexioned, and light-haired, whose habits had been fashioned by one of the prominent tailors of Broadway. Altogether, good-looking and well made, there was, nevertheless, something melancholy about him. He had a companion, a few years his elder, and evidently belonging to a class of society deemed less aristocratic than that which claimed the younger. But there was a sort of familiarity between the two, as it will be the business of this chapter to show. No further introduction of our characters is needed, except the mention of their names—Mr. Chas. Darcie, and plain Phelim O'Duff—the first, the younger gentleman; the second, his valet, groom, and man of all work. Darcie was an American; O'Duff, regular Irish, as his name implied.

"Phelim," was the languid commencement of the young beau.

"Sir to you," was the quick response of the person addressed. It was given in a brogue rich and thick, which all the teaching in the world would never be able to qualify.

"I am unhappy. The cause you know full well," pursued Darcie, whose observations, with those of his companion, we shall give without the indication of particular persons, now quite unnecessary.

"It is too bad, your honor! but crinoline is sure to be at the bottom of every man's trouble. Pluck up good courage, however. Miss Celestine may yet be yours; if not, are there not other beauties in the big city of New York you could select from?"

"Maybe mine, indeed! But whose is she now? Another's! and that other my friend! Cruel Celestine! to slight me as you do—I who knew you long before your eyes had rested upon Edward Bleackly! He is a handsome young fellow, as everybody allows; but what is the immense difference between us, that should excuse such favor for him, such coldness towards me? Am I deformed? Look at my figure!"

"Illegant, by the powers!"

"My face, contemplate that!"

"As handsome as the rising sun!"

"My eye?"

"A piercer!"

Here let us digress a moment, for the purpose of explaining why the latter observation of Chas. Darcie and the response of Phelim O'Duff were provocative of a little mirth. One of the former's eyes (no doubt that referred to by the honest and sympathising Irishman as a "piercer," was placed at something like an angle with its fellow, and so tended, to what plain-spoken people would have called a squint. But such a peculiarity was as nothing in the estimation of the faithful servitor. It should not have been in the estimation of Miss Celestine Draper, the New York belle—at least, so thought the rejected Chas. Darcie and the sympathising Phelim O'Duff. The conversation of the two was resumed.

"My education?"

"As good as His Holiness, the Pope of Rome could have given you!"

"My accomplishments?"

"Paddy Crichton couldn't have bate you there!"

"My means?"

"Ever so many thousands of dollars now, and a great many more when the auld man kicks the buc—I mane when it plases Heaven to take the auld gentleman—the Saints bless him!"

"After raising such high hopes—"

"It's too bad! but isn't it like the sex?"

"And to be rejected with such a look of aversion too!"

"Adding insult to injury."

"Well; it can't be helped."

"It can't; you are right there, boss."

"And that which can't be cured, must be endured, according to the celebrated poet."

"Tom Moore, in one of his Irish melodies, good luck to him! And Tom is right, just like yourself."

"Phelim, you are a good fellow, and there is a dollar for you. It will get you something to drink my health with, while waiting with the carriage at Laura Keene's, to-night, for I have taken a private box, and shall certainly occupy it. Therefore, until half-past seven I shall have no further use for you."

The Irishman took the hint and the money at the same moment, and after an eloquent eulogy of his employer's good qualities in general, and generosity in particular, glided gracefully from the room.

For the due developement of our story, it is necessary that we should jot down a few particulars connected with the young gentleman living in West Twenty-second street, and with Miss Celestine Draper as well.

Charles Darcie was the only son of a rich merchant yet in business—a good hearted, very old gentleman of sixty-three, who promised to live till ninety, and whose wife (his sitting partner in every essential of goodness, comeliness, and health) had just finished her sixth decade. With the exception of Charles, they had no "olive branch" to decorate their home with—a circumstance which, united to the young man's true amiability of disposition and the delicacy of his health in childhood, had endeared him in a special degree to his parents. But Charlie, unknown to all the world save himself and his favorite Phelim, had fallen desperately in love with Miss Celestine Draper, daughter of old Draper, millionaire and merchant like the senior Darcie. Celestine, however, had preferred the suit of Edward Bleackly, son of the rich man who has had most to do with the whaling expedition from which young Benson had recently come, and whom we have shown to the readers, as an anxious seeker after the curiosities of the city, in company with detective McQuaff.

At the proper time, the junior Darcie started for the theatre he had named, comfortably encased in the family carriage, with Phelim as driver. The honest Hibernian was arrayed in the kind of half livery some of our fashionables have adopted for their coachmen and body servants within the past few years. The mention of this may seem trivial and uncalled for, but as the circumstance itself led to a little incident that night, and bore important fruit in after time, we may as well refer to it. It was near eight o'clock when Phelim put down his employer at Laura Keene's handsome little theatre. Half-past ten had been mentioned as the time at which he was to return for the purpose of taking him home. The interval was an awkward one—too long to allow the keeping of the horses in the street, and yet too brief to take them up town and afford a temporary rest in their stables there, with a re-yoking to the carriage, and a second going downwards. But the *pro* and *con* of the case were argued. O'Duff could leave the horses and vehicle at a stable in Houston street, close by the theatre, and dispose of himself just as he pleased until he was wanted. He had the dollar given him by Charles still in his possession. With it, he could either see the play or adjourn for a comfortable two hours to a tavern where whiskey was dispensed and politics were talked. Phelim affected both, and determined it should be the tavern, after weighing it against the counter attractions at one of the Minstrel saloons. But he had been there only a night or two since—consequently, it was the whiskey and the politics that captivated him now.

Shortly after ten o'clock, Phelim O'Duff was at the principal door of Laura Keene's theatre on Broadway. He had quaffed some famous liquor, but was by no means intoxicated—only in that he could have called the "right humor." Snugly seated in front of the vehicle, saying nothing to anybody, and only looking towards the place where he expected to see his employer emerge, he was not cognizant that the eye of a burly drunkard was upon him. It seemed that the half livery of poor Phelim had attracted the savage's notice, as it was to that, so far as his thick speech, plentifully garnished with hiccups indicated, his spleen might be said to be directed. But there could be no mistake about the epitaphs he applied to Phelim, or about his dastardly act of taking up a large stone from the road, and throwing it at one of the carriage windows; whereupon, the honest O'Duff, his Milesian blood boiling up to the proper degree, quickly confronted the assailant, and with a well directed blow, straight from the shoulder, sent him sprawling on the sidewalk. Ere Stephen Giles (for it was no other than he) could recover his legs, the people began to flock from the theatre; and two policemen appearing at the precise moment Giles was about to rush at Phelim, they arrested him. They did not effect the task without labor and difficulty, as, though their prisoner had all the fight taken out of him by his recent debouch, he was yet powerful to kick and struggle.

Another incident, trivial in itself, though important in its results, was this:—While being dragged off by the officers, Stephen Giles cast a malignant look on O'Duff, who seemed to take a mental daguerreotype of the villain's features at that moment. He then whipped his horses to motion, young Darcie having already seated himself in the vehicle.

"Arrah, my honey, I shall know that face again, let me see it where I may; and perhaps it won't be to your advantage when I do so. It is a murderer's phiz, and only fit for a ruffian and a homicide!"

Such were the words of the honest Phelim O'Duff as he "tooled" his horses up town, towards Twenty-second street.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DASH AT THE TIGER.

THE GAME OF FARO AND ROULETTE AT THE CAPITAL.

There is a good deal of gambling going on at the Capital, faro being the principal game; but we cannot see that there is much difference between the faro dealers in Washington and the stock gamblers in Wall street, New-York. A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has "been to see the tiger," and here is the way he describes the animal:

A ring at the door bell, and a reconnoisance through its grated upper half by a stalwart negro, then up a pair of stairs, through an ante-room, and we stand in the carpeted, elegant jungles of the modern "tiger." There are two wide, lofty rooms, divided by folding doors, both dazzling with light, softly carpeted, decorated with elegant and voluptuous paintings, and seemingly just the spot where poor, tired humanity would come to get a foretaste of Eden, and recuperate for the stern battles of life. In the first room is a sideboard, upon whose shelves are rows of elegant decanters, through which blushes the purple wine, or flashes the crystaline extract of the juniper—*Anglice*, gin.

In this room also is a roulette-table, which, as we enter, is vacant, and in the other room is a faro-table, around which are gathered a half-dozen men, so absorbed in the game, that, were Gabriel to rock the earth with a blast from his trumpet, they would never hear it.

I won't describe the game; for what little, if any, is not known about it in Chicago, is not known anywhere else, even in this city of iniquity—Washington.

Behind the table sits the dealer—long in finger, white in hand, and with the inevitable cluster of brilliants sparkling from digit and shirt bosom. He is grey-eyed, pock-marked, resolute, and yet pleasant in appearance, with a breadth of shoulder and depth of chest that show him to be no mean man in case of an exchange of fistic courtesies.

On his right hand stands a captain, playing with half-dollar checks, and investing one at a time, evidently a loser, for, as his check is raked down, he follows it with a sigh, and, I doubt not, a curse upon the capriciousness of Fortune. He has but a half-dozen checks; in a minute they are gone, and after going to a corner and examining an empty pocket-book, he returns and stands moodily watching the game.

Next to him is a thick-set young man, who, with something less than a bushel of ten and twenty dollar checks at his side, is, with the most perfect *nonchalance*, betting from one to five hundred dollars upon his cards, and winning or losing without the slightest change of countenance. But he is lucky; every card he bets on wins until after half an hour, he loses three or four times in succession, and then, with the remark, "My luck is changed, I guess I'll quit," he counts over his checks to the dealer, who, coolly as if it were a matter of five cents, passes over to the lucky individual thirty-seven hundred dollars in three per cent. coupons of United States Treasury notes. Thrusting the immense pile of paper into his coat pocket, the gentleman rises, takes a cigar and a drink at the side-board, and then, with a "good-night, gentlemen," he walks out.

The dealer proceeds unconcernedly, while I, dazzled at such results, draw out a solitary five, and deposited on the king. In just three seconds the claws of the tiger covered my lonely and long-treasured five, and I saw it no more—and I may add that I haven't seen it since.

A young gentleman, evidently a clerk in a dry goods store, sits on my left, and is betting and losing. Two or three times his checks run out, and then he goes to a friend, and whispers a moment, and finally returns with a ten, which he invests in checks, and loses. At last he comes back from one of his side excursions with a lowering brow and no money. He sits down, watches the game a moment, and leaves.

About in this style went the game—one man winning, all the balance losing. By and by an elegant supper was served in an upper room, and then the party adjourned and commenced playing roulette, and officers appeared to be out of luck, for here, in less than half an hour, I saw a federal captain lose some $620. Everybody lost till just before I left, when the young gentleman who had been borrowing and betting on faro, returned. He watched the spinning of the ball a short time, and then took a bystander aside. "But you owe me fifty now," I heard the other say.

"I'll give it all back to-morrow," was the reply.

Finally he came back with a "green-back," to the amount of twenty. He put it all on the red; red won. The whole pile again went on the red, and again red was winner. He changed to black, and black won. In short, everything that he laid his money on was the winning color. In less than five minutes from the time he began, he quietly cashed his checks, and left with over $1800.

So much for luck.

During the two hours that I was in the establishment, some five or six thousand dollars changed hands.

There are some five or six first-class establishments of the kind in Washington, besides any quantity of others of lesser note. They are well-known to the police, and in fact everybody else, but are not disturbed. They are as necessary to Congress as the nigger question, and nearly or quite as much patronized.

LUCK IN GAMBLING.—A Russian noble, in London, gambled away in one night all his fortune—money, houses and lands—until nothing was left but the harness of one of the horses that had drawn him to the gambling house. This he staked, and strange as it may seem, won all the rest back. It causes a thrill of satisfaction to remember escapes from danger, but it is hardly worth while to attempt danger for the sake of the fun; therefore don't gamble.

BRAVO, RUTH!—Says little three-year-old Ruth, "Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to London." Sister Minnie, standing by, says: "You are too little to have a muff." "Am I too little to be cold?" rejoins indignant little Ruth.

ing" rather too freely during the Christmas was "all there," and, with the exception of e all that could be wished. In spite of the ey enveloping the stalwart son of the Seme- re plainly to be seen distending the gauzy h in heaps from his thighs and shoulder on. e tumult is hushed as they toe the mark, chside place. The silence is broken by some n't you toss for sides?" answered by Teddy rd, go on;" and go on Deerfoot did at a split- of at was never done in any of Mills' matches lead from the crease, and as they swept Mi top of the course, increasing it until at the Bos run, where he was leading by three yards, Fanci looked gloomy. At this juncture, Martin ce fo one that will warm him to-day." How chor arried out, the sequel will show. During k, a ond lap, Mills made up his leeway in a A D and u the Indian, bent on breaking him up, blic, ace very "warm," and at the end of the WRITTEN g Hards, and finished the first mile in 4 min. he "ister than the first mile with White,) with ted d." In going up the hill in the eighth at s man and ran in his track, the Indian no Some two or th oot than Teddy's was in the print. This ness, I was introd kept up lap after lap, but the pace getting whom I will call over the ground at first-rate speed; but turned upon the m ile up his mind to "bide his time," until, in response to a requ de pagoda turn, in the twentieth lap, the story. The reader w to the fore, amidst the most uproarious bling way: ed the way by twenty yards. This ad- In the fall of 1861 xt three laps, but in the twenty-fourth, in this city on a priv of the gap, Mills appearing to want rest. and some very valuab ver-sixth round, the Indian had regained in my hands to work running at Teddy's elbow, and these my efforts seemed to until passing the reserved seats in the found to the perpetr erfoot attempted to take the lead, but given up all hope of s not stand it; and now ensued one of the culprit. n, the assembled thousands rending Among the jewelry pplause, and as this ovation reached rattlesnake, and most it incited them to renewed efforts. serpent were set two is terrific struggle for supremacy proved to be the mean turn at the bottom of the course, One night I was str lap, Deerfoot "cracked," and anything particular o was announced to Mills by fran- ment concert saloons ning, rs; and, doubling himself to- not differ materially d off ren almost to fly over the ground, waiter girls had about t "Mr. the "redskin" in difficulties, it "angelic countenances, ompany of them. But here the race of false curls. I soon g lin Stu although Teddy now and then leave, when my attenti l, Frank pponent to come near him, between two of the "lady Mrs. Effie Indian to obtain the victory, "So, Kate, Molly Grey h Mrs. Bra eing announced to Mills by "Yes, she went three da Morris a the last lap, the champion "Well, I didn't think as Linden's starting for a race, and, about going to Washingto e, won by at least 100 yds. her going to New-York woul trying hi what she did with that quee s to be m. s. "What! the one like a snak ..... 20 15 the ugliest thing I ever looked ook his t ..... 25 32½ "Hello, Bill! how are you?" t, ap ..... 30 46½ "Ah! Dolly, take a drink?" ass the part of Deerfoot, and "Certainly." in Ap ground for the hour's And away went the hopeful pa 863. Price was the lucky in the saloon, leaving the fair F ney Wick, so that we may Calling her over, I invited her to can ye-named day, as distance with the liquids. After talking to dem jects, I said to her—"I don't see each she left?" en ve "Yes—gone to New York." n San SKETCHES. "To wait?" w," in l "Yes—at the ——— Saloon." establis "I was talking to her about bu "The n FORTY. on it." ked hou "Ugly-looking thing, wasn't it very sm "Well, rather; but very curious house ca YORK CLIPPER. "Got it! why her lover gave it d effect "Indeed!" After some further conversation propos to mature my plans. By means of facts m and various other appliances, I dis curtain re-pain, whom I will call ich a After some further conversation I propos to mature my plans. By means of facts m and various other appliances, I dis curtain re-pain, whom I will call ich a turned upon the m man. Th in response to a requ ity in story. The reader w ning of bling way: ed the way by twenty yards. 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whom I will call ich a man. Th recognition. The next day found ing a very favorable
turned upon the m ity in the Declaration of
in response to a requ he co night following my arrival, I went to ably in his native city
story. The reader w had been informed I should find it arce Theatre, as Othello.
bling way: found the place to be much the same ses in found the place to be much the same a ning of two years and a
In the fall of 1861 Philadelphia. Molly had evidently not ity in ladder in New York than she had been returning to the
in this city on a priv she could not rise in New York, what he co ably his *debut* as
and some very valuab Washington? I went through the usual arce in "King Lear."
in my hands to work took a drink, and commenced talking to ses on day was June 10th,
my efforts seemed to me. I had not conversed with her long, ses, "d's management,
found to the perpetr decided sensation. Observing that her r den) Broadway,
given up all hope of s flannel, I asked her the reason. hts.
the culprit. "Got the Erysipelas," was the reply; and d whin out the entire
Among the jewelry flannel, exposing a neck much swollen and dis ts a style both
rattlesnake, and most After that exhibition I refrained from maki udience that he
serpent were set two ries regarding her bodily condition, not know ed study. He
a gre lation might be in store for me. true; but his
at the "Is there a girl waiting here named Moll ler; it manifests
success "Yes; that's the crooked nosed thing sit ly, alt and peculiar, but
he Colu talking to that fellow with the side whiskers enables him
ning, here one night, and now she thinks herself what e; his know-
d off ren "Is that her lover talking to her?" two p ness permits
"Mr. "I don't know; any one that has anything ical skill
fool." lle of ared at the
At this juncture the man with the side-whis ed. bly praised
of Molly, and I took possession of the seat vac nce it ain three
said to her— embarked
"I think I have seen you somewhere before." the n America,
"Indeed; where?" n; Alta, Californ
"At Philadelphia; at the ——— Saloon." lian; England if
"Oh yes; I left there four days ago; I couldn't n m has uis,
there, so I came on here." term
At this moment I obtained a fair view of her rig go to
on one of the fingers I perceived a ring which I inst
nised as the one I was in search of. Here was a clue under
"That's an odd looking ring you have there; are 843 at
stones in it?" ouis, ut at
"I think they are. Do you like the style?" vocs ari."
"Well, its not very handsome, but still it is very stra the b ties.
ing! I like it for its singularity. Would you sell it?" ill wi als.
"It isn't mine exactly. A particular friend of mine has etc., an
it looked so queer I thought I would like to wear it for the hore
the thing, and I never stopped teasing him till he let me ha Phil
to wear." he i
"Do you think that your friend would like to sell it?" me
"I don't know; I'll ask him the first time I see him."
Here Spinner related a conversation which would be of v usi-
little interest to the reader, but which ended in an engagemen so
between Spinner and the fair Molly to share the same cou to
that night.
"As soon as the show was out," said Spinner, "myself and g
Molly started for her habitation, which I found to be on a corner n
of a steeet running from the Bowery to Broadway and opposite
to a church. It was a frame building, painted yellow, and in
rather an advanced state of dilapidation. We went up a narrow
staircase, which creaked and shook so under my feet that I ex-
pected every moment it would give way, and that I should make
a sudden descent to the floor below.
Her room was on the third floor, and from the general appear-
ance of things, I judged that her friend was not troubled with a
very large amount of money, or that he did not care to spend
much on his *cher amie*.
Mollie produced some cherry brandy, and we sat down before
the fire, indulging in various little caresses. Mollie was growing
very earnest in her attentions, when we heard a step on the
landing outside the door.
"I wonder if that's my friend," said Mollie; "this isn't his
night."
There was a knock at the door.
"Come in," said Mollie.
A man entered the room, whom I instantly recognized as one
Harry Ruston, a notorious cracksman of this city. I was in-
stantly certain that he was the man I wanted. He was a little
above the middle height, had light hair, and a very pale face.
"I did not know you had company, Mollie," said he, "or I
should not have come in; I'll come again to-morrow night and
see you."
"Hold on," said Mollie; "this gentlemen wants to see you."
He gave a sudden start at this, and giving me a piercing look,
said:—
"Wants to see me? What for?"
As soon as he had entered the room, I had moved my seat to
such a position as would enable me to intercept him in case he
should attempt to leave.
"I saw that ring, like a snake, on her finger, and I would like
to buy it from you."
"It is not for sale," said he, and his face turned ghastly white.
"Is it not? Well, I want both it and you," cried I, tearing off
my wig and false whiskers.
"Spinner!"
"Exactly. Will you go with me quietly?"
"No!"
He sprang for the door. I grappled with him, and then followed a furious struggle. I could have managed Ruston singly, but Mollie, armed with a heavy poker, came to the rescue of her lover, and began to strike me savage blows over the head and shoulders. In our struggle, we upset the table with the light, and we were in total darkness. I received a blow from Mollie on the head, and maddened by the pain, I drew my revolver, and fired at random. A loud scream, and a heavy fall, showed that the bullet had taken effect. Ruston now grasped me in such a manner as to prevent me from cocking the pistol, in order to fire a second shot, and a desperate struggle ensued for the possession of the weapon. The blows on the head which I had received from Mollie now began to tell fearfully upon my strength; each moment I was growing weaker and weaker. Ruston bore me to the floor, and had almost succeeded in wresting the pistol from my grasp, when I heard the noise of many feet upon the stairs; the door was violently thrown open, and in an instant Ruston and myself were separated.
Lights were procured, and on the floor in a pool of blood lay Mollie Grey, quite dead. My bullet had pierced her brain.
On proving my identity to the officers of justice, I was released, and, in company with Ruston, I returned to Philadelphia.
Ruston is now in prison, enjoying an opportunity for meditation upon the uncertainties of life. Of all the booty he had gained, the Snake Ring was the only article that was ever recovered.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTT, Alexandria, Va.—1. Heenan's weight when he fought Sayers was about 182 lbs. 2. Sayers', 152 lbs., and 5ft. 8¼ inches high. 3. The accident to Sayers' arm did certainly impede his chances, and but for that he *might* have won, and then again he *mightn't*. How's that suit? 4. We never heard tell of Mr. Lancing. If you mean Joe Heiles, the Spider, Denny Horrigan never fought him in the P.R. 5. Harry Lazarus beat Horrigan in this country. 6. The bounds between the different fighting weights are: Feather, up to 112 lbs.; light, 112 to 130 lbs.; middle, 130 to 150 lbs., and heavy weights, from 150 upwards.

FEDERAL STREET BLOCKADE, Philadelphia.—We rather guess Heenan and Morrissey *did* fight, and for an "old subscriber," think you're getting us on a string. If the dates are what you want, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point Island, Canada, October 20, 1858; it lasted exactly 21 minutes, and 11 rounds, and Morrissey won. Heenan, at that time, wasn't half the man he is now.

LITTLEJOHN, St. Louis.—1. It is a weak invention of the enemy. See our "Notice" in theatrical department. 2. We mention such places as we see proper to notice, without regard to correspondents or managers. Some correspondents have their favorites, also these they hope to work up at the expense of others less fortunate. It is our place to see that all are treated alike.

PERSEUS, Albany.—Glad to hear from the boys, and that their policy is of the right stamp. Give our spiritual regards to all inquiring friends, and say to them that Madame Wellington cannot recommend a better combination than the old stand-by—"4-11-44." The boys down here are serene after the holidays, and hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing.

JNO. MCK., Philadelphia.—"Two persons are playing a game of All Fours, and each has scored seven points, the game being nine. The dealer now makes two, viz: Jack, game, and the non-dealer also makes two, high and low. Which is the winner of the game?" ..... The non-dealer, high and low counting before Jack and game.

J. W., Pittsburgh.—Ward was an eastern man, and had a brother here at the time the news reached here of his death, purchasing ships, or river boats, so we are credibly informed. Will make further inquiry, and reply more to the point in our next.

FRED. C., Co. K., 10th Regt. N. Y. V., Camp Sumner.—Sir to you! 1. The Byrnes recently killed in the First Ward, was *not* Tommy Burns, of Staten Island. Tommy is worth two dozen dead men. 2. Two years men are entitled to the $100 bounty. 3. Missing number forwarded.

J. K., New York.—The law in checkers in regard to the point, is, that a player must jump, or take a piece, if his opponent invites it. If the player does not take and his opponent does not insist upon the opponent may "huf" or take the piece off the board.

C. W. H., St. Louis, Mo.—A player having six cards after drawing, and who afterwards bets the con, loses both bet and "pot;" consequently B loses. If it were otherwise, it would open the door for no end of cheating.

FRIEND, Baltimore.—That "quack critic" is playing himself out where he is. He is too old and old fogyish for the concern. He is now striving to get a chance on another paper, in anticipation, probably, of another dismissal.

F. J., Boston.—1. Wm. H. Seward was once Governor of the State of New York. 2. For answers to your dog questions we must refer you to H. Jennings, No. Sudbury street, in your city. For a trifle he will put you on the right track.

A PHILADELPHIAN.—1. Being a constant reader we cannot do better than to refer you to back Nos. for a sketch of the life of Miss Caroline Richings. 2. We cut the correspondence down, for we have not room for one half the letters we receive.

BURNSIDE RIFLE SHOP, Providence.—In the CLIPPER of January 10, you will find a question similar to yours, answered at length. To save going over the same ground again, we refer you to that issue of our paper.

READER.—It was intended that all aliens should have been residents in this country twenty-one years, before they could have the privilege of voting.

"JOHN AND MOLLY."—The ballad is a little "queer." We fear it might shock the modesty of some of our over-sensitive readers.

S. R., Chicago.—We have no confidential information on the subject, and know no more about the "Unknown" than you do. We have made some allusion to the subject in another column.

SANDY BOY.—All right; they have missed their mark this time, and our little craft moves along better than she did before. So much for the quack.

ST. LOUIS.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a run of about one year, at the late National Theatre, Chatham street, under the late Capt. Purdy's management.

NED NUTTING, Troy.—If he is not mentioned in our summary, we cannot place him. Such men "are here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

J. E. W., Danville, Ky.—Having already appeared in a Cincinnati paper, and being now somewhat out of date, the article is omitted.

J. M., Hawley, Pa.—1. As you were not aware of our advance, it stands good for six months. 2. The only one of that name in our directory is 718 Beekman street. 3. No. 17 Beekman street.

B. C. C.—1. Address those who advertise photographic cards. It is not likely, however, that those named have been published. 2. We cannot say who the lady was.

C. B. R. Canada.—Sketch received. Will look it over. Thanks for the same.

J. R. B., Toronto, Canada.—Thanks for that pretty "remembrancer." E. J. will write you in a day or two.

ED. W. H., Warren, Trumbull Co., O.—Book on Yankee Sullivan forwarded.

ALLEGHANY.—We are not posted regarding the advantages to be derived from a connection with that establishment.

E. N. E., Rochester.—We have no such sketch, or it would have appeared before.

E. C., Baltimore.—1. Miss Fanny Vining. 2. The other party is not related to Mrs. Florence that we are aware of.

VOLUNTEER, 13th Mass. Vol., Virginia.—The articles are sold at $20, $15, $13, and $3 per sett.

YOUNG RAPID, Philadelphia.—That No. of our paper is out of print.

J. J. B., Detroit.—We go to press on Monday evening. Items will be acceptable.

C. S. F., Boston.—We do not remember the name in connection with the Ravel family.

SUPERCARGO, Boston.—Have used some of the items, but the song—well, we're too modest you know, for that.

BOURBON.—That affair is a hashed up dodge, and scarcely worthy of notice. Have *you* seen the "demon?"

J. S., Boston.—Thank you.

MONROE COUNTY.—We haven't an almanac so far back.

H. J. D., Hartford.—Will think it over.

J. T., Hotchkissville, Conn.—In our next.

A BRIGHT VISION, INDEED!—Mr. John Bright, M. P., the working man's friend, a foe to tyranny, and a friend to liberty, one who knows whereof he speaks, who is thoroughly posted in regard to the tendencies of monarchical governments, and fully alive to the importance of preserving the democratic government of this country and the Union intact, to the end that liberty may become universal and not sectional, painted the following beautiful picture of the American continent, in a speech delivered at Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 18th, which we would that every true American should frame in his own heart, so that the vision may ultimately be realised. Union and Liberty here, means universal liberty; but should the flame now be extinguished, the future of the world for the people will be one long, dark night. "I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night, to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek 'to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.' [Cheers.] I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision; but I will still cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North, in one unbroken line, to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith; and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race. [Loud cheers.]

THE UNKNOWN AN AMERICAN—HIS HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.—Whatever else is unknown about the Unknown pugilist who is to contend with Jem Mace for the Championship of England, etc., it appears to be known by "old stagers," and asserted with emphasis, that he is an American, and the British public seem loth to have it otherwise. Well, we've no objection, and can fervently ejaculate "So mote it be." The *Sporting Life*, that usually knows whereof and "whomof" it speaks, says in its issue of Dec. 31, in giving particulars of Tom King's benefit, which took place on Dec. 27, at Hackney Wick:—

"There were many conjectures as to who the "Unknown" would prove to be. Those who have faith that the affair is genuine, say Joe Coburn is the man; others that he is a big 'darkie;' while one or two 'old stagers' put it down as an established fact *that the American has been in England for nine months, and state his height to be six feet one inch, and his weight twelve stone ten pounds.*"

The inevitable darkie again, and a big one at that. Ugh! take him out of the fence, or down goes the ring if you ring him into the ring. Give us any other sort of a myth but a black myth.

THE FISTIC SQUARE.

WHO IS THE UNKNOWN?

A fresh match for the championship of England is on the record, one of the contracting parties being Jem Mace—who, since King declared off, and resigned the office, claims the honor—and the other, a person not as yet named in the connection. King refusing to fight again—although we believe him capable of defeating Mace at any time—and Mace challenging the world, the latter is looked upon for the time being as the champion. Who the Unknown is we are unable to determine. At first, he was supposed to be John C. Heenan. This supposition is declared to be incorrect; but the Unknown is now said to be an American, yet not the slightest clue to his identity is given. A short time since it was noised about in London, that an American ship-carpenter would be matched to fight Mace, but of late we have heard nothing more of him. There are many here, as well as in London, who still believe that the Unknown will turn out to be Heenan. It is surmised that the match was made, and an "unknown" party put forward as Mace's adversary, under the supposition that a veritable candidate for the honors would be found within three months, at the end of which time Mace's competitor is to be named, according to the articles of agreement, a copy of which is published elsewhere, in this issue of the CLIPPER. In the event of no other man being found within the allotted time, it is thought that Heenan may be induced to enter the ring once more, and face the man who has been so persistent in his offer to meet the Benicia Boy, whom, he said, he would prefer to fight above all others. In fact, Mace's banters and boastings have created an impression in some circles, that Heenan is really afraid to meet him. We do not look upon it in this light. Heenan's business at present, traveling and sparring for Howes' American Circus, yields him a very good salary. He makes a great deal more money in this way, and much easier, too, than he can hope to make by fighting. As long as this engagement continues, Heenan's policy is to avoid entering the ring again, and we cannot blame him for it. It will not be long, we understand, ere the circus campaign will come to a *finale*, and what the Boy may then undertake to do, we do not care to hazard a guess upon at present. We do not think he is the Unknown, but we do not say that he will not consent to act the part when the proper time arrives, if no other candidate offers. We know that great influence is being used, both in New York and in London, to induce him to fight Mace. Some of his best friends here have sent him letters, urging him for his own reputation, and for the honor of the country he claims as his home, to meet this man Mace, and give him an opportunity to put to the test his boasts that "he can whip him." We do not know what influence these "home thrusts" of Heenan's friends may have upon him. They may force him into another contest with the champion of England, or they may have quite a contrary effect, for the Boy is somewhat independent, and would rather be coaxed than driven. He is very headstrong and determined in some things, and does not care to be dictated to. Some of his friends assert that Heenan will fight if the champion will make the stake big enough. We shall see anon.

Another class of persons put no faith whatever in the match said to have been made between Mace and the Unknown. They intimate that the match is a blind, the Unknown a dummy, and the whole affair bogus, to gain time for Mace, and keep others from accepting his challenge. We don't know how this may be. It is very certain that Mace has not dodged a match as yet. Those who have sought him for a fight have not had to go far to find him, or wait long to see him. We all know with what readiness he offered to fight either Heenan or Sayers, at Owen Swift's, in London, some time since; and we also know how quickly he put up a stake to ensure a match with Sayers, when the latter offered to fight him. Nor do we forget that it was not Mace who backed out of the affair, and that his challenge was as open when he left Owen Swift's "parlor" as when he entered it. Although beaten by King, a much bigger man in every way, Mace did not fear to try him again, but immediately defied him to another contest. We always thought the chances were against the little man, and we think so still; but whatever ideas Mace may have upon that subject, he did not show the least unwillingness to risk another meeting. We believe Heenan capable of whipping King, Mace, or any other pugilist in England, providing there is no outside interference. In a short time we may have some definite information touching the identity of the "Unknown," and also regarding the effect of the efforts now being exerted to draw Heenan into the ring again.

HEENAN—KING—MACE—THE UNKNOWN.

ALMOST A FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND KING.

On the very best authority we are enabled to state that John C. Heenan is *not* the "Unknown," now said to be matched to fight Jem Mace. This can be relied on, coming, as it does, from authority which does not admit of doubt. Heenan, it is urged, has nothing to gain by fighting Mace, and as for the Belt, it is conceded that it will *never be permitted to leave England*. It is not improbable that Heenan and King may come together before the Boy returns home; if not for money, for fun; or to test which is the better man. Some time ago, while the match between King and Mace was in progress, a quarrel took place between Heenan and King, when Heenan proposed to settle it on the spot by fight. King refused to fight then, but said that if he won the match with Mace, he would fight Heenan. Heenan replied that he would be ready to fight him should he win. When the fight came off between King and Mace, and the former was declared the winner, Heenan supposed that King would fight him; but what was his surprise to hear that King had resigned the championship and refused to fight any more. *Heenan would have fought King had the latter kept to his word.* The quarrel is not settled, and the two big 'uns may come together yet. These are facts which can be relied on, but we are not at liberty to give our authority at present.

JEM MACE AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

HE MAKES A BACK-DOOR EXIT.

The London *Illustrated Sporting News* of Jan. 3, gives the following particulars of an expected "rumpus" between Jem Mace and a party of Irishmen.

Jem Mace had a benefit at Cardiff on Tuesday night, which proved an entire failure, and he had a very narrow escape from being mobbed by some Irish roughs. It appeared that the animosity to the champion arose in consequence of his taking a benefit at Bristol about the same time as Reardon this week; therefore, as Mace announced a benefit at Cardiff for Tuesday night, 23rd December, Mr. Ward, between whom and Mace's friend, young Ben Caunt, there had recently been a great rupture, and Patsy Reardon came down to Cardiff and got their friends together, and posted themselves just outside the door and stopped a great many from going in, and as Mace did not arrive in Cardiff until ten o'clock at night, a great number had assembled at the doors, where Mr. Ward and Reardon addressed them to the effect that Mace was not there. When Mace arrived by the ten o'clock express train, there was an Irish mob waiting for him, but through the kindness of Mr. Stockdale, the superintendent of the police, he was passed out of the back way of the railway station, and escorted to the music hall by the police, while the mob remained outside of the front gates of the station, and when he came out of the hall after he had set to with young Ben Caunt, he drove off in a cab to the Griffin Hotel, kept by Mr. Watts.—[Our correspondent writes in terms the most indignant of the whole affair, and if he has simply stated the facts, it deserves the strongest condemnation—Ed. I. S. N.]

"SARKASTICK."—Some of the Senators had a discussion the other day, at Washington, about West Point officers; and Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, had so much to say about it, as to draw out a few chaps who touched him on the raw severely. Trumbull, as usual, was having his fling at McClellan, when Senator Fessenden, of Maine, very quietly said that "he had sometimes regretted that all the officers of our army had not been taken from the Senate or House, as they would have had all necessary military knowledge by a sort of intuitive perception." Considering that Fessenden runs with the same crowd as Trumbull, the hit is significant of a "division in the camp." Trumbull, like a certain little boy, *et cetera*, had nothing further to say.

PAUL MORPHY IN PARIS.—We find a statement in the *Irish Sporting Record*, that this eminent chess player has arrived in Paris, having evaded the blockade and reached Europe via Havana. The same paper makes comparison between his chess and military abilities, much to the deterioration of the latter.

HEARKEN, OH! LINCOLN.—The people demand the restoration of Gen. McClellan, but the President is so "cribbed, cabbined, and confined," by political hucksters and money grubbers at Washington, that he does not seem to hear the cry; or, if hearing, he is not yet aroused to the importonce of giving heed to their warning voice. Since the removal of McClellan, our army in Virginia seems paralised, not with fear, for that brave host is "all too confident to give admittance to a *thought* of fear;" but for the want of a leader in whom they can place confidence. Such a man is Gen. George B. McClellan, and since the developements made in the course of the recent military trials at Washington, he is held in even greater estimation than before. If the President could only make a quiet tour among the people hereaway, and among the rank and file of our armies, and hear what *they* have to say regarding McClellan, we do not think he would be long in placing that officer once more at the head of military affairs, if not in the field, in the Cabinet. Since the war commenced, we have been an earnest supporter of the President, but we are getting tired of the manner in which he is managing our affairs; we want to see more of the honest man, and less of the tricky politician. There are thousands and thousands like us in this opinion. Time is being wasted, money squandered, and what is more important than all, precious lives are being sacrificed—for what? To fatten a few greedy politicians. Honest Old Abe—if you be the honest man we took you for—for the sake of our bleeding country come out from among the foul party surrounding you, and give us war in earnest, or give us peace. Place Gen. McClellan in the Cabinet, where his actions may not be hampered as they were in the field; if not in the Cabinet, reinstate him in his old command, first tying the hands of the radical devils at Washington who thwarted him in his plans for the capture of the rebel capital, in his last campaign against that stronghold. The hucksters at Washington defeated him in that onward march, not the rebels. He had a foe in front, and a foe in the rear, the latter the more powerful of the two. He was unable to battle against the two combined, and the rebel capital was saved, the war continued, and the money-grubbers and other radicals were safe for another year of peculation. Mr. Lincoln has it in his power to end the war honorably. Will he do it, or is he waiting for the people to take his place, and do what he has not the nerve to do? Let him be warned. Restore McClellan, and all may yet be well.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—After considerable bantering, a match has been made for a "right away scullers' race," without fouling, for the above honor and £200 a side, between Rob't Chambers and Geo. Everson, the former receiving £20 for expenses. The affair commences at 11½, A. M., April 14, 1863, the course being from Putney Aqueduct to the Old Ship, Mortlake. We hope all idea of an International Scullers' Race is not totally given up, for after a pugilistic encounter, we know of nothing that would elicit the attention of the public at large so much as a contest between British and American oarsmen.

NEW YORK SKATING CLUB.—An organization bearing this title was formed in this city about two weeks ago. It is composed of some of the best fancy skaters in this vicinity. The design of the club is to encourage the art of skating, as well as to compete for all prizes offered in and around New York. For the present, the club will use any of the ponds in the city or environs, and by next winter will probably have one of their own. Mr. A. MacMillen is President of the association, and their headquarters, for the present, are at 702 Broadway.

SEVERE EXERCISE.—In some regiments at Falmouth, Va., gymnastic exercise is indulged in. A correspondent in the Second R. I. V. says:—"Among those who give gymnastics a severe trial are Capt. H. H. Young, and Corporal F. D. Goldsmith, of Co. B. They understand it thoroughly. Through their influence it has been introduced among the boys. It is a very healthy exercise, and one of the boys has torn himself all to pieces with it." Let him gather himself together, and go in again. There's nothing like perseverance.

OUR THEATRICAL RECORD.—Our weekly Record of Amusements is now assuming more importance than ever, and our items are copied into papers in nearly all parts of the world. Performers, seeing the importance of the extended publicity thus given to their movements and business, keep us pretty well advised of everything of note going on in the world of amusements, and "that's what's the matter."

GYMNASTICS AND HOPS.—One of those social gatherings is to be held at Brady's Gymnasium, 20 St. Mark's place, on the 22d inst. In connection with the regular excercises, "Zampillacrosta tion" will be performed, and the feat of lifting 1600 pounds.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in exhibiting them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. 1-3m

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality. 40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

DESCENT ON CLARKE AND BATH'S HOUSES IN HOUSTON STREET.—POLICEMAN FARLEY DRAWS A REVOLVER ON BATH.—On Saturday evening, at half past eleven P. M., a simultaneous descent was made on the Gem and Deer's Head drinking saloons, all hands arrested and locked up all night, like so many felons. Among the number was one of our reporters, who called at one of the houses on business, and hadn't been in fifteen minutes before this singular outrage was committed. They were taken to the Fourteenth Ward station, grossly insulted, and put away in filthy cells with drunkards and thieves. Captain John Williamson would neither give nor take an explanation—at the same time managing *to let one man off*, whether from fear of prosecution, we are not in a position to say. While confined in their cells, soon after 3 o'clock A.M., policeman Philip Farley and Harry Hill (the latter wearing some kind of a policeman's badge) came in, and Farley got into an argument with Jack Bath—called him a thief—swore he could prove it—said he allowed other men to cohabit with his wife, knowingly and willingly—and after a string of filthy oaths, too obscene for the public eye, wound up by presenting a revolver at his head, and threatened to blow his brains out! This, to a defenceless man, confined in a cell! In the morning, at six o'clock, they were taken to Essex market, placed in the dock with a gang of the filthiest-looking human beings possible to imagine, who were all disposed of, but the innocent party were again sent to be locked up in their cells by order of Justice Bernard Osborne.

After a short time, the "runner," a short, thick-set man with a moustache, came round and said they could get out *by paying five dollars*, and on showing that amount, those who had it were discharged without any examination! It was simply pay your five dollars for the privilege of being locked up all night, for taking a glass of ale in a public house. If this is justice, we don't want to hear anything further. In our opinion it was a gross outrage.

Our reporter had an interview with Mr. Justice Osborne, after paying his fine, asked what he had been confined for, and why they let him off without trial for a five dollar bill, but he didn't appear to know either. The man the money was given to wouldn't let our reporter out till he paid, and told him if anything was wrong, the judge would see him righted. On confronting the judge, *he* said the money couldn't be returned, and that the complaint was, being in a bawdy house *at half past twelve*, which is not correct. The arrest was made at 11½ instead of Sunday morning, but the report made it out as *Sunday morning*. We hope those innocently arrested will prosecute every man connected with this outrage.

SPIRITED FIGHT BETWEEN WALKER AND ABRAHAMS.—POLICE INTERRUPTIONS.—On Friday afternnon, Jan. 16, a gallant little fight was partly got off between these young novices, for a purse to be made up of the admission money. Much previous conversation induced them to see what each other was made of, and though neither one has fought for money, they have often sparred together, and always been rivals. There was no training about the affair and no unnecessary expense. To keep the matter quiet, a high figure was fixed for tickets, and an out of the way hall, in a street off Broadway, was selected for the combat. At about four o'clock, all being present they cared to have, and two detectives they didn't care to have, the lads stripped, time keeper, umpires, and a referee were selected, and at half-past four they commenced hostilities, Abrahams attended by J. C. and B. A., and Walker by E. R. and H. W. Abrahams is both the taller and heavier, although Walker stripped remarkably muscular about the body. After fighting nearly in the same style as George Morton and Johnny Hickey—we can give no better idea than this—for twenty-six minutes and thirteen rounds, a body of police rushed into the hall, put up to do it by a certain makebelieve sporting detective who got in on the beat, and such a skedaddling was never seen. The boys rolled head over heels down stairs, jumped out of windows, and got off the best way they could. Walker was arrested, locked up for the night, and let off the next morning. All the rest got away. Abrahams had a cut lip, and his left lamp closed; Walker also had a "mouse" under one eye. Walker was so tickled with his performance, that he wants to make a match for $500.

THAT GLOVE FIGHT.—BILL TOVEE AND JEM CLARK.—On the 10th, another of those half-serio, half-comic affairs came off in an up-town saloon, between Uncle William, the Father of American boxing, and Jem Clark, of Nottingham. The idea seems prevalent that their little *encute* was premeditated, with malice aforethought. Such is not the case at all—at least not on Old Bill's part—for he entertains the same personal regard for his opponent now as he did before. Like a good many others—"they met by chance the usual way," and as the awful storm outside made things dull in doors, a party of the right sort proposed making up a small amount for a glove fight. Rather than spoil the sport, Bill said he didn't mind, and another cove, the biggest man in the house, said the same. In three shakes of a lamb's tail they were at it, rippity-bang, all over the house, and fought five rounds in all, pretty much even, when in stepping back in his usual lively way, the old Master of Ceremonies tripped up, fell backwards, and struck his head kersmash on the stone floor, knocking him senseless, and leaving an ugly cut, from which the life's blood flowed quite freely. Every care was bestowed on the wounded veteran, and Jehonidab, like a Christian that he is, saw him safe on board the cars, after his wounds had been dressed and plastered. Jem Clark, his quondam antagonist, is said to stand over six feet, weighs 225 lbs., and is only 28 years old, whereas Bill is over 60, don't weigh 130, nor is he in height much over 5 ft. 5 in. With such a striking contrast, the wonder is that he made out so well. For the old man's sake, however, we'd rather not see him figure again, unless evenly matched as to age and weight. Bear this in mind, now.

NED HARDING'S UP TOWN FREE AND EASY.—According to promise, we journeyed up Chelsea way one night last week, on a voyage of discovery, fetching up, or down, rather, (for Ned's house is in the basement—that's a Hibernicism) at the Eagle Vaults, near Knickerbocker Hall. Harding's name is as familiar among the male vocalists as Eva Brent's is among the ladies, in conjunction with our music halls, "that used to be," only one of which is now left in New-York to mark that interesting epoch. We refer to Bob Butler's 444, as you might easily know. "The Eagle" is a queer name for a "sing-song" headquarters, but then it's patriotic, like all the boys who go there. At one time or other it seems that it might have been a ten-pin alley, where they "sot 'em up agin"—we wouldn't swear to this, mind. A string of tables extends pretty nearly the entire length of the room, for visitors to sip their "tobeys" of ale from. Ned hasn't many pictures yet, some half a dozen, probably—one a very valuable one of old Smith, of the London theatres—but he is engaged collecting a series of all the concert saloon singers, and expects to make a regular gallery of illustration up town in a few months. At present his chairman is Mr. Surridge; vice-chair, Mr. Gaffney—representing the union of Ireland and England in a harmonic point of view. They can both sing largely, particularly the "gintleman from Ireland"—he's a "ripper." Surry goes the sentimental alone; Gaff, the comic and sentimental combined. Of Ned Harding's deep, rich, and melodious powers of vocalization, any remarks of ours would be superfluous; suffice it to say, like old wine, he improves with age. Up towners wishing to spend a pleasant and sociable evening, cannot do better than drop in at the Eagle Vaults.

BENEFIT FOR CHARLEY WALKER.—This young fellow who made so gallant a fight with Abrahams, who is taller by 2½ inches, and 17 pounds the heavier—is going to have an exhibition next Tuesday, Jan. 27, at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, when Harry Abrahams and Charley will fight their battle over again. Only 25 cents to see it.

RHODY MAGUIRE AND JERRY CONKLIN MATCHED FOR "SUGAR."—Ten dollars a side has been posted by the friends of these men, providing Rhody has the choice of ground, and that only twenty men are allowed to be present on each side. The men were to meet on Monday evening at Dick Hollywood's CURBSTONE SHADE, 45 East Broadway. A free and easy is to be opened here next Saturday night for the winter season.

SING SONG AND QUOIT GROUND.—Godfrey Phillips has a very cosy little porter-house on Third Avenue, No. 125, between 14th and 15th streets, where everything is prime. Old Bill Tovee takes the chair, and Zachary Butcher, the Vice. You can't well improve on that arrangement.

TURN UP BETWEEN RHODY MCGUIRE AND JIM DALEY.—The other evening a rattling turn up came off in an east-side hotel, arising out of a dispute, and the young proprietor of the place being an admirer of the fistic science, allowed them the use of his back room. Rhody was seconded by Jim Sedwick, and Jim by Dick Hollywood, who happened on a visit there. They had it to their hearts' content—long enough for Daley to show his superiority. Rhody is matched with Jerry Conklin, and Daley is a brother to the young fellow lately spoken of as going to fight Johnny Lazarus.

A GOOD WORD FOR JOHN WOODS.—We find the following interesting little item about John in a letter from Baton Rouge, La.: "Among the enlisted men of the 123d (2d Metropolitan) Reg't, is John Woods, who is well known to sporting men as a champion of the ring. He is a Sergeant in the Commissary Department, and is spoken of as one of the mildest and most obedient of soldiers."

FIGHT AT LEESPORT.—A little affair "for honor" came off at Leesport on the 12th inst., between Bill H. and Jack W. There was no ring, no tossing for corners, or any of the usual formula; but they fought it out, and after fighting sixteen rounds, and Jack a heavy right-hander, knocked poor Jack out of time. Bill's seconds were C. J. H., Jack's, D. B., and H. L. G. officiated as referee. Another mill is expected in that village shortly.

SPARRING MATCH BETWEEN BILL CLARKE AND JOE COBURN, FOR $500.—Articles of agreement have been entered into, and $10 a side deposited, to be further increased Wednesday evening, for these men to spar thirty minutes, and the one that gets "home" on his opponent's head the oftenest, takes the pile. It will take place on or about the 28th of the month. More particulars next week.

A NIGGER AND GIPSEY FIGHT.—What some folks that ought to know better call a prize fight, recently took place in Toronto, C. W., between Palmer, a gipsey calling himself "Bendigo," and a young colored gemman with "no name." They got along pretty good until the nig was getting the worst of it, when he caught Palmer by the breast with his teeth, and worried him like a dog. A brother of Palmer's then jumped in to interfere, and somebody let drive at him. Others took up the quarrel, and one of the prettiest triangular fights occurred on record, resulting in Bendy and his party getting handled very severely. That's what the dailies and religious Sunday papers call a prize fight. Bah

COL. KERRIGAN IN A MESS.—A story is going the rounds to the effect that James E. Kerrigan, M. C., had had a personal "encounter" with a clerk in the State department at Washington, named Webster, in which our New-York boy is reported to have been very badly used. We can't vouch for its veracity, however, for those reliable causes, the daily reporters, can hatch up most anything, from a ghost story to a bogus prize fight, to get up a "sensation."

DEATH OF AN OLD OPPONENT OF JACK BATH'S.—In a brief paragraph a short time back, we alluded to the death of poor old Nick Hannigan, in England, and as we've had many inquires about the man, so as to form an estimate of his fighting qualities, we give Nick's career. Hannigan first fought Milner, of Sheffield, a draw, £5 a side, 2 hours, Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Young Congou, (Norley's Black,) 189 rounds, 4 hours, 40 min., July 27, 1847; beat Frank Raw, 16 rounds, 23 min., Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Patsy Clay (one of Massey's opponents) 111 rounds, 2 hours 45 min., Sept. 9, 1850; received forfeit from Fulham, Feb. 22, 1851; beat Cook, 65 rounds, 1 hour 32 min., May 2, 1854; draw with Topper Brown, 37 rounds, Aug. 21, 1854; beat Dooney Harris, 56 rounds, 106 min., Jan. 30, 1855; beat Jack Bath, $125 a side, 17 rounds, Cheshire, Dec. 4, 1859; beaten by Jem Hill, 21 rounds, 45 min., Nov. 15, and 52 rounds, 130 min., Nov. 16, 1859. That's the list—according to *Fistiana*, but "if you'd hae more on it," what kind of a fighter Nick was, how he looked and acted, with his height, weight, and all about him, we can not do better than refer you to Jack himself.

THE VERY LATEST SENSATION FROM LONDON.—NEWS FOR JOE COBURN.—In the latest *Bell's Life* to hand, we find the following characteristic advertisement:—"Charley Lynch wishes to inform his English friends that his brother pal, the renowned Joe Coburn, will arrive in this country in a few weeks, and will make his headquarters at Charley's, the NEW YORK CLIPPER, Church-lane, Whitechapel. Private lessons in the noble art given by Charley himself. The NEW YORK CLIPPER and all other sporting papers taken. The two belts to be seen at the bar." Charley has hit the nail on the head this time, if he ever did, and seems to understand how to get up a stir as good as the rest. We can fancy seeing the crowds rushing in and out "the live long day," inquiring after "the renowned Joe," while Charley and his bo-oy, (the very image of his father," Jim Cusick tells us,) with their little white aprons, are serving out the ale, porter, and "cooper" as fast as they can draw it. All right, Charley—go it while you're young, for when you're old you can't. Nothing like excitement—if Lynch didn't do it, somebody else would.

DEATH OF AN OLD OPPONENT OF JACK BATH'S.—In a brief paragraph a short time back, we alluded to the death of poor old Nick Hannigan, in England, and as we've had many inquires about the man, so as to form an estimate of his fighting qualities, we give Nick's career. Hannigan first fought Milner, of Sheffield, a draw, £5 a side, 2 hours, Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Young Congou, (Norley's Black,) 189 rounds, 4 hours, 40 min., July 27, 1847; beat Frank Raw, 16 rounds, 23 min., Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Patsy Clay (one of Massey's opponents) 111 rounds, 2 hours 45 min., Sept. 9, 1850; received forfeit from Fulham, Feb. 22, 1851; beat Cook, 65 rounds, 1 hour 32 min., May 2, 1854; draw with Topper Brown, 37 rounds, Aug. 21, 1854; beat Dooney Harris, 56 rounds, 106 min., Jan. 30, 1855; beat Jack Bath, $125 a side, 17 rounds, Cheshire, Dec. 4, 1859; beaten by Jem Hill, 21 rounds, 45 min., Nov. 15, and 52 rounds, 130 min., Nov. 16, 1859. That's the list—according to *Fistiana*, but "if you'd hae more on it," what kind of a fighter Nick was, how he looked and acted, with his height, weight, and all about him, we can not do better than refer you to Jack himself.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Mr. Low Simmons, Dan Rhodes, Prof. Robert Heller, Shirley H. France, Robert Hart, J. E. Whitney, Jules Stratton, S. W. Collins, and Mr. Pridham.

CITY SUMMARY.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.

CRITICISMS AND NOTICES FROM OTHER PAPERS.

EXCELLENT and well-merited notices and criticisms of performers and performances frequently appear in journals which may have an extensive local circulation, but which are rarely seen outside of the city where they are published. We have repeatedly been requested to copy such notices, in the CLIPPER, not gratuitously, but as a matter of business. By giving them publicity in the CLIPPER they attain a wider and more general circulation, both in Europe and America. We have considered the matter over, and if our friends desire it, we will prepare a special department in our Theatrical Record, in which notices and criticisms from other papers will be inserted for one shilling per line. Those who may wish to take advantage of this offer, will please send along their favors at once.

MONDAY, January 19, 1863.

Business still keeps up, and there is a probability of good times running along until the season of Lent, when we *ought* to look for a falling off, though we have had such an unlooked for prosperous winter that we shall not be surprised if even the usually slim houses of Lent should be omitted this year. We had several sensations last week, and all met with clever receptions. At Laura Keene's we had the ever-welcome Mrs. Wood in the Pride of the Market; at Niblo's, Bandmann, the German tragedian, made his *debut* on the American stage; at the New Bowery, "Les Miserables;" and at Winter Garden, Mr. Couldock and daughter in their Chimney Corner, and Cubas, the danseuse, in the French Spy. Each and all are referred to elsewhere in this department, and owing to the length of some of these notices, we must cut short our introductory, this week.

It is not an easy task to dramatise such a work as the Miserables, by Hugo. You go and try it, if you think it is. Mr. Seymour's version of Les Miserables was produced at the New Bowery, on Monday evening, Jan. 12th, but we cannot say that it created a sensation. There were some capital points made, and the company did their best to help the piece, and give it vitality; but it dragged its slow length along until nearly 12 o'clock, at which hour the curtain fell on the closing scene, leaving two other pieces to follow it. On the succeeding nights, it was cut down, modified, and otherwise improved, and passed off much better than on the opening night, but still was not a decided success. It was withdrawn on the fourth representation, the balance of the week being filled out with J. C. Foster's new drama of "Bob Covey, the Newgate Jester," and the pantomime of "Jack Sheppard." This week a series of excellent programmes will be presented.

Now and then our actor friends get off some good things, most of which are suffered to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," etc., etc. We dropped in a few days ago at a saloon where actors most do congregate, but where the outside world also have the *entree* to refresh and pay and travel on, if they want to. The host, a jolly, good sort of a fellow, had behind his bar a number of trophies from the war, among them a rebel sword. The host was exhibiting this side splitter to a number of actors, and suiting the action to the word, he flourished the weapon a bit, cutting and slashing—all theatre, though—at ye sons of Thespis. "Stand back, stand back," says the mixer of hot rums, and brandy punches; "I'm dangerous; I kill two or three men here every day." "No doubt of it—with whiskey," replied a wag of an actor, and such a roar saluted the "dangerous" boniface, as may ne'er be heard "within those walls" again. He put away the weapon, went behind the bar, treated the crowd, and acknowledged that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Died, on the 15th inst., in this city, George W. Little, aged 41 years. Mr. Little was formerly connected with Forshay's Circus. His remains were taken to New Brunswick, N. J., for interment, on the 17th inst.

A very life-like little play is the "Chimney Corner," performed at the Winter Garden, on the 12th, with Mr. and Miss Couldock and Mr. Davidge in the principal parts. This little piece, unlike many of the "latest productions," has a plot with the merit of plausibility. In this play, Mr. Couldock, as Peter Probity, 61, gave us such a bit of acting as is seldom witnessed upon our boards. It was truthful and life-like, and brought tears from the eyes of men as well as of women. Davidge, as a childish old man of 91, made an immense hit, and fairly divided the honors with Mr. Couldock. It was one of the best parts we have ever seen this actor perform. The piece was well played throughout; and may be set down as one of the successes of this extraordinary season of 1862–3. Mr. A. H. Davenport, who is at this house again, appeared to advantage as John Probity. The attendance was large, and the applause hearty and sincere. The "Chimney Corner" will be continued this week.

In addition to the Couldocks, Cubas, the dancer, commenced an engagement at the Winter Garden, on the 12th, appearing as the French Spy. As we say of our pugilistic friends when entering the ring, "she strips well," and in the second act "travels on her shape" altogether. Dressed in flesh-colored tights, which display her points to excellent advantage, she is a superb-looking creature, and well calculated to "make a man strike his father, and forsake his wife, home, family, and friends," to "bask in the sunshine of her smiles," and have the privilege of providing her with corn beef and cabbage, pork and beans, and coffee and cakes. Poetry and eloquence aside, however, Cubas is making rapid headway as a pantomimist. The sword fight, between Cubas and Mr. France, the Arab, was well done, and afforded us a series of pleasing pictures. In the language of our show friends, Cubas is a splendid "swordist," as well as pantomimist and dancer. The French Spy is to be repeated this week. If there is an officer attached to this house, it would be well for him to preserve order. On Saturday evening, a number of men in the second circle made such a racket as to interfere greatly with the enjoyment of those who went to see the play.

Talking of luscious-looking creatures, we regret to learn that Adah Isaacs Menken is still indisposed, and confined to her rooms. She is making arrangements for the future, however, and is once more negotiating for a trip to England, having had an excellent offer made her by one of our go-ahead agents. It is not probable, however, that she will leave before summer.

An entirely new change of programme is offered by Wood's Minstrels, this week, embracing some beautiful sentimental songs, Ethiopian peculiarities, eccentricities, and drolleries, and special acts of all sorts. Let no stranger in the city leave for home without spending at least one evening at Mr. Wood's beautiful hall.

Mrs. John Wood is coming with a rush. This week she gives the "Actress by Daylight," in which she appears as Anne Bracegirdle, the great actress of 1860; and "Somebody Else." Mrs. Wood is attracting large audiences to Laura Keene's Theatre.

Who knows what this is? We can't pronounce it, so we'll spell it: A u t, aut; o, auto; p e r, per; autoper; i, autoperi; p a, pa; autoperipa; t e, te; autoperipate; t i, ti; autoperipateti; k o s, kos; autoperipatetikos. The Bryants announce it for this week. No doubt it is a clever production of some gigantic intellect, but we *do* wish our show friends would do something easier. These unpronounceable things knock us higher than *two* kites.

The Bateman combination are with us again, this time at Niblo's, opening on the 19th, in the new play of "Leah, the Forsaken," with Miss Bateman as Leah; Mr. Wallack as Nathan; and Mr. Edwin Adams as Rudolf. Mr. C. H. Wilson makes his first appearance in New-York, and Mrs. Chanfrau also joins the company. Mr. Wheatley has given us a succession of splendid performances since he assumed the management of Niblo's, and has so far proved one of the most successful managers we have ever had here.

The three years' engagement of Mr. G. C. Boniface with Mr. J. W. Lingard, of the New Bowery, expires this week. It is creditable alike to the manager and to the actor that both have justly and truly fulfilled the "conditions of the bond."

Our friends abroad will see the advantage of sending their favors to the CLIPPER, when we mention the fact that some of our *advertisements*, even, are *copied* into our mercurial Sunday contemporary gratis, in order that it may make some sort of a show. So we are thereby able to announce that an advertisement, paid for in the CLIPPER, gets the benefit of an insertion in another paper, free. Is this not a *little* extra inducement to crowd along your favors?

Mr. Butler, of American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, has added some more performers to his already large company, and this week the Bedouin Brothers will appear in their gymnastic performances. Miss Kitty Blanchard is still here, drawing in her most captivating style. Kitty is a pretty little thing, moving about like a fairy; she is a great favorite with the *habitues* of this hall. Tony Pastor is also here, together with Lew Simmons, Charley White, Bob Hart, J. G. Riggs, and a host of others. A matinee is given every Saturday afternoon.

We have had bearded women and bearded children on exhibition in this city, but never before have we had a bearded Saki, which is a sort of parody on our intelligent contraband. This wonder is among the natural curiosities to be seen at Lent's Menagerie, on Broadway. Here, too, may be seen a quartette of elephants, perfectly docile and harmless, and of which a close and satisfactory view may be had at all times. The gentlemen who stir up the lions, tigers, bears, and other of the ferocious tribe, are attentive and obliging, answer your questions courteously and with civility, which you know is not always the case at public places of amusement, and whose acquaintance with the habits and customs of the animal creation, enable them to impart much information not found in the books. Call in and have a chat with them.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 15th, Niblo's theatre was about two-thirds filled by one of the most critical and appreciative audiences we have seen there this season, the occasion being the *debut* on the American stage, of the German actor, Mr. Daniel Bandmann, who, after six weeks preparation, essayed to perform in English for the first time, appropriately choosing the character of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." The composition of the audience was decidedly Teutonic in character, and hence Mr. Bandmann had several strong sympathizers and supporters present to aid him to carry out the experiment successfully; and at times these over-zealous friends erred in being too demonstrative and partial in their applause. Independent of this, however, the success of the artist was undoubted, and whether we regard his performance in the light of a triumph over the obstacles he had to encounter in the difficulties the English language presents to foreigners, or in that of a novel interpretation of the dramatist's conception of the Jew's character, we must equally award Mr. Bandmann high graise for the talented and able manner in which he performed his part. His make-up was a model of historical accuracy, and was a welcome innovation on the accustomed attire in which we have been wont to see the Shylocks of the age appear. We may say the same, too, as regards many of the "points" in which he takes exception to the hackneyed rendition of the character; for his Shylock is among the most natural and sensible interpretations we have yet seen given of this Hebrew character. The admirable reading of the Jew's reply to Antonio, commencing with "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft," elicited a perfect storm of enthusiastic applause, so much so as to bring the artist on the stage to bow his acknowledgments; and, also, in his interview with Tubal, when his avarice and revenge struggle within him for the mastery, his representation of the mental conflict was fine in the extreme. He is withal so natural in action, and he so fully repudiates the theatrical rant that has hitherto characterized nearly every rendition of the character, more or less, by every artist, from Charles Kean, at the Leonard Street Theatre, years ago, up to Edwin Booth, including McCready, Anderson, Forrest, &c., that we regard his performance, from beginning to end, as a dramatic and intellectual treat of the finest order. The simple fact that he has so successfully mastered many of the great difficulties of our difficult language in so short a space of time, warrants us in the belief that greater triumphs are in store for him. Even now, it is but justice to rank him with the best tragedians on the stage as far as we can judge from the admirable performance of Thursday night. One thing in Mr. Bandmann's favor was, the able manner in which he was supported. We do not remember seeing the secondary characters of the play more ably represented than on this occasion. Lanergan's capital acting as Bassanio, and Shewell's as Gratiano was worthy of high praise, and Lamb's excellent representation of Launcelot, too, was noticeable. A feature of the performance was Madame Ponisi's beautiful reading of the part of Portia; and she was ably assisted by Miss Thorne—that beautiful English blonde who created such a sensation at the Winter Garden under the Anderson regime last year—whose make up as the clerk was capital. In fact, all acted their parts well, the stage appointments and scenery being as commendable as was the acting. Mr. Bandmann was called out at the close of each act, and when the curtain fell had to appear and respond to the enthusiastic applause of all present.

It is rumored that Wallack's old theatre is to be opened again as a music hall. Some managers now in Philadelphia are mentioned as the probable proprietors.

Mr. Carter, manager of the troupe of Zouave Sisters, is in town this week. His company are performing in Pennsylvania.

Miss Marion, who has been travelling with Gates's company, is now in town, and open for engagements. See her advertisement in this issue.

On Monday evening, Jan. 12th, Laura Keene's Theatre was crowded to excess; in fact, it was quite a Wallackian demonstration as far as the public were concerned, not a seat being unoccupied after the curtain arose. The occasion was the first appearance of Mrs. Wood in the new piece of the "Pride of the Market," which was presented at this theatre for the first time. The play is French in plot and character, and was placed upon the stage in the most creditable manner, both as regards the scenery and stage appointments; and in regard to the acting, we can truthfully say that it was excellent throughout, Mrs. Wood appearing to special advantage in the character of Marton, the Pride of the Market. This play was produced a season or two ago at the Winter Garden, but not in the style it was given on Monday. Lewis, of Laura Keene's, laid himself out on the occasion in the way of scenery, and produced some capital effects. Raymond, as Jordon, "acted well his part," and was less gaggy than usual, while Miss Ione Burke, and the others of the company, appeared to much greater advantage than in that vulgar absurdity, "Blondette." In fact, the presence of Mrs. Wood seemed to exert a healthy influence over all around her, and the play went on to the close in a very satisfactory manner. Of Mrs. Wood's performance we have to say that both in her style of acting and her appearance, she sustained her high reputation throughout, and looked and acted charmingly.

Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. Mark Smith have entered into a business partnership, to take full effect at the close of the latter's engagement at Wallack's Theatre. In the meantime, Miss Emily will "go it alone," performing engagements already entered into. She is a clever actress, comely of face and form, and will yet make a bright mark in the profession.

Out on the Bloomingdale road, Wm. R. Derr, the well-known equestrian performer, is engaged at present training some fine horses for Mr. L. B. Lent. Mr. Derr has a couple of horses, which, he assures us, are for equestrian purposes and melodramas, the best in the United States. Mr. D. trained these animals, and he has full confidence in their ability to surpass all others for the purposes named. In training horses, Derr is said to be a wonder.

Mad. Louise de Mortie gave a reading of the Raven, the Maniac, etc., at Zion Baptist Church, on the 12th. She is said to be easy and graceful, with a deep, rich, musical voice, and "her pronunciation without the slightest touch of Negro accent." Spelman is the appropriate name of the agent of this reading woman.

No change at Wallack's; old and standard comedies, interspersed occasionally with a "new one," "adapted expressly for this theatre," forming the bill of fare. Business good, and not many bogus "secured seats."

Billy Quinn, Ethiopian comedian, has been idle here some three or four weeks, owing to illness, but is now himself again, and willing to negotiate.

DRAMATIC.

Talk about crowded houses! You should have been at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday night, Jan. 14th, on the occasion of a performance given by the Laura Keene Combination. Why, there was scarcely standing room to be had in any part of the house, from the parquet to the amphitheatre. The night was a mild one, and as a matter of course the heat inside the Academy was oppressive; the atmosphere, besides, being of a very impure character, from the want of proper means of ventillation. A word or two about a matter we are going to harp upon until the evil is remedied, and then we will comment upon the performances. On entering the house—among the first after the doors were opened—we were politely informed that all the choice seats were reserved. And how reserved? We will tell you. The best seats in the parquet and first row of the boxes had been marked off as reserved, and persons were engaged to dispose of those reserved seats outside the doors, at the usual premium. Now, what is this but a downright fraud upon the public? The box office is open from day to day for those desirous of procuring reserved seats, and all can do so; but when the night of performance comes, every seat not taken should be at the service of those who are first at the theatre. The idea of keeping two or three hundred persons standing, merely to realize the per centage on these outside sales, is a piece of conduct that is disgraceful to the manager of any theatre or troupe in the country. If there is at any time such a demand for seats as to raise competition to a premium-paying height, why, put the seats up at auction, but otherwise let every reserved seat be a *bona fide* sale of the privilege, and not such a fraud upon the public as the system now is. And now for the performances. We have seldom seen "Old Heads and Young Hearts" better played as a whole than it was on this occasion. The fine audience the company had to greet them evidently had a beneficial and invigorating effect on all the performers, for they one and all seemed to excel themselves in the manner in which they rendered the characters assigned them. Blake's "Rural" was admirably personated, and Miss Keene seemed to have new life infused into her in her rendition of the "Lady Alice." Wheatleigh's "Littleton Coke" was a capital piece of acting, especially in the interview with his brother in the last act. Peter's "Bob" was also a praiseworthy rendition, as was Walcot's "Tom Coke," with the exception of that bad habit Walcot has of playing to the audience. He frequently talks to them instead of to those on the stage, and this greatly mars many of his otherwise excellent impersonations. Pearson, as the choleric old Colonel, was very good; in fact, each actor and actress did their duty on the occasion, and the hearty applause they elicited, gave evidence that their efforts were fully appreciated and satisfactory. In the last piece, "Nature and Art," Miss Keene gratified the audience extremely by her capital rendition of the character of the star actress. We have seldom seen her to more advantage in this line of characters than on this occasion. Wheatleigh, as the Yankee, too, was very good. The presence of such a crowd as filled the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, on Wednesday, only carries out our prediction that a really good dramatic performance, by a good stock company, would draw out the admirers of the drama to an extent that would make the experiment pay well. But those trials with stars, badly supported, will always eventuate in slim houses. Not the least of the attractions was Cooke's capital orchestral performances.

John E. Owens, who was to commence an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre, on the 12th, refused to play on Monday, according to agreement, on account of an article appearing in the *Chronicle* of that city indirectly charging him with being the captain of a New Orleans rebel military company. Mr. Owens has numerous friends there who persuaded him to perform, and assured him there would be no disturbance; but he was afraid, and declined to go on. The fact being announced by Mr. Lewis, the stage manager, the audience shouted for the comedian, and when they were assured for the second time that he would not appear, about half of the persons present quietly retired and got their money back at the box office. Our correspondent, "Now and Then," says:—Mr. Sefton, a member of the stock, was finally induced to appear in Mr. O.'s character of Paul Pry; and the "Loan of a Lover" was substituted for the afterpiece of "Forty Winks," in which Mr. Owens was to appear. After the first piece was performed, Mr. Lewis stepped before the curtain and stated that Mr. Owens would positively appear on Tuesday night, which brought down the house for some minutes. On Tuesday morning, Mr. O. attended rehearsal, and then left the theatre for a walk with some friends, and at five o'clock the same afternoon he left the city without saying a word to any one connected with the theatre. It was near five o'clock when his departure became known, which left little time for a change of programme. The doors were opened as usual, and a placard was posted in front of the box office announcing that "John E. Owens had run away to Baltimore this afternoon, and left the management in the lurch without giving a word of explanation. Many people who had secured seats during the day, had their money refunded, and others who attended for the purpose of enjoying themselves, bought tickets and took seats. Owens' best friends condemn his course, and it is believed he has made himself many enemies here. It was as little as he could have done to have given the management due notice of his intention to quit.

The Vandenhoff "difficulty," in St. Louis, as we presumed, turns out to have had its origin in the imagination of some political writer in that city, who made record of things which he saw not, neither did he hear. A friend, on whose word we can rely, sends us the following account of the affair, which, in justice to all parties, we give place in our columns:

ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 11, 1863.

FRANK QUEEN;—I notice, in the last number of the CLIPPER, a statement concerning Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff's readings in this city, which needs a few words in reply. Thinking that your regular correspondent here might not be informed on the subject, I venture to expostulate myself. Mr. V. read Hamlet here but once, at the request of prominent citizens, after the advertised course of readings was concluded. There was no "trouble" about it, no "hissing," though there was considerable applauding, but not by any "party specially attending to support him." The next morning the *Democrat* (the leading *Republican* paper in St. Louis, as by a similar inappropriateness of name, the *Republican* is the leading *Democratic* paper) stated on the authority of an "intelligent informant," who was "ready to make oath to the statement," that Mr. V. had, in his reading of Hamlet, "interpolated a sneer against New England." This "intelligent" informant, who, by the way, has taken care to make no oath to the statement, probably misunderstood the passage in which the grave-digger says, "if Hamlet is not cured in England, 'tis no great matter; 'twill not be seen in him there; *there the men are as mad as he.*" The story is absurd on the face of it, that Mr. Vandenhoff, an Englishman, whose success in his profession must so far depend upon his courteous and impartial treatment of people everywhere, would, by a sneer against a part of the country, destroy his reputation and prospects there. Or if he had so far demeaned himself as to truckle to a supposed secession sentiment by a sneer at New England, even had his audience been pleased politically, their *literary* taste would have revolted at such an anachronism as any allusion to New England, in a play written some seventeen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. I am a New Englander myself; I attended the reading of Hamlet—sat near the reader, and listened intently to every word. Mr. Vandenhoff *omitted* much, (necessarily, as the play is so lengthy,) but interpolated nothing. The whole story here had its origin, about equally, in ignorance and malice. The Abolition journals at the West took up the cry, and have been howling at Vandenhoff ever since, to the full extent of their choicest Billingsgate. As the CLIPPER is the advocate of all that's fair and impartial, I hope to see a correction of this misstatement. E. W. B.

Mr. Henry, said to be a young actor of much promise, has been the leading star at the Metropolitan, Rochester, and has exhibited considerable talent for one so young. He plunged at once into tragedy, and did Shylock, Hamlet, and Othello, almost equal to many old stagers. He is in good hands, and with a little more experience and training, may make an actor of note. He was supported by Mr. D. Hanchett and Fanny B. Price.

The engagement of Mrs. Waller at the Pittsburgh Theatre, although not so large as her predecessor's, Miss Thompson, was still looked on there as a success. The houses ran very even for five nights, and on Friday, 9th, every eligible seat had an occupant. Mrs. Waller is a lady of rare ability, and deserves unlimited success.

Manager Fuller, of Louisville, has effected an engagement with Mr. D. Hanchett and Miss Fanny B. Price. Mr. Hanchett assumes the management of the stage. The season opens on the 19th.

Rumor still has it that Charley Wilkinson, comedian, intends shortly to visit Troy with a vaudeville company.

B. S. Manuel, now attending to his Terpsichorean Academy in Troy, will return to the stage at the close of the dancing season.

At the southern theatres, business is reported to be good. The houses in Richmond, Montgomery, and Mobile are all said to be flourishing, the latter under the management of Mr. Crisp. At Montgomery, Alabama, Miss Ida Vernon is playing a star engagement, supported by E. B. Dalton. A few nights since, the last named actor in a fencing scene, had the misfortune to cut Sam Hibbard on the head; and the next night, while playing the Phantom, he shot a brother actor, named Bowers, in the face with a pistol, and the latter will probably lose one of his eyes by the accident. They must be terribly in earnest "way down in Alabam."

"Horse opera" still holds out at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and Miles is now giving "Herne the Hunter," with Rosston as director of the grand processions. They did say R. E. J. M. was going to make an exhibition of himself and Minnehaha on top of the Capitol cupola for a wager. This was more than two weeks ago, but it hasn't come off yet. It will be a good thing—when he does it.

Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, was still occupied by the minstrels, with Sig. Abecco, the harpist and tenor, added to the troupe.

The rainy season had set in in California, and scarcely a day passes without some rain.

Miss Lizzie Parker had a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, on the 18th ult. It was tendered her by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Mayor, military and civic dignitaries, and many distinguished citizens of the place. Our correspondent says that although the night was very unpleasant, and the Eureka opened the same evening, the friends of the lady turned out in full force, and filled the theatre. The performance passed off felicitously. Miss Parker was in good voice, and received abundance of plaudits. The programme embraced acts of "Il Barbier di Seviglia," "Norma," and "I Lombardi." Mrs. Stone, *nee* Emily Coad, made her first appearance in eight years as Adalgisa, in "Norma." Miss Stone is a good contralto, and formerly filled the position of prima donna contralto with Mrs. Woods, and the Seguin Opera troupe. The Garibaldi Society (Italians) volunteered for the occasion, and sang splendidly.

Theatricals in Philadelphia were never in a more flourishing condition than at present. At the Arch, Peter and Caroline Richings are crowding the house to repletion. Our correspondent, "Young Rapid," writing on the 16th, says:—"I attended the theatre on Tuesday evening last, to witness the comedy of Extremes, and when I entered I found that every seat in the dress circle, and up to the ninth row in the parquet, had been secured during the day. I managed to obtain a place, however, and when the curtain rose, every seat and all the standing room was occupied. This evening, for Miss Richings' benefit, a new original comedy, entitled Court Cards, now running with great success in London, was produced for the first time in this country. Artists have been busily engaged day and night upon the music and wardrobe of the Enchantress. It is at last finished, and the grand operatic spectacle will be produced here on Monday evening, Jan. 19, in magnificent style. Mr. Richings is also working very hard upon the wardrobe, properties, and music of the opera of Satanella, which piece is expected to be ready for production on the 26th inst. The present engagement of these very popular artists is already the best they have ever fulfilled in this city, and I trust that the attendance will not decrease during their entire stay here, for their late loss by the burning of Ford's Theatre was a very heavy one, and they deserve the support of the theatre going public.....At the Walnut, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams opened on Monday night, and during the week have drawn the largest audiences ever seen within the walls of that establishment. The coming week will be their last of the present engagement, unless Barney can get Grover, of the Washington Theatre, (to whom he is engaged to open with on the 26th inst.,) to give him two weeks later, so that he can make his engagement here for four weeks. Mr. H. Paul, Barney's agent, is an old professional, and understands his business to the perfect satisfaction of said Barney. The stage management of this house is very ably conducted by Mr. E. L. Tilton."

The new theatre on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is almost completed, and the opening is fixed for Monday evening, January 26. On the 16th, our correspondent, "Young Rapid," again visited the establishment, and was surprised to find the work so far advanced. He says:—"Rumor has been very busy the past few days, fixing the opening for Monday next (the 19th), but that is impossible. The building will be completed, and everything ready for a performance by Thursday next, but Mr. Wheatley (who arrived here to-day) informs me that he has fixed Monday evening, January 26th, for the initial performance. Mr. Edwin Forrest (who is, in fact, the bona fide manager and part owner of this establishment,) will be the opening star. I have as yet only been able to learn a few of the company engaged, among whom will be found, John E. McCullough, Mr. Canol, Germon, Mad. Ponisi, Miss Henri, and Mrs. J. H. Allen. Joseph Strahan is boss carpenter; John Dacy, of the Boston Academy, will be property man; Mark Hassler will be leader of the orchestra; [and old Warren, formerly of the old Chestnut Street Theatre, will be Treasurer. The theatre is one of the best arranged in this country, and I have seen them all. The dressing rooms are without doubt the best I ever saw. Each and every one has a case of drawers for each person, a long shelf, and a marble wash basin with hydrant attached. They are heated by steam pipes, are large and very comfortable. From an actual count of the house which I made, it will seat as follows:—Parquet, 575; dress circle, 550; upper tier, 675; total, 1800 people. Besides this, there are camp stools enough to seat 200 more by placing them in the aisles; also standing room for over 300 more, making in all over 2,300 people that can be accommodated within its walls. This, with the exception of the Academy, is the largest place of amusement in the city. When opened, our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing one of the handsomest temples of amusement in the country. This city has long needed a first class respectable place of amusement, and now that they have one, I feel confident that it will receive the support of all good lovers of the legitimate drama." Official announcement is made that the "New Chestnut Street Theatre"—we presume that will be the name—will open on Monday evening next, 26th of January, when Mr. Forrest will make his first appearance there this season, as "Virginius." The demand for seats for the opening night has been so great that Manager Wheatley has decided to sell them at auction, and on the 21st, M. Thomas & Son will publicly dispose of places for the first performance. The rates of admittance to the new theatre will be as follows:—Family circle, 25 cents; dress circle, 50 cents; parquet a[illegible] seats in private b[illegible] seats we do not lo[illegible]

Mary Provost h[illegible] atre, Washington,

John H. Meech[illegible] the recipient of a[illegible]

Hackett appears[illegible] management of J[illegible] Jan. 20th.

Miss Maggie Mi[illegible] the Howard, Bost[illegible] through on "Fanch[illegible] duce a new piece f[illegible] thing but "Fanchon[illegible] Myers this week, a[illegible]

Laura Keene and [illegible] the Boston public, [illegible] Heads and Young H[illegible]

A revival of the "[illegible] last week, attracted [illegible] first appearance at [illegible] with a favorable rec[illegible]

Mr. and Mrs. F. B[illegible] Buffalo, this week, o[illegible]

John E. Owens will [illegible] pany at the Howard [illegible] weeks.

Manager Myers clos[illegible] 16th. He is said to ha[illegible] same time than any ot[illegible] The season was not ver[illegible] that Uncle Sam—who h[illegible] at Springfield—has no[illegible] Rather tight papers on [illegible] Mr. Myers' benefit, Mr. [illegible] Michael Earl, the Manh[illegible]

J. Wilkes Booth is Richa[illegible] ented young actor is a gre[illegible] and his engagement at the [illegible] promises to be quite success[illegible]

Eisler's season at the Colu[illegible] rated on Tuesday evening, J[illegible] the performance passed off rem[illegible] "She Stoops to Conquer," "Mr.[illegible] lowing is a list of the company: [illegible] Eisler, James Lewis, Colin Stua[illegible] Charles Jeffrey, A Purcell, Frank[illegible] Kellogg, Fred. Randal; Mrs. Effie[illegible] Miss Marion M. Moore, Mrs. Bra[illegible] shaw, Annie Keyser, Clara Morris a[illegible]

The business at Harry Linden's [illegible] very bad just now.

Mr. S. E. Ryan has been trying h[illegible] of "Les Miserables." It is to be [illegible] Museum.

Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, took his [illegible] Baltimore, on Saturday night, ap[illegible] Simon Parefoy, and Diggory, ass[illegible] Gray, "the finest stock actress in A[illegible] lips. A new dance by M'lle Galet[illegible] not every night a "new dance" can [illegible]

The German Opera, at the Academy [illegible] out the very *elite* of the city, and each [illegible] has been given, the house has been ve[illegible]

The Eureka, the new theatre in San [illegible] the 18th of January. "Bay View," in h[illegible] gives us an account of the new establis[illegible] ing performances, as follows:—"The n[illegible] opened last Thursday, to a packed hou[illegible] auditors. The theatre, though very sm[illegible] nient. The narrowness of the house ca[illegible] beholder; double the width could be adv[illegible] The stage front is too low for good effect [illegible] simple a design for a harmonious propor[illegible] jog in the auditorium ceiling, detracts m[illegible] eral outlines of beauty. The drop curtain[illegible] abortion. I understand it is to be re-pain[illegible] beauties about this little theatre which a[illegible] the defects. From its location and man[illegible] destined to become a favorite resort. Thing a very favorable opening night consisted of an opening [illegible] Frank Soule (not far above mediocrity i[illegible] delivered by Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne; the co[illegible] "Faces" (the part of Triplet abominably [illegible] Mayo); a song by Miss Viola, and the farce[illegible] Peter White." Since the opening, the houses [illegible] Christmas week. W. H. Leighton is lessee, [illegible] acting manager.

Lucille Western's engagement at the Washin[illegible] great success. Long before the curtain rung [illegible] night, 14th, when East Lynne was produced, [illegible] in every part, and money refused. Her benefit [illegible] was largely and fashionably attended.

At the St. Louis Theatre, Miss Matilda Hery[illegible] star. Two correspondents, "Copernicus" and [illegible] agree that she has been drawing largely, and [illegible] states that Gottschalk and Patti had [illegible] her. In the first week, Miss Heron [illegible] "Camille;" and the balance of the week [illegible] given. Last week was opened with the [illegible] and "Media" and "Edith" were also announced. [illegible] says he attended twice in the first week, and once [illegible] and on each occasion the house was crowded.

The Springfield (Ill.) Theatre is open under the [illegible] of Mr. Geo. Hale, with C. J. Pfyffe as leading man; Alf[illegible] son, leading woman; W. J. Wiggins, low comedian; [illegible] Clifford, chambermaid, etc. Mr. R. S. Ma[illegible] star, and a correspondent speaks in glowing terms [illegible] abilities. From Springfield, Mr. Meldrum will go to [illegible] Wisconsin.

rather too freely during the Christmas "all there," and, with the exception of all that could be wished. In spite of the enveloping the stalwart son of the Seine plainly to be seen distending the gauzy lumps from his thighs and shoulder tumult is hushed as they toe the mark, side place. The silence is broken by some t you toss for sides?" answered by Teddy go on;" and go on Deerfoot did at a split- was never done in any of Mills' matches end from the crease, and as they swept top of the course, increasing it until at the run, where he was leading by three yards, looked gloomy. At this juncture, Martin one that will warm him to-day." How rried out, the sequel will show. During ond lap, Mills made up his leeway in a the Indian, bent on breaking him up, ce very "warm," and at the end of the rds, and finished the first mile in 4 min. ter than the first mile with White,) with d." In going up the hill in the eighth man and ran in his track, the Indian no oot than Teddy's was in the print. This ept up lap after lap, but the pace getting over the ground at first-rate speed; but up his mind to "bide his time," until, e pagoda turn, in the twentieth lap, the to the fore, amidst the most uproarious I the way by twenty yards. This adxt three laps, but in the twenty-fourth, the gap, Mills appearing to want rest. sixth round, the Indian had regained running at Teddy's elbow, and these until passing the reserved seats in the erfoot attempted to take the lead, but not stand it; and now ensued one of n, the assembled thousands rending pplause, and as this ovation reached it incited them to renewed efforts. is terrific struggle for supremacy turn at the bottom of the course, lap, Deerfoot "cracked," and was announced to Mills by franrs; and, doubling himself to almost to fly over the ground, he "redskin" in difficulties, it of them. But here the race although Teddy now and then pponent to come near him, Indian to obtain the victory, sing announced to Mills by the last lap, the champion starting for a race, and, e, won by at least 100 yds.

	m. s.
	20 15
	25 32½
	30 46½

1863. Price was the lucky ney Wick, so that we may ve-named day, as distance

SKETCHES.

FORTY.

YORK CLIPPER,
OWN.

His grandfather, the Declaration of in his native city Theatre, as Othello, destined to become a favorite resort. of two years and a returning to the his *debut* at the in "King Lear." was June 10th, houses d's management, arden) Broadway, hts.

out three years ago, but in the twenty-fourth, ut rest. ed the lead, but ed in the ed, and these ut the Indian, bent on breaking him up, ce very "warm," and at the end of the rds, and finished the first mile in 4 min. ter than the first mile with White,) with d." In going up the hill in the eighth man and ran in his track, the Indian no oot than Teddy's was in the print. This ept up lap after lap, but the pace getting over the ground at first-rate speed; but up his mind to "bide his time," until, e pagoda turn, in the twentieth lap, the to the fore, amidst the most uproarious I the way by twenty yards. This adxt three laps, but in the twenty-fourth, the gap, Mills appearing to want rest. sixth round, the Indian had regained running at Teddy's elbow, and these until passing the reserved seats in the erfoot attempted to take the lead, but not stand it; and now ensued one of n, the assembled thousands rending pplause, and as this ovation reached it incited them to renewed efforts. is terrific struggle for supremacy turn at the bottom of the course, lap, Deerfoot "cracked," and was announced to Mills by franrs; and, doubling himself to almost to fly over the ground, he "redskin" in difficulties, it of them. But here the race although Teddy now and then pponent to come near him, Indian to obtain the victory, sing announced to Mills by the last lap, the champion starting for a race, and, e, won by at least 100 yds.

MUSIC HALLS.

They have a fresh singer at the Melodeon, [illegible] Louis, under 1843 at Marion Hinkley, who is represented to be an operatic vocalist. *debut* at oscari." rare abilities, and one of the most artistic singers in the b[illegible] cities. A correspondent in St. Louis says he has he[illegible] all musicians recognised as good singers, Brent, Barton, Mor[illegible] etc., Italian Marion lays over all of them." She is said to b[illegible] thorc musician, and was formerly a member of the St. L[illegible] Phil armonic Society, and a teacher of music in that cit[illegible] She splendid Scotch vocalist. With all these qualities to [illegible] New comme ning her, she is also a perfect lady.

The halls in St. Louis were all doing a paying trade, but business was slacker than it had been a few weeks back, owing to so many steamboat men and others going "down the river" to Vicksburg.

Dora Dawron, the double-voiced vocalist, who has been singing in various parts of the country during the past year, is now in the West Indies. She left us rather suddenly, her husband, Mr. G. K. Dickinson, writing to say that he had taken passage for her for Kingston, Jamaica, where she arrived early in January, as we learn by a letter we have just received from thence. She was to give her first concert in Kingston, at the Theatre Royal, on the 8th inst. She is announced as Mrs. G. K. Dickinson, and her husband was to assist in the entertainment by giving some favorite readings.

One of the Rollandes, Guillaume, having dislocated a shoulder, was unable to appear at the Canterbury, Washington, after Monday evening, the 12th. Willis Amstrong is performing in his place.

Percival & Co. open Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va., on Monday, January 19, with Miss Nellie Taylor, Misses Kate and Annie Harrison, Tillie Forbes, Messrs. Frank Wyant, J. Closta, Billy Emerson, H. Talbott, etc. We presume Messrs. Percival & Co. will next move on to Richmond.

The Canterbury, Washington, has at present one of the largest and best companies in the concert business, including Julia Mortimer, Kate Pennoyer, Augusta and Marie, Agnes Sutherland, Nellie Taylor, Frank La Folle, Little Ella, Dick Parker, Geo. Edeson, etc. "The Boy of the Irish Brigade," in which Geo. R. Edeson does the Boy, is said to take amazingly, especially with the "sojers." Terrific combats, red fire, choaking secessionists, etc., all contribute to the *furore*.

The fascinating Eva Brent, is now displaying her talent in the Capitol of the Continent, as you may see by advertisement. Applications on business should be addressed to Mr. J. W. Allinson, Philadelphia.

Cadwell's Music Hall, Millwaukee, still does a good business. The Duvals conclude on the 20th of January. They are not certain where they go yet. Josh Hart and Miss Laura Le Claire succeed them. Alex. Ross, the jig dancer of the establishment, received a challenge from Johnny Boyd, now playing at Beller's, in Detroit, to dance for $200, enclosing $50 to Charlie Covelli to bind the match, which

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTT, Alexandria, Va.—1. Heenan's weight when he fought Sayers was about 182 lbs. 2. Sayers', 152 lbs., and 5ft. 8¼ inches high. 3. The accident to Sayers' arm did certainly impede his chances, and but for that he *might* have won, and then again he *might't*. How's that suit? 4. We never heard tell of Mr. Lancing. If you mean Joe Hoiles, the Spider, Denny Horrigan never fought him in the P.R. 5. Harry Lazarus beat Horrigan in this country. 6. The bounds between the different fighting weights are: Feather, up to 112 lbs.; light, 112 to 130 lbs.; middle, 130 to 150 lbs., and heavy weights, from 150 upwards.

FEDERAL STREET BLOCKADE, Philadelphia.—We rather guess Heenan and Morrissey *did* fight, and for an "old subscriber," think you're getting us on a string. If the dates are what you want, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey fought at Long Point Island, Canada, October 20, 1858; it lasted exactly 21 minutes, and 11 rounds, and Morrissey won. Heenan, at that time, wasn't half the man he is now.

LITTLEJOHN, St. Louis.—1. It is a weak invention of the enemy. See our "Notice" in theatrical department. 2. We mention such places as we see proper to notice, without regard to correspondents or managers. Some correspondents have their favorites, and these they hope to work up at the expense of others less fortunate. It is our place to see that all are treated alike.

PRINCE, Albany.—Glad to hear from the boys, and that their policy is of the right stamp. Give our spiritual regards to all inquiring friends, and say to them that Madame Wellington cannot recommend a better combination than the old stand-by—"4-11-44." The boys down here are serene after the holidays, and hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same blessing.

JNO. McK., Philadelphia.—"Two persons are playing a game of All Fours, and each has scored seven points, the game being nine. The dealer now makes two, viz: Jack, game, and the non-dealer also makes two, high and low. Which is the winner of the game?" The non-dealer, high and low counting before Jack and game.

J. W., Pittsburgh.—Ward was an eastern man, and had a brother here at the time the news reached here of his death, purchasing ships, or river boats, so we are credibly informed. Will make further inquiry, and reply more to the point in our next.

FRED C., Co. K., 10th Regt. N. Y. V. Camp Sumner.—Sir to you! 1. The Byrnes recently killed in the First Ward, was *not* Tommy Burns, of Staten Island. Tommy is worth two dozen dead men. 2. Two years men are entitled to the $100 bounty. 3. Missing number forwarded.

J. K., New York.—The law in checkers in regard to the point, is, that a player must jump, or take piece, if his opponent invites it; if the player does not take and his opponent does not insist upon it, the opponent may "huff" or take the piece off the board.

C. W. H., St. Louis, Mo.—A player having six cards after drawing, and who afterwards bets the ace, loses both bet and "pot;" consequently B loses. If it were otherwise, it would open the door for no end of cheating.

FRIEND, Baltimore.—That "quack critic" is playing himself out where he is. He is too slow and old fogyish for the concern. He is now striving to get a chance on another paper, in anticipation, probably, of another dismissal.

F. J., Boston.—1. Wm. H. Seward was once Governor of the State of New York. 2. For answers to your dog questions we must refer you to H. Jennings, No. Sudbury street, in your city. For a trifle he will put you on the right track.

A PHILADELPHIAN.—1. Being a constant reader we cannot do better than to refer you to back Nos. for a sketch of the life of Miss Caroline Richings. 2. We cut the correspondence down, for we have not room for one half the letters we receive.

BURNSIDE RIFLE SHOP, Providence.—In the CLIPPER of January 10, you will find a question similar to yours, answered at length. To save going over the same ground again, we refer you to that issue of our paper.

READER.—It was intended that all aliens should have been residents in this country twenty-one years, before they could have the privilege of voting.

"JOHN AND MOLLY."—The ballad is a little "queer." We fear it might shock the modesty of some of our over-sensitive readers.

S. R., Chicago.—We have no confidential information on the subject, and know no more about the "Unknown" than you do. We have made some allusion to the subject in another column.

SANDY BOY.—All right; they have missed their mark this time, and our little craft moves along better than she did before. So much for the quack.

ST. LOUIS.—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" had a run of about one year, at the late National Theatre, Chatham street, under the late Capt. Purdy's management.

NED NUTTING, Troy.—If he is not mentioned in our summary, we cannot place him. Such men "are here to-day, and gone to-morrow."

L. E. W., Danville, Ky.—Having already appeared in a Cincinnati paper, and being now somewhat out of date, the article is omitted.

J. M., Hawley, Pa.—1. As you were not aware of our advance, it stands good for six months. 2. The only one of that name in our directory is 718 Beakman street. 3. No. 17 Beekman street.

B. C. C.—1. Address those who advertise photographic cards. It is not likely, however, that those named have been published. 2. We cannot say who the lady was.

C. B. R., Canada.—Sketch received. Will look it over. Thanks for the same.

J. R. B., Toronto, Canada.—Thanks for that pretty "remembrancer." E. J. will write you in a day or two.

ED. W. H., Warren, Trumbull Co., O.—Book on Yankee Sullivan forwarded.

ALLEGHANY.—We are not posted regarding the advantages to be derived from a connection with that establishment.

E. N. E., Rochester.—We have no such sketch, or it would have appeared before.

E. C., Baltimore.—1. Miss Fanny Vining. 2. The other party is not related to Mrs. Florence that we are aware of.

VOLUNTEER, 13th Mass. Vol., Virginia.—The articles are sold at $20, $15, $13, and $3 per sett.

YOUNG RAPID, Philadelphia.—That No. of our paper is out of print.

J. J. B., Detroit.—We go to press on Monday evening. Items will be acceptable.

C. S. F., Boston.—We do not remember the name in connection with the Ravel family.

SUPERCARGO, Boston.—Have used some of the items, but the song—well, we're too modest you know, for that.

BOURBON.—That affair is a hashed up dodge, and scarcely worthy of notice. Have *you* seen the "demon?"

J. S., Boston.—Thank you.

MONROE COUNTY.—We haven't an almanac so far back.

H. J. D., Hartford.—Will think it over.

J. T., Hotchkissville, Conn.—In our next.

A BRIGHT VISION, INDEED!—Mr. John Bright, M. P., the working man's friend, a foe to tyranny, and a friend to liberty, one who knows whereof he speaks, who is thoroughly posted in regard to the tendencies of monarchical governments, and fully alive to the importance of preserving the democratic government of this country and the Union intact, to the end that liberty may become universal and not sectional, painted the following beautiful picture of the American continent, in a speech delivered at Birmingham, Eng., Dec. 18th, which we would that every true American should frame in his own heart, so that the vision may ultimately be realised. Union and Liberty here, means universal liberty; but should the flame now be extinguished, the future of the world for the people will be one long, dark night. "I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night, to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek 'to wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind.' [Cheers.] I have another and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision; but I will still cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North, in one unbroken line, to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith; and over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race." [Loud cheers.]

THE UNKNOWN AN AMERICAN—HIS HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.—Whatever else is unknown about the Unknown pugilist who is to contend with Jem Mace for the Championship of England, etc., it appears to be known by "old stagers," and asserted with emphasis, that he is an American, and the British public seem loth to have it otherwise. Well, we've no objection, and can fervently ejaculate "So mote it be." The *Sporting Life*, that usually knows whereof and "whomof" it speaks, says in its issue of Dec. 31, in giving particulars of Tom King's benefit, which took place on Dec. 27, at Hackney Wick:—

"There were many conjectures as to who the "Unknown" would prove to be. Those who have faith that the affair is genuine, say Joe Coburn is the man; others that he is a big 'darkie;' while one or two 'old stagers' put it down as an established fact *that the American has been in England for some months, and state his height to be six feet one inch, and his weight twelve stone ten pounds.*"

The inevitable darkie again, and a big one at that. Ugh! take him out of the fence, or down goes the ring if you ring him into the ring. Give us any other sort of a myth but a black myth.

THE PISTIC SQUARE.

WHO IS THE UNKNOWN?

A fresh match for the championship of England is on the record, one of the contracting parties being Jem Mace—who, since King declared off, and resigned the office, claims the honor—and the other, a person not as yet named in the connection. King refusing to fight again—although we believe him capable of defeating Mace at any time—and Mace challenging the world, the latter is looked upon for the time being as the champion. Who the Unknown is we are unable to determine. At first, he was supposed to be John C. Heenan. This supposition is declared to be incorrect; but the Unknown is now said to be an American, yet not the slightest clue to his identity is given. A short time since it was noised about in London, that an American ship-carpenter would be matched to fight Mace, but of late we have heard nothing more of him. There are many here, as well as in London, who still believe that the Unknown will turn out to be Heenan. It is surmised that the match was made, and an "unknown" party put forward as Mace's adversary, under the supposition that a veritable candidate for the honors would be found within three months, at the end of which time Mace's competitor is to be named, according to the articles of agreement, a copy of which is published elsewhere, in this issue of the CLIPPER. In the event of no other man being found within the allotted time, it is thought that Heenan may be induced to enter the ring once more, and face the man who has been so persistent in his offer to meet the Benicia Boy, whom, he said, he would prefer to fight above all others. In fact, Mace's banters and boastings have created an impression in some circles, that Heenan is really afraid to meet him. We do not look upon it in this light. Heenan's business at present, traveling and sparring for Howes' American Circus, yields him a very good salary. He makes a great deal more money in this way, and much easier, too, than he can hope to make by fighting. As long as this engagement continues, Heenan's policy is to avoid entering the ring again, and we cannot blame him for it. It will not be long, we understand, ere the circus campaign will come to a *finale*, and what the Boy may then undertake to do, we do not care to hazard a guess upon at present. We do not think he is the Unknown, but we do not say that he will not consent to act the part when the proper time arrives, if no other candidate offers. We know that great influence is being used, both in New York and in London, to induce him to fight Mace. Some of his best friends here have sent him letters, urging him for his own reputation, and for the honor of the country he claims as his home, to meet this man Mace, and give him an opportunity to put to the test his boasts that "he can whip him." We do not know what influence these "home thrusts" of Heenan's friends may have upon him. They may force him into another contest with the champion of England, or they may have quite a contrary effect, for the Boy is somewhat independent, and would rather be coaxed than driven. He is very headstrong and determined in some things, and does not care to be dictated to. Some of his friends assert that Heenan will fight if the champion will make the stake big enough. We shall see anon.

Another class of persons put no faith whatever in the match said to have been made between Mace and the Unknown. They intimate that the match is a blind, the Unknown a dummy, and the whole affair bogus, to gain time for Mace, and keep others from accepting his challenge. We don't know how this may be. It is very certain that Mace has not dodged a match as yet. Those who have sought him for a fight have not had to go far to find him, or wait long to see him. We all know with what readiness he offered to fight either Heenan or Sayers, at Owen Swift's, in London, some time since; and we also know how quickly he put up a stake to ensure a match with Sayers, when the latter offered to fight him. Nor do we forget that it was not Mace who backed out of the affair, and that his challenge was as open when he left Owen Swift's "parlor" as when he entered it. Although beaten by King, a much bigger man in every way, Mace did not fear to try him again, but immediately defied him to another contest. We always thought the chances were against the little man, and we think so still; but whatever ideas Mace may have upon that subject, he did not show the least unwillingness to risk another meeting. We believe Heenan capable of whipping King, Mace, or any other pugilist in England, providing there be no outside interference. In a short time we may have some definite information touching the identity of the "Unknown," and also regarding the effect of the efforts now being exerted to draw Heenan into the ring again.

HEENAN—KING—MACE—THE UNKNOWN.

ALMOST A FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND KING.

On the very best authority we are enabled to state that John C. Heenan is *not* the "Unknown," now said to be matched to fight Jem Mace. This can be relied on, coming, as it does, from authority which does not admit of doubt. Heenan, it is urged, has nothing to gain by fighting Mace, and as for the Belt, it is conceded that it will *never be permitted to leave England*. It is not improbable that Heenan and King may come together before the Boy returns home; if not for money, for fun; or to test which is the better man. Some time ago, while the match between King and Mace was in progress, a quarrel took place between Heenan and King, when Heenan proposed to settle it on the spot by fight. King refused to fight then, but said that if he won the match with Mace, he would fight Heenan. Heenan replied that he would be ready to fight him should he win. When the fight came off between King and Mace, and the former was declared the winner, Heenan supposed that King would fight him; but what was his surprise to hear that King had resigned the championship and refused to fight any more. *Heenan would have fought King had the latter kept to his word.* The quarrel is not settled, and the two big 'uns may come together yet. These are facts which can be relied on, but we are not at liberty to give our authority at present.

JEM MACE AMONG THE PHILISTINES.

HE MAKES A BACK-DOOR EXIT.

The London *Illustrated Sporting News* of Jan. 3, gives the following particulars of an expected "rumpus" between Jem Mace and a party of Irishmen.

Jem Mace had a benefit at Cardiff on Tuesday night, which proved an entire failure, and he had a very narrow escape from being mobbed by some Irish roughs. It appeared that the animosity to the champion arose in consequence of his taking a benefit at Bristol about the same time as Reardon this week; therefore, as Mace announced a benefit at Cardiff for Tuesday night, 23rd December, Mr. Ward, between whom and Mace's friend, young Ben Caunt, there had recently been a great rupture, and Patsy Reardon came down to Cardiff and got their friends together, and posted themselves just outside the door and stopped a great many from going in, and as Mace did not arrive in Cardiff until ten o'clock at night, a great number had assembled at the doors, where Mr. Ward and Reardon addressed them to the effect that Mace was not there. When Mace arrived by the ten o'clock express train, there was an Irish mob waiting for him, but through the kindness of Mr. Stockale, the superintendent of the police, he was passed out of the back way of the railway station, and escorted to the music hall by the police, while the mob remained outside of the front gates of the station, and when he came out of the hall after he had set to with young Ben Caunt, he drove off in a cab to the Griffin Hotel, kept by Mr. Watts.—[Our correspondent writes in terms the most indignant of the whole affair, and if he has simply stated the facts, it deserves the strongest condemnation—ED. I. S. N.]

"SARKASTICK."—Some of the Senators had a discussion the other day, at Washington, about West Point officers; and Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, had so much to say about it, as to draw out a few chaps who touched him on the raw severely. Trumbull, as usual, was having his fling at McClellan, when Senator Fessenden, of Maine, very quietly said that "he had sometimes regretted that all the officers of our army had not been taken from the Senate or House, as they would have had all necessary military knowledge by a sort of intuitive perception." Considering that Fessenden runs with the same crowd as Trumbull, the hit is significant of a "division in the camp." Trumbull, like certain little boy, *et cetera*, had nothing further to say.

PAUL MORPHY IN PARIS.—We find a statement in the *Irish Sporting Record*, that this eminent chess player has arrived in Paris, having evaded the blockade and reached Europe via Havana. The same paper makes comparison between his chess and military abilities, much to the deterioration of the latter.

HEARKEN, OH! LINCOLN.—The people demand the restoration of Gen. McClellan, but the President is so "cribbed, cabbined, and confined," by political hucksters and money grubbers at Washington, that he does not seem to hear the cry; or, if hearing, he is not yet aroused to the importonce of giving heed to their warning voice. Since the removal of McClellan, our army in Virginia seems paralised, not with fear, for that brave host is "all too confident to give admittance to a *thought* of fear;" but for the want of a leader in whom they can place confidence. Such a man is Gen. George B. McClellan, and since the developements made in the course of the recent military trials at Washington, he is held in even greater estimation than before. If the President could only make a quiet tour among the people hereaway, and among the rank and file of our armies, and hear what *they* have to say regarding McClellan, we do not think he would be long in placing that officer once more at the head of military affairs, if not in the field, in the Cabinet. Since the war commenced, we have been an earnest supporter of the President, but we are getting tired of the manner in which he is managing our affairs; we want to see more of the honest man, and less of the tricky politician. There are thousands and thousands like us in this opinion. Time is being wasted, money squandered, and what is more important than all, precious lives are being sacrificed—for what? To fatten a few greedy politicians. Honest Old Abe—if you be the honest man we took you for—for the sake of our bleeding country come out from among the foul party surrounding you, and give us war in earnest, or give us peace. Place Gen. McClellan in the Cabinet, where his actions may not be hampered as they were in the field; if not in the Cabinet, reinstate him in his old command, first tying the hands of the radical devils at Washington who thwarted him in his plans for the capture of the rebel capital, in his last campaign against that stronghold. The hucksters at Washington defeated him in that onward march, not the rebels. He had a foe in front, and a foe in the rear, the latter the more powerful of the two. He was unable to battle against the two combined, and the rebel capital was saved, the war continued, and the money-grubbers and other radicals were safe for another year of peculation. Mr. Lincoln has it in his power to end the war honorably. Will he do it, or is he waiting for the people to take his place, and do what he has not the nerve to do? Let him be warned. Restore McClellan, and all may yet be well.

THE THAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.—After considerable bantering, a match has been made for a "right away scullers' race," without fouling, for the above honor and £200 a side, between Rob't Chambers and Geo. Everson, the former receiving £20 for expenses. The affair commences at 11½, A. M., April 14, 1863, the course being from Putney Aqueduct to the Old Ship, Mortlake. We hope all idea of an International Scullers' Race is not totally given up, for after a pugilistic encounter, we know of nothing that would elicit the attention of the public at large so much as a contest between British and American oarsmen.

NEW YORK SKATING CLUB.—An organization bearing this title was formed in this city about two weeks ago. It is composed of some of the best fancy skaters in this vicinity. The design of the club is to encourage the art of skating, as well as to compete for all prizes offered in and around New York. For the present, the club will use any of the ponds in the city or environs, and by next winter will probably have one of their own. Mr. A. MacMillen is President of the association, and their headquarters, for the present, are at 702 Broadway.

SEVERE EXERCISE.—In some regiments at Falmouth, Va., gymnastic exercise is indulged in. A correspondent in the Second R. I. V. says:—"Among those who give gymnastics a severe trial are Capt. H. H. Young, and Corporal F. D. Goldsmith, of Co. B. They understand it thoroughly. Through their influence it has been introduced among the boys. It is a very healthy exercise, and one of the boys has torn himself all to pieces with it." Let him gather himself together, and go in again. There's nothing like perseverance.

OUR THEATRICAL RECORD.—Our weekly Record of Amusements is now assuming more importance than ever, and our items are copied into papers in nearly all parts of the world. Performers, seeing the importance of the extended publicity thus given to their movements and business, keep us pretty well advised of everything of note going on in the world of amusements, and "that's what's the matter."

GYMNASTICS AND HOPS.—One of those social gatherings is to be held at Brady's Gymnasium, 20 St. Mark's place, on the 22d inst. In connection with the regular exercises, "Zampillaerostation" will be performed, and the feat of lifting 1600 pounds.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. 1-tf

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 533 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality. 40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

DESCENT ON CLARKE AND BATH'S HOUSES IN HOUSTON STREET.—POLICEMAN FARLEY DRAWS A REVOLVER ON BATH!—On Saturday evening, at half past eleven P. M., a simultaneous descent was made on the Gem and Deer's Head drinking saloons, all hands arrested and locked up all night, like so many felons. Among the number was one of our reporters, who called at one of the houses on business, and hadn't been in fifteen minutes before this singular outrage was committed. They were taken to the Fourteenth Ward station, grossly insulted, and put away in filthy cells with drunkards and thieves. Captain John Williamson would neither give nor take an explanation—at the same time managing *to let one man off*, whether from fear of prosecution, we are not in a position to say. While confined in their cells, soon after 3 o'clock A.M., policeman Philip Farley and Harry Hill (the latter wearing some kind of a policeman's badge) came in, and Farley got into an argument with Jack Bath—called him a thief—swore he could prove it—said he allowed other men to cohabit with his wife, knowingly and willingly—and after a string of filthy oaths, too obscene for the public eye, wound up by presenting a revolver at his head, and threatened to blow his brains out! This, to a defenceless man, confined in a cell! In the morning, at six o'clock, they were taken to Essex market, placed in the dock with a gang of the filthiest-looking human beings possible to imagine, who were all disposed of, but the innocent party were again sent to be locked up in their cells by order of Justice Bernard Osborne.

After a short time, the "runner," a short, thick-set man with a moustache, came round and said they could get out *by paying five dollars*, and on showing that amount, those who had it were discharged without any examination! It was simply pay your five dollars for the privilege of being locked up all night, for taking a glass of ale in a public house. If this is justice, we don't want to hear anything further. In our opinion it was a gross outrage.

Our reporter had an interview with Mr. Justice Osborne, after paying his fine, asked what he had been confined for, and why they let him off without trial for a five dollar bill, but he didn't appear to know either. The man the money was given to wouldn't let our reporter out till he paid, and told him if anything was wrong, the judge would see him righted. On confronting the judge, he said the money couldn't be returned, and that the complaint was, being in a bawdy house *at half past twelve*, which is not correct. The arrest was made at 11½ instead of Sunday morning, but the report made it out as *Sunday morning*. We hope those innocently arrested will prosecute every man connected with this outrage.

SPIRITED FIGHT BETWEEN WALKER AND ABRAHAMS.—POLICE INTERRUPTIONS.—On Friday afternoon, Jan. 16, a gallant little fight was partly got off between these young novices, for a purse to be made up of the admission money. Much previous conversation induced them to see what each other was made of, and though neither one has fought for money, they have often sparred together, and always been rivals. There was no training about the affair and no unnecessary expense. To keep the matter quiet, a high figure was fixed for tickets, and an out of the way hall, in a street off Broadway, was selected for the combat. At about four o'clock, all being present they cared to have, and two detectives they didn't care to have, the lads stripped, time keeper, umpires, and a referee were selected, and at half-past four they commenced hostilities, Abrahams attended by J. C. and B. A., and Walker by E. R. and H. W. Abrahams is both the taller and heavier, although Walker stripped remarkably muscular about the body. After fighting nearly in the same style as George Morton and Johnny Hickey—we can give no better idea than this—for twenty-six minutes and thirteen rounds, a body of police rushed into the hall, put up to do it by a certain make-believe sporting detective who got in on the beat, and such a skedaddling was never seen. The boys rolled head over heels down stairs, jumped out of windows, and got off the best way they could. Walker was arrested, locked up for the night, and let off the next morning. All the rest got away. Abrahams had a cut lip, and his left lamp closed; Walker also had a "mouse" under one eye. Walker was so tickled with his performance, that he wants to make a match for $500.

THAT GLOVE FIGHT.—BILL TOVEE AND JEM CLARK.—On the 10th, another of those half-serio, half-comic affairs came off in an up-town saloon, between Uncle William, the Father of American boxing, and Jem Clark, of Nottingham. The idea seems prevalent that their little *encute* was premeditated, with malice aforethought. Such is not the case at all—at least not on Old Bill's part—for he entertains the same personal regard for his opponent now as he did before. Like a good many others—"they met by chance the usual way," and as the awful storm outside made things dull in doors, a party of the right sort proposed making up a small amount for a glove fight. Rather than spoil the sport, Bill said he didn't mind, and another cove, the biggest man in the house, said the same. In three shakes of a lamb's tail they were at it, rippity-bang, all over the house, and fought five rounds in all, pretty much even, when in stepping back in his usual lively way, the old Master of Ceremonies tripped up, fell backwards, and struck his head kersmash on the stone floor, knocking him senseless, and leaving an ugly cut, from which the life's blood flowed quite freely. Every care was bestowed on the wounded veteran, and Jehonidab, like a Christian that he is, saw him safe on board the cars, after his wounds had been dressed and plastered. Jem Clark, his quondam antagonist, is said to stand over six feet, weighs 225 lbs., and is only 28 years old, whereas Bill is over 60, don't weigh 130, nor is he in height much over 5 ft. 5 in. With such a striking contrast, the wonder is that he made out so well. For the old man's sake, however, we'd rather not see him figure again, unless evenly matched as to age and weight. Bear this in mind, now.

NED HARDING'S UP TOWN FREE AND EASY.—According to promise, we journeyed up Chelsea way one night last week, on a voyage of discovery, fetching up, or down, rather, (for Ned's house is in the basement—that's a Hibernicism) at the Eagle Vaults, near Knickerbocker Hall. Harding's name is as familiar among the male vocalists as Eva Brent's is among the ladies, in conjunction with our music halls, "that used to be," only one of which is now left in New-York to mark that interesting epoch. We refer to Bob Butler's 444, as you might easily know. "The Eagle" is a queer name for a "sing-song" headquarters, but then it's patriotic, like all the boys who go there. At one time or other it seems that it might have been a ten-pin alley, where they "sot 'em up agin"—we wouldn't swear to this, mind. A string of tables extends pretty nearly the entire length of the room, for visitors to sip their "tobeys" of ale from. Ned hasn't many pictures yet, some half a dozen, probably—one a very valuable one of old Smith, of the London theatres—but he is engaged collecting a series of all the concert saloon singers, and expects to make a regular gallery of illustration up town in a few months. At present his chairman is Mr. Surridge; vice-chair, Mr. Gaffney—representing the union of Ireland and England in a harmonic point of view. They can both sing largely, particularly the "gintleman from Ireland"—he's a "ripper." Surry goes the sentimental alone; Gaff, the comic and sentimental combined. Of Ned Harding's deep, rich, and melodious powers of vocalization, any remarks of ours would be superfluous; suffice it to say, like old wine, he improves with age. Up townars wishing to spend a pleasant and sociable evening, cannot do better than drop in at the Eagle Vaults.

BENEFIT FOR CHARLEY WALKER.—This young fellow who made so gallant a fight with Abrahams, who is taller by 2¼ inches, and 17 pounds the heavier—is going to have an exhibition next Tuesday, Jan. 27, at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, when Harry Abrahams and Charley will fight their battle over again. Only 25 cents to see it.

RHODY MAGUIRE AND JERRY CONKLIN MATCHED FOR "SUGAR."—Ten dollars a side has been posted by the friends of these men, providing Rhody has the choice of ground, and that only twenty men are allowed to be present on each side. The men were to meet on Monday evening at Dick Hollywood's Clarence Shades, 45 East Broadway. A free and easy is to be opened here next Saturday night for the winter season.

SING SONG AND QUOIT GROUND.—Godfrey Phillips has a very cosy little porter-house on Third Avenue, No. 125, between 14th and 15th streets, where everything is prime. Old Bill Tovee takes the chair, and Zachary Butcher, the Vice. You can't well improve on that arrangement.

TURN UP BETWEEN RHODY MCGUIRE AND JIM DALEY.—The other evening a rattling turn up came off in an east-side hotel, arising out of a dispute, and the young proprietor of the place being an admirer of the fistic science, allowed them the use of his back room. Rhody was seconded by Jim Sedwick, and Jim by Dick Hollywood, who happened on a visit there. They had it to their hearts' content—long enough for Daley to show his superiority. Rhody is matched with Jerry Conklin, and Daley is a brother to the young fellow lately spoken of as going to fight Johnny Lazarus.

A GOOD WORD FOR JOHN WOODS.—We find the following interesting little item about John in a letter from Baton Rouge, La.: "Among the enlisted men of the 123d (2d Metropolitan) Reg't, is John Woods, who is well known to sporting men as a champion of the ring. He is a Sergeant in the Commissary Department, and is spoken of as one of the mildest and most obedient of soldiers."

FIGHT AT LEESPORT.—A little affair "for honor" came off at Leesport on the 12th inst., between Bill H. and Jack W. There was no ring, no stakes for corners, or any of the usual formula; but a space was cleared, and after fighting sixteen rounds, Bill, who was the taller man, knocked poor Jack out of time. Time, about 20 minutes. Jack A. D. K., and H. L. G. officiated as referees. Another mill is expected in that village shortly.

SPARRING MATCH BETWEEN BILL CLARKE AND JOE COBURN, FOR $200.—Articles of agreement have been entered into, and $10 a side deposited, to be further increased Wednesday evening, for these men to spar thirty minutes, and the one that gets "home" on his opponent's head the oftenest, takes the pile. It will take place on or about the 28th of the month. More particulars next week.

A NIGGER AND GIPSEY FIGHT.—What some folks that ought to know better call a prize fight) recently took place in Toronto, C. W., between Palmer, a gipsey calling himself "Bendigo," and a young colored gemman with "no name." They got along pretty good until the nig was getting the worst of it, when he caught Palmer by the breast with his teeth, and worried him like a dog. A brother of Palmer's then jumped in to interfere, and somebody let drive at him. Others took up the quarrel, and one of the prettiest miscellaneous fights occurred on record, resulting in Bendy and his party getting handled very severely. That's what the dailies and religious Sunday papers call a prize fight. Bah

COL. KNICKER IN A MESS.—A story is going the rounds to the effect that James E. Kerrigan, M. C., had a personal "rencounter" with a clerk in the State department at Washington, named Webster, in which our New-York boy is reported to have been very badly used. We don't vouch for its veracity, however, for those reliable curses, the daily reporters, can hatch up most anything, from a ghost story to a bogus prize fight, to get up a "sensation."

DEATH OF AN OLD OPPONENT OF JACK BATH'S.—In a brief paragraph a short time back, we alluded to the death of poor old Nick Hannigan, in England, and as we've had many inquiries about the man, so as to form an estimate of his fighting qualities, we give Nick's career. Hannigan first fought Milner, of Sheffield, a draw, 25 a side, 2 hours, Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Young Congou, (Norley's Black,) 189 rounds, 4 hours, 40 min., July 27, 1847; beat Frank Raw, 16 rounds, 23 min., Jan. 1, 1847; beaten by Patsy Clay (one of Massey's opponents) 111 rounds, 2 hours 45 min., Sept. 9, 1850; received forfeit from Fulham, Feb. 22, 1851; beat Cook, 65 rounds, 1 hour 32 min., May 2, 1854; draw with Topper Brown, 37 rounds, Aug. 21, 1854; beat Dooney Harris, 56 rounds, 106 min., Jan. 30, 1855; beat Jack Bath, $125 a side, 17 rounds, Cheshire, Jan. 4, 1859; beaten by Jem Hill, 21 rounds, 45 min., Nov. 15, and 52 rounds, 130 min., Nov. 16, 1859. That's the list—according to *Fistiana*, but "if you'd hae more on 't," what kind of a fighter Nick was, how he looked and acted, with his height, weight, and all about him, we can not do better than refer you to Jack himself.

THE VERY LATEST SENSATION FROM LONDON.—NEWS FOR JOE COBURN.—In the latest *Bell's Life* to hand, we find the following characteristic advertisement:—"Charley Lynch wishes to inform his English friends that his brother pal, the renowned Joe Coburn, will arrive in this country in a few weeks, and will make his headquarters at Charley's, the NEW YORK CLIPPER, Church-lane, Whitechapel. Private lessons in the noble art given by Charley himself. The NEW YORK CLIPPER and all other sporting papers taken. The two belts to be seen at the bar." Charley has hit the nail on the head this time, if he ever did, and seems to understand how to get up a stir as good as the rest. We can fancy seeing the crowds rushing in and out "the live long day," inquiring after "the renowned Joe," while Charley and his boy, (the very image of his father," Jim Cusick tells us,) with their little white aprons, are serving out the ale, porter, and "cooper" as fast as they can draw it. All right, Charley—go it while you're young, for when you're old you can't. Nothing like excitement—if Lynch didn't do it, somebody else would.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Mr. Lew Simmons, Dan Rhodes, Prof. Robert Heller, Shirley H. France, Robert Hart, J. E. Whitney, Jules Stratton, S. W. Collins, and Mr. Pridham.

CITY SUMMARY.

NOTICE TO THE PROFESSION.

CRITICISMS AND NOTICES FROM OTHER PAPERS.

EXCELLENT and well-merited notices and criticisms of performers and performances frequently appear in journals which may have an extensive local circulation, but which are rarely seen outside of the city where they are published. We have repeatedly been requested to copy such notices, in the CLIPPER, not gratuitously, but as a matter of business. By giving them publicity in the CLIPPER they attain a wider and more general circulation, both in Europe and America. We have considered the matter over, and if our friends desire it, we will prepare a special department in our Theatrical Record, in which notices and criticisms from other papers will be inserted for one shilling per line. Those who may wish to take advantage of this offer, will please send along their favors at once.

MONDAY, January 19, 1863.

Business still keeps up, and there is a probability of good times running along until the season of Lent, when we *ought* to look for a falling off, though we have had such an unlooked for prosperous winter that we shall not be surprised if even the usually slim houses of Lent should be omitted this year. We had several sensations last week, and all met with clever receptions. At Laura Keene's we had the ever-welcome Mrs. Wood in the Pride of the Market; at Niblo's, Bandmann, the German tragedian, made his *debut* on the American stage; at the New Bowery, "Les Miserables;" and at Winter Garden, Mr. Couldock and daughter in their Chimney Corner, and Cubas, the danseuse, in the French Spy. Each and all are referred to elsewhere in this department, and owing to the length of some of these notices, we must cut short our introductory, this week.

It is not an easy task to dramatise such a work as the Miserables, by Hugo. You go and try it, if you think it is. Mr. Seymour's version of Les Miserables was produced at the New Bowery, on Monday evening, Jan. 12th, but we cannot say that it created a sensation. There were some capital points made, and the company did their best to help the piece, and give it vitality; but it dragged its slow length along until nearly 12 o'clock, at which hour the curtain fell on the closing scene, leaving two other pieces to follow it. On the succeeding nights, it was cut down, modified, and otherwise improved, and passed off much better than on the opening night, but still was not a decided success. It was withdrawn on the fourth representation, the balance of the week being filled out with J. C. Foster's new drama of "Bob Covey, the Newgate Jester," and the pantomime of "Jack Sheppard." This week a series of excellent programmes will be presented.

Now and then our actor friends get off some good things, most of which are suffered to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," etc., etc. We dropped in a few days ago at a saloon where actors most do congregate, but where the outside world also have the *entree* to refresh and pay and travel on, if they want to. The host, a jolly, good sort of a fellow, had behind his bar a number of trophies from the war, among them a rebel sword. The host was exhibiting this side splitter to a number of actors, and suiting the action to the word, he flourished the weapon a bit, cutting and slashing—all theatre, though—at ye sons of Thespis. "Stand back, stand back," says the mixer of hot rums, and brandy punches; "I'm dangerous; I kill two or three men here every day." "No doubt of it—with whiskey," replied a wag of an actor, and such a roar saluted the "dangerous" boniface, as may ne'er be heard "within those walls" again. He put away the weapon, went behind the bar, treated the crowd, and acknowledged that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Died, on the 15th inst., in this city, George W. Little, aged 41 years. Mr. Little was formerly connected with Forshay's Circus. His remains were taken to New Brunswick, N. J., for interment, on the 17th inst.

A very life-like little play is the "Chimney Corner," performed at the Winter Garden, on the 12th, with Mr. and Miss Couldock and Mr. Davidge in the principal parts. This little piece, unlike many of the "latest productions," has a plot with the merit of plausibility. In this play, Mr. Couldock, as Peter Probity, 61, gave us such a bit of acting as is seldom witnessed upon our boards. It was truthful and life-like, and brought tears from the eyes of men as well as of women. Davidge, as a childish old man of 91, made an immense hit, and fairly divided the honors with Mr. Couldock. It was one of the best parts we have ever seen this actor perform. The piece was well played throughout; and may be set down as one of the successes of this extraordinary season at 1862-3. Mr. A. H. Davenport, who is at this house again, appeared to advantage as John Probity. The attendance was large, and the applause hearty and sincere. The "Chimney Corner" will be continued this week.

In addition to the Couldocks, Cubas, the dancer, commenced an engagement at the Winter Garden, on the 12th, appearing as the French Spy. As we say of our pugilistic friends when entering the ring, "she strips well," and in the second act "travels on her shape" altogether. Dressed in flesh-colored tights, which display her points to excellent advantage, she is a superb-looking creature, and well calculated to "make a man strike his father, and forsake his wife, home, family, and friends," to "bask in the sunshine of her smiles," and have the privilege of providing her with corn beef and cabbage, pork and beans, and coffee and cakes. Poetry and eloquence aside, however, Cubas is making rapid headway as a pantomimist. The sword fight, between Cubas and Mr. France, the Arab, was well done, and afforded us a series of pleasing pictures. In the language of our show friends, Cubas is a splendid "swordist," as well as pantomimist and dancer. The French Spy is to be repeated this week. If there is an officer attached to this house, it would be well for him to preserve order. On Saturday evening, a number of men in the second circle made such a racket as to interfere greatly with the enjoyment of those who went to see the play.

Talking of luscious-looking creatures, we regret to learn that Adah Isaacs Menken is still indisposed, and confined to her rooms. She is making arrangements for the future, however, and is once more negotiating for a trip to England, having had an excellent offer made her by one of our go-ahead agents. It is not probable, however, that she will leave before summer.

An entirely new change of programme is offered by Wood's Minstrels, this week, embracing some beautiful sentimental songs, Ethiopian peculiarities, eccentricities, and drolleries, and special acts of all sorts. Let no stranger in the city leave for home without spending at least one evening at Mr. Wood's beautiful hall.

Mrs. John Wood is coming with a rush. This week she gives the "Actress by Daylight," in which she appears as Anne Bracegirdle, the great actress of 1860; and "Somebody Else." Mrs. Wood is attracting large audiences to Laura Keene's Theatre.

Who knows what this is? We can't pronounce it, so we'll spell it: A u t, aut; o, auto; p e r, per; autoper; i, autoperi; p a, pa; autoperipa; t e, te; autoperipate; t i, ti; autoperipateti; k o s, kos; autoperipatetikos. The Bryants announce it for this week. No doubt it is a clever production of some gigantic intellect, but we *do* wish our show friends would do something easier. These unpronounceable things knock us higher than *two* kites.

The Bateman combination are with us again, this time at Niblo's, opening on the 19th, in the new play of "Leah, the Forsaken," with Miss Bateman as Leah; Mr. Wallack as Nathan; and Mr. Edwin Adams as Rudolf. Mr. C. H. Wilson makes his first appearance in New-York, and Mrs. Chanfrau also joins the company. Mr. Wheatley has given us a succession of splendid performances since he assumed the management of Niblo's, and has so far proved one of the most successful managers we have ever had here.

The three years' engagement of Mr. G. C. Boniface with Mr. J. W. Lingard, of the New Bowery, expires this week. It is creditable alike to the manager and to the actor that both have justly and truly fulfilled the "conditions of the bond."

Our friends abroad will see the advantage of sending their favors to the CLIPPER, when we mention the fact that some of our *advertisements*, even, are *copied* into our mercurial Sunday contemporary gratis, in order that it may make some sort of a show. So we are thereby able to announce that an advertisement, paid for in the CLIPPER, gets the benefit of an insertion in another paper, free. Is this not a *little* extra inducement to crowd along your favors?

Mr. Butler, of American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, has added some more performers to his already large company, and this week the Bedouin Brothers will appear in their gymnastic performances. Miss Kitty Blanchard is still here, drawing in her most captivating style. Kitty is a pretty little thing, moving about like a fairy; she is a great favorite with the *habitues* of this hall. Tony Pastor is also here, together with Lew Simmons, Charley White, Bob Hart, J. G. Riggs, and a host of others. A matinee is given every Saturday afternoon.

We have had bearded women and bearded children on exhibition in this city, but never before have we had a bearded Saki, which is a sort of parody on our intelligent contraband. This wonder is among the natural curiosities to be seen at Lent's Menagerie, on Broadway. Here, too, may be seen a quartette of elephants, perfectly docile and harmless, and of which a close and satisfactory view may be had at all times. The gentlemen who stir up the lions, tigers, bears, and other of the ferocious tribe, are attentive and obliging, answer your questions courteously and with civility, which you know is not always the case at public places of amusement, and whose acquaintance with the habits and customs of the animal creation, enable them to impart much information not found in the books. Call in and have a chat with them.

On Thursday evening, Jan. 15th, Niblo's theatre was about two-thirds filled by one of the most critical and appreciative audiences we have seen there this season, the occasion being the debut on the American stage, of the German actor, Mr. Daniel Bandmann, who, after six weeks preparation, essayed to perform in English for the first time, appropriately choosing the character of Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice." The composition of the audience was decidedly Teutonic in character, and hence Mr. Bandmann had several strong sympathizers and supporters present to aid him to carry out the experiment successfully; and at times these over-zealous friends erred in being too demonstrative and partial in their applause. Independent of this, however, the success of the artist was undoubted, and whether we regard his performance in the light of a triumph over the obstacles he had to encounter in the difficulties the English language presents to foreigners, or in that of a novel interpretation of the dramatist's conception of the Jew's character, we must equally award Mr. Bandmann high praise for the talented and able manner in which he performed his part. His make-up was a model of historical accuracy, and was a welcome innovation on the accustomed attire in which we have been wont to see the Shylocks of the age appear. We may say the same, too, as regards many of the "points" in which he takes exception to the hackneyed rendition of the character; for his Shylock is among the most natural and sensible interpretations we have yet seen given of this Hebrew character. The admirable reading of the Jew's reply to Antonio, commencing with "Signor Antonio, many a time and oft," elicited a perfect storm of enthusiastic applause, so much so as to bring the artist on the stage to bow his acknowledgments; and, also, in his interview with Tubal, when his avarice and revenge struggle within him for the mastery, his representation of the mental conflict was fine in the extreme. He is withal so natural in action, and he so fully repudiates the theatrical rant that has hitherto characterized nearly every rendition of the character, more or less, by every artist, from Charles Kean, at the Leonard Street Theatre, years ago, up to Edwin Booth, including McCready, Anderson, Forrest, &c., that we regard his performance, from beginning to end, as a dramatic and intellectual treat of the finest order. The simple fact that he has so successfully mastered many of the great difficulties of our difficult language in so short a space of time, warrants us in the belief that greater triumphs are in store for him. Even now, it is but justice to rank him with the best tragedians on the stage as far as we can judge from the admirable performance of Thursday night. One thing in Mr. Bandmann's favor was, the able manner in which he was supported. We do not remember seeing the secondary characters of the play more ably represented than on this occasion. Lanergan's capital acting as Bassanio, and Shewell's as Gratiano was worthy of high praise, and Lamb's excellent representation of Launcelot, too, was noticeable. A feature of the performance was Madame Ponisi's beautiful reading of the part of Portia; and she was ably assisted by Miss Thorne—that beautiful English blonde who created such a sensation at the Winter Garden under the Anderson regime last year—whose make up as the clerk was capital. In fact, all acted their parts well, the stage appointments and scenery being as commendable as was the acting. Mr. Bandmann was called out at the close of each act, and when the curtain fell had to appear and respond to the enthusiastic applause of all present.

It is rumored that Wallack's old theatre is to be opened again as a music hall. Some managers now in Philadelphia are mentioned as the probable proprietors.

Mr. Carter, manager of the troupe of Zouave Sisters, is in town this week. His company are performing in Pennsylvania.

Miss Marion, who has been travelling with Gates's company, is now in town, and open for engagements. See her advertisement in this issue.

On Monday evening, Jan. 12th, Laura Keene's Theatre was crowded to excess; in fact, it was quite a Wallackian demonstration as far as the public were concerned, not a seat being unoccupied after the curtain arose. The occasion was the first appearance of Mrs. Wood in the new piece of the "Pride of the Market," which was presented at this theatre for the first time. The play is French in plot and character, and was placed upon the stage in the most creditable manner, both as regards the scenery and stage appointments; and in regard to the acting, we can truthfully say that it was excellent throughout, Mrs. Wood appearing to special advantage in the character of Marton, the Pride of the Market. This play was produced a season or two ago at the Winter Garden, but not in the style it was given on Monday. Lewis, of Laura Keene's, laid himself out on the occasion in the way of scenery, and produced some capital effects. Raymond, as Jordon, "acted well his part," and was less gaggy than usual, while Miss Ione Burke, and the others of the company, appeared to much greater advantage than in that vulgar absurdity, "Blondette." In fact, the presence of Mrs. Wood seemed to exert a healthy influence over all around her, and the play went on to the close in a very satisfactory manner. Of Mrs. Wood's performance we have to say that both in her style of acting and her appearance, she sustained her high reputation throughout, and looked and acted charmingly.

Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. Mark Smith have entered into a business partnership, to take full effect at the close of the latter's engagement at Wallack's Theatre. In the meantime, Miss Emily will "go it alone," performing engagements already entered into. She is a clever actress, comely of face and form, and will yet make a bright mark in the profession.

Out on the Bloomingdale road, Wm. R. Derr, the well-known equestrian performer, is engaged at present training some fine horses for Mr. L. B. Lent. Mr. Derr has a couple of horses, which, he assures us, are for equestrian purposes and melodramas, the best in the United States. Mr. D. trained these animals, and he has full confidence in their ability to surpass all others for the purposes named. In training horses, Derr is said to be a wonder.

Mad. Louise de Mortie gave a reading of the Raven, the Maniac, etc., at Zion Baptist Church, on the 12th. She is said to be easy and graceful, with a deep, rich, musical voice, and "her pronunciation without the slightest touch of Negro accent." Spelman is the appropriate name of the agent of this reading woman.

No change at Wallack's; old and standard comedies, interspersed occasionally with a "new one," "adapted expressly for this theatre," forming the bill of fare. Business good, and not many bogus "secured seats."

Billy Quinn, Ethiopian comedian, has been idle here some three or four weeks, owing to illness, but is now himself again, and willing to negotiate.

DRAMATIC.

Talk about crowded houses! You should have been at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Wednesday night, Jan. 14th, on the occasion of a performance given by the Laura Keene Combination. Why, there was scarcely standing room to be had in any part of the house, from the parquet to the amphitheatre. The night was a mild one, and as a matter of course the heat inside the Academy was oppressive; the atmosphere, besides, being of a very impure character, from the want of proper means of ventillation. A word or two about a matter we are going to harp upon until the evil is remedied, and then we will comment upon the performances. On entering the house—among the first after the doors were opened—we were politely informed that all the choice seats were reserved. And how reserved? We will tell you. The best seats in the parquet and first row of the boxes had been marked off as reserved, and persons were engaged to dispose of those reserved seats outside the doors, at the usual premium. Now, what is this but a downright fraud upon the public? The box office is open from day to day for those desirous of procuring reserved seats, and all can do so; but when the night of performance comes, every seat not taken should be at the service of those who are first at the theatre. The idea of keeping two or three hundred persons standing, merely to realize the per centage on these outside sales, is a piece of conduct that is disgraceful to the manager of any theatre or troupe in the country. If there is at any time such a demand for seats as to raise competition to a premium-paying height, why, put the seats up at auction, but otherwise let every reserved seat be a *bona fide* sale of the privilege, and not such a fraud upon the public as the system now is. And now for the performances. We have seldom seen "Old Heads and Young Hearts" better played as a whole than it was on this occasion. The fine audience the company had to greet them evidently had a beneficial and invigorating effect on all the performers, for they one and all seemed to excel themselves in the manner in which they rendered the characters assigned them. Blake's "Rural" was admirably personated, and Miss Keene seemed to have new life infused into her in her rendition of the "Lady Alice." Wheatleigh's "Littleton Coke" was a capital piece of acting, especially in the interview with his brother in the last act. Peter's "Bob" was also a praiseworthy rendition, as was Walcot's "Tom Coke," with the exception of that bad habit Walcot has of playing to the audience. He frequently talks to them instead of to those on the stage, and this greatly mars many of his otherwise excellent impersonations. Pearson, as the choleric old Colonel, was very good; in fact, each actor and actress did their duty on the occasion, and the hearty applause they elicited, gave evidence that their efforts were fully appreciated and satisfactory. In the last piece, "Nature and Art," Miss Keene gratified the audience extremely by her capital rendition of the character of the star actress. We have seldom seen her to more advantage in this line of characters than on this occasion. Wheatleigh, as the Yankee, too, was very good. The presence of such a crowd as filled the Academy of Music, in Brooklyn, on Wednesday, only carries out our prediction that a really good dramatic performance, by a good stock company, would draw out the admirers of the drama to an extent that would make the experiment pay well. But those trials with stars, badly supported, will always eventuate in slim houses. Not the least of the attractions was Cooke's capital orchestral performances.

John E. Owens, who was to commence an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre, on the 12th, refused to play on Monday, according to agreement, on account of an article appearing in the *Chronicle* of that city indirectly charging him with being the captain of a New Orleans rebel military company. Mr. Owens has numerous friends there who persuaded him to perform, and assured him there would be no disturbance; but he was afraid, and declined to go on. The fact being announced by Mr. Lewis, the stage manager, the audience shouted for the comedian, and when they were assured for the second time that he would not appear, about half of the persons present quietly retired and got their money back at the box office. Our correspondent, "Now and Then," says:—Mr. Sefton, a member of the stock, was finally induced to appear in Mr. O.'s character of Paul Pry; and the "Loan of a Lover" was substituted for the afterpiece of "Forty Winks," in which Mr. Owens was to appear. After the first piece was performed, Mr. Lewis stepped before the curtain and stated that Mr. Owens would positively appear on Tuesday night, which brought down the house for some minutes. On Tuesday morning, Mr. O. attended rehearsal, and then left the theatre for a walk with some friends, and at five o'clock the same afternoon he left the city without saying a word to any one connected with the theatre. It was near five o'clock when his departure became known, which left little time for a change of programme. The doors were opened as usual, and a placard was posted in front of the box office announcing that "John E. Owens had run away to Baltimore this afternoon, and left the management in the lurch without giving a word of explanation. Many people who had secured seats during the day, had their money refunded, and others who attended for the purpose of enjoying themselves, bought tickets and took seats. Owens' best friends condemn his course, and it is believed he has made himself many enemies here. It was as little as he could have done to have given the management due notice of his intention to quit.

The Vandenhoff "difficulty," in St. Louis, as we presumed, turns out to have had its origin in the imagination of some political writer in that city, who made record of things which he saw not, neither did he hear. A friend, on whose word we can rely, sends us the following account of the affair, which, in justice to all parties, we give place in our columns:

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 11, 1863.

FRANK QUEEN;—I notice, in the last number of the CLIPPER, a statement concerning Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff's readings in this city, which needs a few words in reply. Thinking that your regular correspondent here might not be informed on the subject, I venture to expostulate myself. Mr. V. read Hamlet here but once, at the request of prominent citizens, after the advertised course of readings was concluded. There was no "trouble" about it, no "hissing," though there was considerable applauding, but not by any "party specially attending to support him." The next morning the *Democrat* (the leading *Republican* paper in St. Louis, as by a similar inappropriateness of name, the *Republican* is the leading *Democratic* paper) stated on the authority of an "intelligent informant," who was "ready to make oath to the statement," that Mr. V had, in his reading of Hamlet, "interpolated a sneer against New England." This "intelligent" informant, who, by the way, has taken care to make no oath to the statement, probably misunderstood the passage in which the grave-digger says, "if Hamlet is not cured in England, 'tis no great matter; 'twill not be seen in him there; *there the men are as mad as he.*" The story is absurd on the face of it, that Mr. Vandenhoff, an Englishman, whose success in his profession must so far depend upon his courteous and impartial treatment of people everywhere, would, by a sneer against a part of the country, destroy his reputation and prospects there. Or if he had so far demeaned himself as to truckle to a supposed secession sentiment by a sneer at New England, even had his audience been pleased politically, their *literary* taste would have revolted at such an anachronism as any allusion to New England, in a play written some seventeen years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. I am a New Englander myself; I attended the reading of Hamlet—sat near the reader, and listened intently to every word. Mr. Vandenhoff *omitted* much, (necessarily, as the play is so lengthy,) but interpolated nothing. The whole story here had its origin, about equally, in ignorance and malice. The Abolition journals at the West took up the cry, and have been howling at Vandenhoff ever since, to the full extent of their choicest Billingsgate. As the CLIPPER is the advocate of all that's fair and impartial, I hope to see a correction of this misstatement. E. W. B.

Mr. Henry, said to be a young actor of much promise, has been the leading star at the Metropolitan, Rochester, and has exhibited considerable talent for one so young. He plunged at once into tragedy, and did Shylock, Hamlet, and Othello, almost equal to many old stagers. He is in good hands, and with a little more experience and training, may make an actor of note. He was supported by Mr. D. Hanchett and Fanny B. Price.

The engagement of Mrs. Waller at the Pittsburgh Theatre, although not so large as her predecessor's, Miss Thompson, was still looked on there as a success. The houses ran very even for five nights, and on Friday, 9th, every eligible seat had an occupant. Mrs. Waller is a lady of rare ability, and deserves unlimited success.

Manager Fuller, of Louisville, has effected an engagement with Mr. D. Hanchett and Miss Fanny B. Price. Mr. Hanchett assumes the management of the stage. The season opens on the 19th.

Rumor still has it that Charley Wilkinson, comedian, intends shortly to visit Troy with a vaudeville company.

R. S. Manuel, now attending to his Terpsichorean Academy in Troy, will return to the stage at the close of the dancing season.

At the southern theatres, business is reported to be good. The houses in Richmond, Montgomery, and Mobile are all said to be flourishing, the latter under the management of Mr. Crisp. At Montgomery, Alabama, Miss Ida Vernon is playing a star engagement, supported by E. B. Dalton. A few nights since, the last named actor in a fencing scene, had the misfortune to cut Sam Hibbard on the head; and the next night, while playing the Phantom, he shot a brother actor, named Bowers, in the face with a pistol, and the latter will probably lose one of his eyes by the accident. They must be terribly in earnest "way down in Alabam."

"Horse opera" still holds out at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and Miles is now giving "Herne the Hunter," with Rosston as director of the grand processions. They did say R. E. J. M. was going to make an exhibition of himself and Minnehaha on top of the Capitol cupola for a wager. This was more than two weeks ago, but it hasn't come off yet. It will be a good thing—when he does it.

Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, was still occupied by the minstrels, with Sig. Abecco, the harpist and tenor, added to the troupe.

The rainy season had set in in California, and scarcely a day passes without some rain.

Miss Lizzie Parker had a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, on the 18th ult. It was tendered her by the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Mayor, military and civic dignitaries, and many distinguished citizens of the place. Our correspondent says that although the night was very unpleasant, and the Eureka opened the same evening, the friends of the lady turned out in full force, and filled the theatre. The performance passed off felicitously. Miss Parker was in good voice, and received abundance of plaudits. The programme embraced acts of "Il Barbier di Seviglia," "Norma," and "I Lombardi." Mrs. Stone, *nee* Emily Coad, made her first appearance in eight years as Adalgisa, in "Norma." Miss Stone is a good contralto, and formerly filled the position of prima donna contralto with Mrs. Woods, and the Seguin Opera troupe. The Garibaldi Society (Italians) volunteered for the occasion, and sang splendidly.

Theatricals in Philadelphia were never in a more flourishing condition than at present. At the Arch, Peter and Caroline Richings are crowding the house to repletion. Our correspondent, "Young Rapid," writing on the 16th, says:—"I attended the theatre on Tuesday evening last, to witness the comedy of Extremes, and when I entered I found that every seat in the dress circle, and up to the ninth row in the parquet, had been secured during the day. I managed to obtain a place, however, and when the curtain rose, every seat and all the standing room was occupied. This evening, for Miss Richings' benefit, a new original comedy, entitled Court Cards, now running with great success in London, was produced for the first time in this country. Artists have been busily engaged day and night upon the music and wardrobe of the Enchantress. It is at last finished, and the grand operatic spectacle will be produced here on Monday evening, Jan. 19, in magnificent style. Mr. Richings is also working very hard upon the wardrobe, properties, and music of the opera of Satanella, which piece is expected to be ready for production on the 26th inst. The present engagement of these very popular artists is already the best they have ever fulfilled in this city, and I trust that the attendance will not decrease during their entire stay here, for their late loss by the burning of Ford's Theatre was a very heavy one, and they deserve the support of the theatre going public.....At the Walnut, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams opened on Monday night, and during the week have drawn the largest audiences ever seen within the walls of that establishment. The coming week will be their last of the present engagement, unless Barney can get Grover, of the Washington Theatre, (to whom he is engaged to open with on the 26th inst.,) to give him two weeks later, so that he can make his engagement here for four weeks. Mr. H. Paul, Barney's agent, is an old professional, and understands his business to the perfect satisfaction of said Barney. The stage management of this house is very ably conducted by Mr. E. L. Tilton."

The new theatre on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is almost completed, and the opening is fixed for Monday evening, January 26. On the 16th, our correspondent, "Young Rapid," again visited the establishment, and was surprised to find the work so far advanced. He says:—"Rumor has been very busy the past few days, fixing the opening for Monday next (the 19th), but that is impossible. The building will be completed, and everything ready for a performance by Thursday next, but Mr. Wheatley (who arrived here to-day) informs me that he has fixed Monday evening, January 26th, for the initial performance. Mr. Edwin Forrest (who is, in fact, the bona fide manager and part owner of this establishment,) will be the opening star. I have as yet only been able to learn a few of the company engaged, among whom will be found, John E. McCullough, Mr. Canol, Germon, Mad. Ponisi, Miss Henri, and Mrs. J. H. Allen. Joseph Strahan is boss carpenter; John Dacy, of the Boston Academy, will be property man; Mark Hassler will be leader of the orchestra; [and old Warren, formerly of the old Chestnut Street Theatre, will be Treasurer. The theatre is one of the best arranged in this country, and I have seen them all. The dressing rooms are without doubt the best I ever saw. Each and every one has a case of drawers for each person, a long shelf, and a marble wash basin with hydrant attached. They are heated by steam pipes, are large and very comfortable. From an actual count of the house which I made, it will seat as follows:—Parquet, 575; dress circle, 550; upper tier, 675; total, 1800 people. Besides this, there are camp stools enough to seat 200 more by placing them in the aisles; also standing room for over 300 more, making in all over 2,300 people that can be accommodated within its walls. This, with the exception of the Academy, is the largest place of amusement in the city. When opened, our citizens will have an opportunity of seeing one of the handsomest temples of amusement in the country. This city has long needed a first class respectable place of amusement, and now that they have one, I feel confident that it will receive the support of all good lovers of the legitimate drama." Official announcement is made that the "New Chestnut Street Theatre"—we presume that will be the name—will open on Monday evening next, 26th of January, when Mr. Forrest will make his first appearance there this season, as "Virginius." The demand for seats for the opening night has been so great that Manager Wheatley has decided to sell them at auction, and on the 21st, M. Thomas & Son will publicly dispose of places for the first performance. The rates of admittance to the new theatre will be as follows:—Family circle, 25 cents; dress circle, 50 cents; parquet and secured seats in dress circle, 75 cents; box seats in private boxes, $1,00 each. The extra charge for secured seats we do not look upon as a wise policy.

Mary Provost has been drawing good houses at Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C.

John H. Meech, manager of the Metropolitan, Buffalo, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the 16th.

Hackett appears as Falstaff, in "King Henry IV," under the management of J. Martin, at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 20th.

Miss Maggie Mitchell terminated a two weeks' engagement at the Howard, Boston, on the 17th. She ran the engagement through on "Fanchon." It was announced that she would produce a new piece for her benefit, but we are not aware that anything but "Fanchon" was performed. Miss Mitchell is with Mr. Myers this week, at Providence, R. I.

Laura Keene and combination are on trial this week, before the Boston public, opening at the Howard on the 19th, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts."

A revival of the "Doctor of Alcantara," at the Boston Museum last week, attracted fair audiences. Mrs. J. Wheelock made her first appearance at his house on the 12th, as Isabella, and met with a favorable reception.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Conway are playing at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, this week, opening on the 19th.

John E. Owens will probably succeed Laura Keene and company at the Howard, Boston. Laura's engagement is for two weeks.

Manager Myers closed his season at Springfield, Mass., on the 16th. He is said to have produced more new plays there in the same time than any other manager since Music Hall was built. The season was not very successful, owing, probably, to the fact that Uncle Sam—who has a large number of hands in his employ at Springfield—has not paid his employees for four months. Rather tight papers on honest old Abe. The season ended with Mr. Myers' benefit, Mr. M. appearing, for the first time there, as Michael Earl, the Mad Lover, to the largest house of the season.

J. Wilkes Booth is Richard himself again in Boston. This talented young actor is a great favorite with our Boston friends, and his engagement at the Museum, commencing on the 19th, promises to be quite successful.

Ellsler's season at the Columbus, Ohio, Theatre, was inaugurated on Tuesday evening, Jan. 13th, to a splendid house, and the performance passed off remarkably well. The bill comprised "She Stoops to Conquer," "Ici and Mrs. Peter White." The following is a list of the company: Messrs. J. C. McCollum, John Elsller, James Lewis, Colin Stuart, James Dickson, J. W. Carroll, Charles Jeffrey, A. Purcell, Fred Newton, J. B. Robinson, L. B. Kellogg, Fred. Randal; Mrs. Ed. Elsler, Mrs. James Dickson, Miss Marion M. Moore, Mrs. Bishaw, Misses Blanche Bradshaw, Annie Keyser, Clara Morris and Hattie McKee.

The business at Harry Linden's Toronto Theatre is said to be very bad just now.

Mr. S. E. Ryan has been trying his hand at a dramatization of "Les Miserables." It is to be produced at the Baltimore Museum.

Mr. John Sleeper Clarke, took his first benefit at the Holliday, Baltimore, on Saturday night, appearing as Asa Trenchard, Simon Pareloy, and Diggory, assisted by pretty Miss Alice Gray, "the finest stock actress in America," and Mrs. I. B. Phillips. A new dance by M'lle Gale and Velarde followed. It's not every night a "new dance" can be seen.

The German Opera, at the Academy, Philadelphia, has drawn out the very *elite* of the city, and each night that a representation has been given, the house has been very well attended.

The Eureka, the new theatre in San Francisco, was opened on the 18th of January. "Bay View," in his budget dated Dec. 23, gives us an account of the new establishment and of the opening performances, as follows:—"The new theatre, the Eureka, opened last Thursday, to a packed house, nearly one thousand auditors. The theatre, though very small, is neat and convenient. The narrowness of the house must fail to impress the beholder; double the width could be advantageously embodied. The stage front is too low for good effect, the scenery is of too simple a design for a harmonious proportion, and an ungainly jog in the auditorium ceiling, detracts sterially from the general outlines of beauty. The drop curtain, by Mr. Rogers, is an abortion. I understand it is to be repainted. There are many beauties about this little theatre which are equally apparent as the defects. From its location and management, it is surely destined to become a favorite resort. The performance on the opening night consisted of an opening address, written by Frank Soule (not far above mediocrity in literary merit), and delivered by Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne; the medy of "Masks and Faces" (the part of Triplet abominably burlesqued by Mr. Mayo); a song by Miss Viola, and the farce of "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White." Since the opening, the house have been good, for Christmas week. W. H. Leighton is lessee and Sherry Corbyn acting manager.

Lucille Western's engagement at the Washington Theatre is a great success. Long before the curtain rung up, on Wednesday night, 14th, when East Lynne was produced, the house was full in every part, and money refused. Her benefit, on the 16th, was largely and fashionably attended.

At the St. Louis Theatre, Miss Matilda Heron is still the star. Two correspondents, "Copernicus" and "Littlejohn," agree that she has been drawing largely, although the latter states that Gottschalk and Patti had somewhat interfered with her. In the first week, Miss Heron gave two performances of "Camille;" and the balance of the week "Ea Lynne" was given. Last week was opened with the "Belle of the Season," and "Media" and "Edith" were also announced. "Copernicus" says he attended twice in the first week, and once in the second, and on each occasion the house was crowded.

The Springfield (Ill.) Theatre is open under the management of Mr. Geo. Hale, with C. J. Pfyffe as leading man; Albe A. Harrison, leading woman; W. J. Wiggins, low comedian; Miss Utie Clifford, chambermaid, etc. Mr. R. S. Meldrum has been the star, and a correspondent speaks in glowing terms of his abilities. From Springfield, Mr. Meldrum would go to Madison, Wisconsin.

MUSIC HALLS.

They have a fresh singer at the Melodeon, St. Louis, a Miss Marion Hinkley, who is represented to be an operatic vocalist of rare abilities, and one of the most artistic singers on the boards. A correspondent in St. Louis says he has "heard all who are recognised as good singers, Brent, Barton, Maley, etc., but Marion lays over all of them." She is said to be a thorough musician, and was formerly a member of the St. Louis Philharmonic Society, and a teacher of music in that city. She is a splendid Scotch vocalist. With all these qualities I recommend her, she is also a perfect lady.

The halls in St. Louis were all doing a paying trade, but business was slacker than it had been a few weeks back, owing to so many steamboat men and others going "down the river" to Vicksburg.

Dora Dawron, the double-voiced vocalist, who has been singing in various parts of the country during the past year, is now in the West Indies. She left us rather suddenly, her husband, Mr. G. K. Dickinson, writing to say that he had taken passage for her for Kingston, Jamaica, where she arrived early in January, as we learn by a letter we have just received from thence. She was to give her first concert in Kingston, at the Theatre Royal, on the 8th inst. She is announced as Mrs. G. K. Dickinson, and her husband was to assist in the entertainment by giving some favorite readings.

One of the Rollandes, Guillaume, having dislocated a shoulder, was unable to appear at the Canterbury, Washington, after Monday evening, the 12th. Willis Amstrong is performing in his place.

Percival & Co. open Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va., on Monday, January 19, with Miss Nellie Taylor, Misses Kate and Annie Harrison, Tillie Forbes, Messrs. Frank Wyant, J. Closta, Billy Emerson, H. Talbott, etc. We presume Messrs. Percival & Co. will next move on to Richmond.

The Canterbury, Washington, has at present one of the largest and best companies in the concert business, including Julia Mortimer, Kate Pennoyer, Augusta and Marie, Agnes Sutherland, Nellie Taylor, Frank La Folle, Little Ella, Dick Parker, Geo. Edeson, etc. "The Boy of the Irish Brigade," in which Geo. R. Edeson does the Boy, is said to take amazingly, especially with the "sojers." Terrific combats, red fire, choaking secessionists, etc., all contribute to the *furore*.

The fascinating Eva Brent, is now displaying her talent in the Capitol of the Continent, as you may see by advertisement. Applications on business should be addressed to Mr. J. W. Allinson, Philadelphia.

Cadwell's Music Hall, Millwaukee, still does a good business. The Duvals conclude on the 20th of January. They are not certain where they go yet. Josh Hart and Miss Laura Le Claire succeed them. Alex. Ross, the jig dancer of the establishment, received a challenge from Johnny Boyd, now playing at Beller's, in Detroit, to dance for $200, enclosing $50 to Charlie Covelli to bind the match, which Ross covered with $100. Boyd was to go to Milwaukee on the 13th, to make arrangements to dance at the Academy of Music this week. Ross is quite a favorite there, and the match will be a tight one.

The Milwaukeee Melodeon is closed, and the company gone up to the Gem, free concert room. The Clark Wells family have left the Gem, and gone to Columbus. Marion Webster, of the Gem, was engaged by Beller, of Detroit, but did not appear as agreed on, and is now at the Gem again. John Seigerson, proprietor of the Melodeon, closed the night after Christmas, and is now getting things fixed to open in Iowa.

Charlie Covelli, of Cadwell's Music Hall, Milwaukee, met with a very unpleasant accident on New Year's night, while playing the "Doctor's Apprentice." Some powder on the table exploded (before the time) right in his face. He was entirely blinded for some time, but subsequently regained his sight. His face was considerably burnt, his moustache, eye-brows and part of his hair being completely blown off.

Julia Mortimer made her re-appearance on Monday, 12th, at the Canterbury, Washington, and received a hearty welcome from a crowded house.

Canterbury Music Hall, Washington, D. C., is nightly crowded by an attentive audience to witness a really good show. In fact, the Washington managers seem to be fortunate with regard to getting talent. They have now at the Varieties and Canterbury—Kathleen O'Neil, Julia Mortimer, Kate Pennoyer, Eva Brent, Mdlle. Zoe, the Sisters Augusts and Marie, Agnes Southerland, Nelly Taylor, and Mdlle. Helene. The proprietor of the Canterbury has been away some days down East, hunting up more novelties.

Miss Lizette, the Lady Jig Dancer, appeared at the Washington Varieties on Monday, 12th, and was successful in getting a

For continuation of theatrical record see page 326.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers.....4cts	Subscription for 4 months.. 1 00
To Retail Agents.....4¼cts	Club of four.....10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of eight.....20 00
In all cases in advance.	

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS!

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any other inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and telling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the 4th page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of the stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured nowa-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 4, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, if his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

New York, ——, 1863.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE UNKNOWN BOXER! OR, THE MYTH OF THE MAGIC RING.

There you are, what a text for a sensation story of the blood and thunder order! How are you Cobblestones? And only to think of the scenes that will be developed, without drawing on imagination a bit, and the fact that thousands of two continents have concentrated their curiosity on the points as to who he is? and where does he hail from? What a hullabaloo because a man won't tell his name. Who says what's in a name now? There appears to be considerable in having no name, anyhow. Just read what the English sporting papers "talk" because a pug. takes it into his head to keep dark for three months. The *Sporting Life*, Dec. 31, says:—

"There is a vast amount of interest centred in the present match for the championship, and rumors are rife respecting the individual of "the Unknown." Many state that "the Unknown" will prove to be Joe Coburn, others Morrissey, while another knowing division state that he will prove to be an officer on one of the American liners, who cannot allow his name to appear until the term for which he has signed articles has expired. At any rate, however correct supposition may be, nothing official will be known until three months have transpired, when we shall have it in our power to give the first notice to our readers. The second deposit, of £25 a side, has to be staked at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell lane, Shoreditch, on Tuesday next, January 6, 1863, when it is positively asserted Jem Mace will be at home."

Coburn and Morrissey cannot be classed among the unknowns. No sir. They talk right out in meeting, when they do talk; and that American *liner* chap has got somebody on a *big string*, we'll bet. No, the *Life* folks evidently are know nothings this time, or else they split hard. The *Illustrated Sporting News*, of Jan. 3, is also unable to christen the infant, *vide* its remarks:—

"After all, we have it guaranteed to us that Goss has nothing to do with the individuality of the Unknown, and, therefore, the whole affair reverts back again to that mythical state to which we adverted before the articles were signed last week. The whole thing, we believe, is intended as a cover to Mace, after the self-same fashion as the notorious myth who appeared on the boards of the Strand, a *piece de convenience*, in the Sayers and Heenan era. It would be idle to refer to or attempt to trace any of the multifarious rumors which hover in the misty atmosphere of the pugilistic world. Of a surety, the Unknown, if he have "a local habitation and a name," (which we take leave to doubt,) is neither our young Titan friend, Tom King, nor the gallant John C. Heenan, who is still in honorable business, in Cornwall, with Howes' circus. We shall keep our readers, both on this and the other side of the Channel, well posted upon all important matters in connection with the affair. We learn that Mace will shortly quit the circus profession, and that the whole of the paraphernalia will be shortly brought to the hammer in Yorkshire, where the troupe is now traveling."

"Big *Bell*," too, don't appear to know anything more than common folks, and advises patience. It thus discourseth:—

The next deposit of £25 a side for this match is appointed to be staked on Tuesday, Jan 6, at Jem Mace's. The affair has already given rise to much speculation, and the most extraordinary guesses have been hazarded as to the Simon Pure. Morrissey, Nat Langham's Big Black, and several other big ones have been hinted at, while some persons insist that Heenan is the man, after all; but this arises, we believe, from the fact that, at Owen Swift's a short time back, Tom Sayers and one or two of his backers offered to find Heenan £500 if he chose to fight Mace, an offer which he at once declined. It has been told us in the strictest confidence that the Unknown is a myth, put forward by Mace himself, in order to eke out his time; but this is about as likely as any of the other statements to which we have had to listen. In the first place it would be useless, as it could not have the desired effect, and in the second, it is too stale a dodge for a man in Jem's position to try on, as it would surely be discovered. Let our readers bide their time, and see what they shall see when the appointed hour arrives.

We acknowledge to being in the same boat as our contemporaries, and we are all adrift together.

BIG BATTING.—In a cricket match played at Brighton, Eng., during the past season, between the Southdown and Brighton College clubs, the former party scored 507 runs in one innings, with a loss of but five wickets. The chief contributors were: H. M. Hyndman, 60; A. G. Chapman, 176; and T. A. Raynes, 132.

A TOUGH CASE.—A sub. Lieutenant on board an English ship of war has recently been court marshaled for speaking to his captain with his left hand in his pocket. Jiminy Pelix!

"A VOICE FROM THE SEA."

JACK TAR HAS A TALK WITH THE CLIPPER—ALMOST A BOAT RACE—THE POTOMAC BACKS OUT—BURNT CORK—MINSTREL ENTERTAINMENT ON SHIPBOARD—A CONUNDRUM—GOOD HIT, ETC.

U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA,
Off Mobile, Ala., Dec. 29th, 1862.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER—Of course the good old CLIPPER has heard of the Susquehanna. We do not mean the noble river Susquehanna, in which, by the way, the writer once came near losing his precious life, when the gallant wife of a fisherman rescued him from the jaws of the grim monster; but the staunch old ship Susquehanna, that, within the past two years, has held her own against all sorts of weather; has proudly ploughed the rough waters of the Gulf; has crossed and re-crossed the broad Atlantic; has gallantly swam "like a thing of life" through the pleasant waters of the far-off Mediterranean; has struggled with the Syrian gales; has calmly entered the great bay of Naples, and come to under the dark clouds of threatening Vesuvius; has safely taken us to different portions of the globe; has returned home at the call of her country; has nobly done her duty at Hatteras and Port Royal; and has, with a single exception, escaped all inimical bars on our own treacherous coast during her long blockade service.

Our ship is now, however, on the sick list, and is waiting orders to be invalided home to be repaired. While lying at Pensacola as Flag ship (Admiral Farragut being up the river again in the Hartford), a party of us organized a minstrel company on board, and gave our first entertainment on Christmas night.

The CLIPPER being a record of amusements, we wish through its colums to show our *terra firma* friends what a "gallus" old time we had on Christmas night, 1862. Christmas was a magnificent day with us. Christmas afternoon had been fixed upon for a boat race in Pensacola Bay, between one of the Potomac's boats and our second cutter, Johnny Givens, of Philadelphia, coxswain. Johnny had himself a flag made for the occasion, being pretty confident of the victory. The flag was a white one, with a fine specimen of the Shanghai rooster tribe in the centre, having a pennant in his bill, bearing the inscription, "While I live, I crow!" When it came to the scratch, the Potomac fellows weren't about; they had backed out with all the grace of so many snapping turtles. So Johnny was victor without more labor for the palm than considerable crowing beforehand. After supper, preparations were made for the concert. Our officers generally rendered us all manner of assistance in the way of encouragement: furnishing us with sails, ensigns, seats, and whatsoever was required, and aiding us also by their presence and applause. About dark, all hands were seated, and clamorous for a commencement. Behind the curtain chaos reigned. Burnt cork was in great demand. Ladies' dresses were examined with modest and bashful eyes, very! The footlights burned brightly, the stage was illuminated and decorated with flags, the ship's brass band constituted the orchestra, the officers occupied the hurricane deck, and every now and then a half-blackened face could be seen peering out from behind the curtain to see how things looked, until at length the band struck up, and the performance commenced.

Jas. W. Poor (Eng. Yeoman), of Charlestown, Mass., opened the ball with an introductory written by himself for the occasion, which he delivered gracefully and with very good effect. Poor made one of the best looking, most "gallus" darkies, in the party. I have obtained a copy of his introductory, which is as follows:—

"Shipmates, fore and aft, with fun, frolic, song, and dance,
Modestly to-night we make our first appearance.
By your favor, shipmates aft, we oft enjoyed rare sport,
And practicing in the breadroom, made our evenings quite short.
Grant us your forbearance—we are but amateurs,
Anxious for, yet scarce deserving, any of "the flowers."
To-night we'll have laughter, burlesque, and extravagance.
A year ago or more we enacted other scenes:
Dense smoke, loud reports, whizzing shot, and bursting shell,
Told what they were—a very mimicry of hell.
The instruments we used, you see them all around,
We managed them so well, the rebels left their ground.
But now our ship is useless, she once went overland,
Yet still the old flag waves, so beautifully grand.
Though our fighting days are o'er, yet home we cannot go,
So we've whiled away the time in getting up this "show;"
And trust, unlike the rebels, you will not run away,
But patiently remain until we've had our say.
Should our wit, songs, and dances, please you all to-night,
We'll shortly come again, assured that all is right."

The programme consisted of songs, dances, overtures, music by the band, comic duets, farces, conundrums, etc. One "hit" in particular took well. The question was asked "Why the grog was taken away from the sailor?" The reply was, "Because the officers got drunk." The performance went off very well, and the officers expressed themselves highly pleased with it, and hoped soon to hear us again.

We are now on the blockade service here for a while, and cannot, of course, have anything of the kind here; but upon returning to Pensacola we shall again appear, and the CLIPPER shall hear of it at more length. Respectfully Yours, S. S. B.

P. S. We understand that one of our members contemplates writing a tragedy, to be called "Don Felipe in Search of a Wife, or the Boiler-Maker's Revenge," for some future occasion.

"DOWN IN OLD VIRGINNY."

A TALK WITH THE SPORTS.

A DERBY DAY—THE HOLIDAYS—NEW YEAR CALLS—"OPEN HOUSE"—THE GREASED POLE AND PIG—SPORTS OF THE DAY—THE FLAG OF THE FREE—EXCELSIOR GLEE CLUB—A WELCOME PRESENT—GEN. SICKLES A "HUNKEY BOY"—DULL TIMES—WANT TO MOVE, ETC., ETC.

HEADQUARTERS SICKLES' DIVISION,
Near Falmouth, Va., Jan. 7th.

FRIEND QUEEN—Good evening, sports! It is an outrageously bleak, dismal, cheerless day out here, and the incessant pattering of the rain against the sides of "our house" keeps a doleful accompaniment to the scratching of my quill on the paper. It's a miserable rain, too! It's not a lively, dashing shower, but a contemptible abortion—a regular spirit-sinking drizzle-drazzle, giving one the "blue-devils" in their most malignant form. Wouldn't we exchange a few "greenbacks" (providing, always, that we had 'em, which we haven't for six months) for the privilege of toasting our shins at the home fireside, placing ourselves outside sundry and divers thimblefuls of punch, by way of variety, and—well, "nuff ced." Jimminy Criminy! wouldn't we, though!

Christmas passed off very tamely out this way; in fact, to all intents and purposes, it was utterly unworthy of the designation of a holiday. New Year's Day was much more generally observed throughout the army. At most of the Corps, Division, and Brigade Headquarters, out-door sports, suitable to the occasion and season, were gotten up for the edification and amusement of Uncle Sam's boys, enabling them to put in the hours advantageously—dissipating, as it did, unhealthy thoughts of roast turkey, plum puddings, and other delicacies upon which our minds had been reveling, suggested by the occasion, giving us a keen relish for the coarser fare of the "soldier of the Republic," and rendering our cup of "bean soup" as acceptable as the finest "dozen, stewed," of those "delicious bivalves" so popular at this particular season of the year. At the headquarters of that old veteran, "Fighting Joe" Hooker, fun and frolic was the order of the day. The venerable, war-scarred hero of so many well-fought battles, with an eye to the welfare and happiness of his "people," caused a number of games to be introduced, including the laughter-provoking trick of climbing a greased pole, the individual who could successfully achieve the difficult and slippery undertaking, being rewarded with the roll of "greenbacks" (the question presents itself: "Where did they come from?") so temptingly displayed to the multitude on top of the pole. Foot-racing, sparring, and wrestling, were likewise on the programme, as also the amusing chase after a native of Porkopolis, clean shaved and well greased. The Yanks around that way had a "high old time," I assure you—they think "Old Joe" is a genuine out and out sport, and we conclude that their impressions are just about correct. That's so!

Had any of you boys put in an appearance at Sickles' headquarters on the inaugurative day of the new year, you'd have imagined that the General was fully alive to the presence and importance of the season of merry-making. It was a grand gala-day here, and mirth and jollity ruled the hour "from early morn till dewy eve," and a good while thereafter. Gen. S. gave a grand entertainment on that day, keeping "open house." Conspicuous among the immense concourse of shoulder straps who made their New Year's call, and extended their congratulations to "mine host," were Gens. Hooker, Stoneman, Birney, etc., together with their respective staffs. The headquarter grounds were handsomely arranged and decorated with evergreens; young pines lined either side of the centre avenue between the staff tents, leading to the General's headquarters, while arches, from which wreaths were suspended—all formed of cedar boughs—were stretched from side to side. Flags of various sizes—national and department—fluttered everywhere in profusion, enhancing the beauty of the scene; while high over all waved a splendid silken representation of the "flag of the free"—the emblem for whose supremacy we are now battling, and which is destined to float triumphantly over every foot of ground throughout the length and breadth of our republic, with not a single stripe erased, or a single star obliterated. That's so! Must pardon this enthusiastic ebullition. A suit of rooms in an adjacent house had been fitted up as refreshment rooms, and were charmingly festooned with evergreens. Here an excellent collation was prepared, the dishes, as far as possible to be obtained, embracing "all the delicacies of the season." Some four hundred officers partook of the General's hospitality on the occasion. In the evening the guests were favored with a serenade by the Excelsior Glee Club, composed of members of Co. E, 1st Excelsior Regt., and led by Prof. J. C. Lea, an excellent musician. A variety of airs—national, operatic, sentimental, and comic, were rendered in a pleasing and creditable manner. It was a fitting termination to the festivities of the day. The gay assemblage did not break up until the hands of the old time-piece (which "wasn't around," by the way, like the M.P.s when a row is progressing) pointed to the small figures, when they separated and wended their way homewards, highly pleased with the day's sports, and in the best of spirits with everything and everybody. To sum up, the weather was propitious, everything passed off with the greatest *eclat*, and the occasion will ever remain green in the memory of those who participated in the festivities. And so passed New Year's Day with us—pretty lively, all things considered, we imagined.

By the way, the troops of this Division were made glad, and their gratitude excited, by the distribution among them, on New Year's morn, of 25,000 loaves of bread, 12 barrels molasses, and five barrels whiskey, which Gen. Sickles brought with him from Washington the day previous, and directed to be given to the men with his compliments. We were the only troops in the army who were so favored, and the General has lost nothing by this display of generosity. "A hunkey boy is Gen. Sickles!"

Matters are infernally dull and insipid at present. No sign of a movement discernable. Talk of going into "winter quarters." Why don't we move, when the enemy are known, to a certainty, to have materially weakened their position here, to reinforce their army in Tennessee? Are we to lay passively here and allow them to overwhelm and crush Rosencrans? A movement here just now might save Rosencrans, and at the same time win us a great victory here. We are all excitement to learn the result of the battle in Tennessee. God of Heaven crown our arms with victory! Amen!

Trusting that the present year may witness the termination of the troubles which now distract our unhappy country, and the year '64 shall dawn upon us a united, prosperous people, I subscribe myself, Yours, ADELPHI.

CRICKET.

THE AVERAGES OF THE WILLOW CLUB.

When the Brooklyn club disbanded in 1859, their grounds, adjoining the residence of Dr. Garrison, at Bedford, Long Island, still continued to be a cricketing locality, as Dr. Garrison, Jr., organized a social club, the members of which assembled once a week for practice. The next year this association called themselves the Willow club, but still confined themselves to playing practice games among themselves, and many pleasant days' play did they have throughout the season. During 1861 the club made several accessions to its list of members, and becoming strong and confident from continued practice, they engaged in a trial of skill with the St. George club, and played two games with them. In the first match, the St. George were victors by a total score of 118 to 65. On the part of the Willow, Bainbridge's 26 was the highest score, but double figures, in single innings, were scored by Messrs. J. Scrivenor, Moore, Peerless, Gisburne, and Rollins. On the St. George side, Bailey's 38 was the best score, his total figures being 71, Ayers's 27 being next. In the return game, which was also won by the St. George eleven by a score of 164 to 134, the highest score on the Willow side was made by Bainbridge, 41, Swift's 20 being next; double figures were also scored by Lindsay and Peerless. Bailey's 52 was the best score on the St. George side, his total score being 86, D. Wright's 31 being next. There was a marked improvement in their play in the second game over that in the first, and both contests were creditable and enjoyable affairs. In 1862 the club began its career as a regular playing club, and opened the season with a grand match with the New York club. This contest took place at Bedford, on Saturday, May 31st. The weather was propitious, a good wicket was prepared, and the result was a really pleasant day's play, the victory remaining with the New Yorkers, by a score of 134 to 60, it being decided by the result of the first innings, as were the two games of the year before with the St. George club. In the second innings, the Willows scored 85 with the loss of seven wickets, when darkness ended the game. On the part of the Willow, Hammond's 13 and Stokes' 10 were the two best scores; in the second innings, however, Hammond ran up a score of 57, but it was after the game had been decided. On the New York side, Sharp's 27 and Marsh's 18 were the two best scores. Their next match was with the St. George club, which took place at Hoboken on July 26, the result being the most creditable victory the Willows obtained during the season, their score being 166 to St. George's 87, the contest being decided, as before, by the result of the first innings. On the Willow side, Hammond's 59 and Swift's 23 were the best scores, but double figures were scored by Pierce, Terry, and Stokes. Capt. Lang and Frank Van Buren's 19 each were the best scores on the St. George side in the first innings; but in the second, Gibbes scored 25 and Napier 16, the total score being 60, with but one wicket down. The third match they engaged in was the return game with the New York club, which was played at Hoboken on Thursday, Sept. 18, the result being another victory for the New Yorkers, by a score of 103 to 72. On the Willow side, Hammond's 26 and Pierce's 16 were the only double figures scored in the first innings, by which the game was decided, Byron's 27 and Hudson's 11 being the best on the New York side. Their fourth contest of the season was that with the Newark club, resulting in an easy triumph, by a score of 133 to 44, one innings being played, the Newarkers not being strongly represented on the occasion. The best score on the Willow side was Sharp's 50, Petty's 11 being the best on the Newark side. On the 9th of October, the return game with the St. George club took place at Bedford, the result, after a close and exciting match, being in favor of the Willow by a score of 72 to 70, the game again being decided by the result of the first innings. It was in this match that Creighton ruptured himself, it being the last game of cricket he played. On the Willow side, Torrence's 16 and Higham's 13 were the only double figures scored, Creighton's 23 and Congreve's 13 being the best on the St. George side.

A day's play, closed by a grand dinner at Wild's Hotel in the evening, terminated what we may call the first season of the Willow club, and take it altogether, it was fully as creditable a one as that of any club we have yet recorded.

Next season promises to be an eventful one in the history of this excellent young club, and if they obtain more extensive grounds, play quick games, adhere strictly to the rules of the game as regards the saving of time, we shall no doubt have to record a complete success for them throughout the season; but if they follow the example of their predecessor, the old Brooklyn, we shall anticipate a similar breaking up. There is no reason why the Willow club should not occupy as high a position in every respect as the New York and St. George clubs now do; they socially rank with the best in the country, and as players, are second to but two, and will not long, we think, be that to any. The following are the batting averages of their players for 1862.

	Matches.	*Runs.*	*Average and over.*	*Highest Score.*	*Times not out.*
Gisborne	4	4	1-0	4	0
Graves	1	0	0-1	1	0
Hammond	5	159	31-4	59	1
Henderson	3	11	3-2	5	0
Higham	2	22	11-0	13	0
Jolley	3	2	0-2	2	1
Lindsay	4	12	3-0	7	0
Littlejohn	2	1	0-1	1	1
Pearce	5	53	10-3	17	0
Peerless	2	10	5-0	8	0
Rawlins	2	4	2-0	3	0
Scrivener	3	4	1-1	4	2
Sharp	2	51	25-1	50	0
Stokes	4	37	9-1	10	0
Strachan	3	8	2-2	8	0
Swift	2	27	13-1	23	0
Terry	4	15	3-3	12	0
Torrence	4	25	6-1	16	0

We are unable to give complete bowling averages, as we did not attend all their matches.

BALL PLAY.

AVERAGES OF THE GOTHAM CLUB.—The following are the averages of those members of the Gotham club who have taken part in first nine matches during 1862:—

	Matches Played in	*Hands Lost.*	*Average and over.*	*Runs Made.*	*Average and over.*	*Highest Score in a Match.*	*Clear Scores.*	*Matches in which no Runs made.*	*Most Hands Lost.*	*Least Hands Lost.*	*Home Runs.*	*Struck Out.*
Burtis	7	19	2-5	13	1-6	3	0	1	4	2	1	1
Cohen	8	27	3-3	13	1-5	3	0	2	5	2	0	0
Forsyth	3	11	3-2	6	2-0	3	0	0	3	3	0	0
Hopkins	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	3	3	0	0
LaTourette	2	6	3-0	4	2-0	3	0	0	3	3	0	0
McKeever	5	16	3-1	7	1-2	3	0	1	4	2	0	0
McGrath	2	4	2-0	6	3-0	4	0	0	3	2	0	0
Roe	2	7	3-1	2	1-0	1	0	0	4	3	0	0
Squires	8	21	2-5	16	2-0	4	0	2	4	2	0	0
Schaffer	2	6	3-0	1	0-0	1	0	1	3	2	1	0
Sweet	3	7	2-1	7	2-1	3	0	0	4	3	0	0
Saunders	2	7	3-1	1	0-0	1	0	1	4	3	0	0
Thorn	7	16	2-2	20	2-6	6	0	1	4	1	0	0
Turner	7	25	3-4	10	1-3	4	0	2	5	2	1	0
Vincellette	4	14	3-2	8	2-0	3	0	0	4	2	1	1
VanCott	8	22	2-6	18	2-2	5	0	0	4	2	1	0
Wadsworth	2	5	2-1	3	1-1	2	0	0	3	2	0	0

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

The Gotham club during 1862, have taken part in nine first nine club games. Of the former they have won six and lost three, the games they won being those with the Mutual, twice; Harlem, twice; Charter Oak and Eagle. The clubs that defeated them were the Harlem, and Eureka, twice.

The total number of innings played in the above games was 77, and the total runs obtained 137, yielding an average of one run to an innings with 60 over, or 15 to a match with 2 over. The total runs obtained by their opponents in the same innings were 153.

Of the innings played there were 24 in which no runs were obtained, an average of 2 to a match, with 6 over; the number scored by their opponents being 26.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no runs were scored was seven, the least being one. The same figures on the part of their opponents were 5 and 2. The highest score obtained in one innings was 7, that of their opponents, 9. No double figures were scored in any innings.

The total number of passed balls on which bases were made in five of the above games was 37; the number allowed by their opponents, 44.

The total number of fly catches made in the 9 games we reported was 34 against 16 that were missed.

The total number of bound catches made and missed were 44.

The total number of foul balls on which they were put out in the five games above alluded to was 24, they putting out their opponents similarly 25 times. The shortest match occupied two hours and twenty minutes in playing, and the longest three hours.

Nine innings were played in five out of the nine games.

The first game was played July 19th, and the last October 30th.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, Dec. 24 and 31.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE PUGILISTIC BONDS.—To make our promise good, we here give the articles of agreement entered into by Mace and the Unknown, and Mace and Goss, for the entertainment of our readers and to have them on record. Having given all the points in reference to the "pairing off" in our last, it is needless to recapitulate them here:—

MACE VS THE UNKNOWN.

"Articles of Agreement, made this 26th December, 1862, between Jem Mace and an Unknown, to be named by Mr. Bernard in three months from December 30. To fight for £200 a-side and the Champion's belt, in six months from Dec. 23, on a day to be named by the stakeholder; £25 a side now deposited with the usual stakeholder, who has to name the referee; the next deposit of £25 a side shall be made at Jem Mace's, Old King John, Hollywell lane, Shoreditch, on Tuesday, January 6; the other deposits of £25 a side to be named hereafter; the last to be tossed for three weeks before the fight; the battle to be conducted according to the new rules of the P. B. A."

MACE VS GOSS.

"Articles of agreement between Jem Mace and Joe Goss, at 10st 10lb, Mace staking £600 to £400, to fight in nine months from Tuesday, December 30. A deposit on each side of £15 to £10, is now down with the stakeholder. The next, of £15 to £10 respectively, has to be made on Wednesday, Dec. 31, at Mr. Tupper's, Waterloo road. After which, a series of deposits, of respectively £30 to £20, have to be made monthly at houses to be named alternately, the whole of the money to be made good at the last deposit, which was to be tossed for hereafter; to scale the day before fighting at a house to be tossed for. The place of fighting and the referee to be named by the stakeholder."

TWO MERRY MILLS IN THE LIVERPOOL DISTRICT,
BETWEEN
HOBIN AND MURPHY, AND HACKING AND JENKINS.

The match (in which Hobin staked £12 to £10) came off on Tuesday, December 23d, in the Liverpool district. As early as 7:40 A. M., upwards of 150 of the "fancy" from Liverpool set sail from the docks, in the Hercules, *en route* for Helsbury island, the well-known spot on which Hannigan and Bath, Pig Jack and Marley, and Burgess and Marley had previously settled their differences. Simon Hobin is from the "Emerald Isle," and had taken up his quarters at the house of Jack Evans, Peter street, while Murphy is also from the sister isle, and was backed for the present affair from James Clarke's, Liverpool. Both men have previously performed with varied success. Hobin is twenty-seven years of age, stands 5ft 8½in., and weighed about 11st 7lb, whilst Murphy is twenty-six years of age, stands 5ft 7½in., and is about a stone lighter than his opponent. On arriving at the place, there was a tremendous surf, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the *voyageurs* landed. However, on gaining *terra firma*, Ned Greaves, from Sheffield, soon pitched the ring, when Murphy was first to put in an appearance, attended by Johnny Pierce and Jack Savage, (both of Liverpool). Hobin, who had the services of Topper Brown and a friend, quickly followed; and at sixteen minutes to twelve o'clock, all being in readiness, both men shook hands and commenced the fight.

Round 1. Murphy stood with his right leg first, *a la* Bendigo, and after a little fibbing, Murphy was down. From this to the fifth round, the fighting was all one way, when Murphy gave Hobin a stinger in the mouth. First blood claimed and allowed. In the tenth round, Hobin got the first knock down blow. From this period of the fight, all in favor of Hobin till the twenty-second round, when Murphy gave him a knock-down blow, which quite turned the aspect of affairs. In the thirty-second round both men fell side by side, having fought 31¼ min. From this to the eightieth round, it was all in favor of Hobin. Time, 1 h. 35 min. About the ninty-fifth round, Murphy seemed to pluck up, and, dashing out with his left, he split Hobin's lip in a frightful manner. Loud cheers for Murphy. From this, it was give and take until the 143d and last round, when both coming very "sickly" from their corners, and as all present were satisfied that the game was equally balanced, it was declared a drawn battle, having lasted 2 hours and 53 minutes, the friends of each man promising to pay them for their respective colors the same as if *each had won*.

Immediately after, another mill took place in the same ring, between J. Hacking and J. Jenkins (both of Liverpool), for £10 a side. At ten minutes to three, these "bantams" came to the mark. In the first round, Hacking got the "first blood," which was claimed and allowed. It was anyone's fight, give and take being the order of the day, until the eleventh round, when the captain of the Hercules ordered all men on board, and darkness coming on, the affair ended in a "draw." The men had to agree for another day to settle the business.

GEORGE CLAMP AND FLOOD DONOVAN, FOR £50,
UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION.

Another merry mill took place on Tuesday, Dec. 30, in the Home Circuit, between George Clamp, of Newgate Market, and Flood (Fleurance) Donovan, for £25 a side, at catch-weight. Neither man had achieved much fame in the P. R., although they have both performed in the magic arena.

George Clamp was born on August 8, 1833, stands 6ft. in height, and, on this occasion, weighed 11st. 8lb. He has only once before been in the Ring, when he defeated Gibbs, of Newgate Market, for £10 a side, at Old Haven, on October 20, 1857, after fighting forty rounds, which lasted 1 hour 30 min. He trained at Garratt-lane, Wandsworth, with William Crockett, who brought him in very good condition to the ring-side.

Fleurance (Flood) Donovan was born on January 12, 1837, stands 5ft. 9in. in height, and weighed on the 30th, about 10st 4lb. His first appearance in the Ring was when he defeated Bill Spooner, for £10 a side, at Long Reach, on July 18, 1854, in 1 hour 4 min. Beaten by Jack Baldock, £30 to £25, at Long Reach, on April 10, 1855, after fighting ninety-eight rounds in 2 hours 10 min. On Jan. 4, 1859, beat Jack Keefe, £25 a side, at Purfleet, after fighting three rounds, which lasted 20 min. He also beat Patsey Daley, £25 a side, in ten rounds, 25 min., at Purfleet, on Dec. 20, 1859. He trained for the present contest at Mr. Tupper's, Aldershot, which place he left on Saturday, and took his departure for the scene of action from Mr. W. Tupper's, Waterloo-road. The time of departure was fixed at an early hour, from a well-known railway station, and after a run by the iron road, a trip per steamboat down the river, brought the combatants and their friends to a convenient locality, where the ring was pitched, and Donovan threw in his cap at 11 A. M. precisely, having a couple of accomplished brother pugilists for his seconds. Clamp was soon after him, and entered the ring, having an equally accomplished pair for his esquires. The toss for corners was won by Clamp, who chose the higher side of the ring for his station. There was the usual delay in picking a referee, and it was not until half an hour had been wasted that a well-known sporting celebrity could be prevailed upon to "stand," when the toilets of the men were at once completed, and their colors (a green silk handkerchief, with a red and white cross-bar for Clamp, and a blue, with a tartan check, for Donovan) having been tied to the stakes, they were delivered by their seconds on the mark, at twenty-five minutes to twelve, for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men had been left by their seconds and stood face to face, the disparity in height and weight between them was very marked, and the taller man having the higher ground, caused a bystander to shout, "Sayers and Heenan over again!" Clamp was decidedly in the best condition. He is of a well-built frame upwards, with a good spread of shoulder and breadth of loins, but without the usual bosses of muscle which are the peculiar badges of the professional pugilist. He stood in a very good position, with his feet planted firmly on the ground, and with his hands well advanced; but as he offered with the left, the attempt was plainly that of a novice. Donovan was also in decent fettle, but looked delicate. He is a neat, well-made young fellow, with good shoulders and back, but rather small about the arms, and it was evident he had been suffering from slight indisposition, as he showed a red mark on the chest, where a mustard application had recently been. He stood in much better form than his adversary, and had the free use of his left hand, and evidently knew the use of his right. As they sparred to find out the tactics of each other, both looked serious. Donovan soon shifted his ground from the lower portion of the ring, and worked round until he was on level ground with Clamp. They sparred for an opening, until Donovan crept rather close, when he feinted with his left viciously, but finding Clamp ready, broke ground rather cleverly. On again getting within distance, Donovan repeated the feint, when Clamp weaved wildly with both hands, dashed into close quarters, and Donovan got the "hug" on, but was forced down by sheer strength and weight in Clamp's corner.

2. Both came up eagerly to the call of time, and sparred for a short time, when Donovan planted his left on the mouth heavily, drawing blood, receiving on the forehead from Clamp's right. They then got to in-fighting, in which each was busy with both hands on the side of the head and body, until they closed at the ropes, and, after a scramble, both were down in Clamp's corner.

3. Clamp came up bleeding from the mouth, Donovan with a flushed mark on the forehead. A flood manœuvred until he came on level ground with his opponent, when he feinted twice, and broke ground from his lengthy antagonist. At length finding he had Clamp within reach, he dashed his left on the mark without a return. Clamp followed Donovan; counter-hits on the nose and head. Donovan again shifted his ground, but immediately renewed his attack by delivering his left on the eye, when Clamp dashed in, and after a couple of wild exchanges, forced Donovan down at the ropes.

4. Both men up together, Donovan showing a mark beyond his forehead being flushed, while Clamp was bleeding from the mouth and had his left eye swollen. Donovan sparred rather shiftily until he got on to level ground with Clamp, when he feinted with his left, and [illegible] a victorious right-hander at the body, and went in [illegible] and forced [illegible] changes until they closed at the ropes in Clamp's [illegible] Time, 8 min. Flood [illegible]

5. Clamp came up [illegible] and looking rather puzzled; Donovan soon [illegible] Clamp [illegible], when Donovan got his left heavily on the body. Another [illegible] and caught Clamp's cheek. Clamp retaliated [illegible] on Donovan's cheek, and caught hold for the throw, but Donovan was down like a shot.

6. Clamp was up first, and [illegible] but looking the requisite knowledge. Donovan sparred until he could shift his ground

from the lower portion of the ring, when he sent his left at the head, which was well stopped by George, who tried his right at the head, but was short, for which he caught it rather hotly on the mouth, and again upon the nose, drawing blood freely. Clamp went in wildly, and forced exchanges, and the round was finished by Donovan slipping down. Time, 12 min.

14 to 16. These rounds were fought in almost precisely the same manner, as Donovan invariably sparred all over the ring, until he got on level ground with Clamp, when he pursued the same tactics as in the previous rounds. He planted on Clamp almost without a return, but when Clamp did get on with the right hand, they told with effect; but as they wanted precision, they landed either on the neck or the side of the head, and beyond staggering Donovan, did not leave any marks of consequence. Clamp, when he was "pinked," always rushed to close quarters, and after forcing exchanges, tried for the fall; but Donovan, in most instances, got down cleverly to avoid being thrown. This caused Clamp's seconds to appeal, but the decision was "fight on."

17. Donovan came up with scarcely a mark, Clamp having his left eye much swollen, and his nose and mouth bleeding. Donovan worked for his usual place, and got on the body with his left as soon as he was within reach. Clamp followed Donovan all over the ring, until they countered with the left. Clamp then forced the fighting to the ropes, where they closed, and, after shifting hold twice, Donovan threw his man.

17. Clamp made up his mind to force the fighting, and went straight to Donovan, and, despite a left-handed shot on the nose, dashed in; a rattling bout at in-fighting ensued, in which Clamp got heavily on the nose with the right, and on the neck with his left. Donovan retaliated by visiting the nose and mouth; they then closed, and a scrambling rally was concluded by both being down at the ropes.

18 to 26. These rounds require no description in detail, as the same tactics were pursued by both. Donovan had much the best of the fighting, and his partisans offered 5 to 1 on him. Clamp, although very much punished about the face and body from Donovan's left handed shots at the mark, came up as strong as at the commencement, and had a dangerous hit in him, which was narrowly avoided by his opponent, who went into close quarters. He was told by his seconds to force the fighting, and found his advantage by cutting Donovan under the left eye, drawing blood from the nose and mouth. Donovan was then forced to the ropes after fighting all over the ring, when he went down to avoid being thrown. Time, 1 hour.

27. They went at it the moment they faced each other, and a regular fighting round, in which they fought all over the ring, was concluded by Clamp boring Donovan to the ropes, where he was fought down.

28. Donovan, as soon as he faced his opponent, dashed the left heavily on the mark and got away. Clamp followed him to the corner, where George planted his left on the nose. Donovan dashed in, and exchanges, which were in his favor, passed, and they broke away. After sparring until within distance, Donovan got his left well on the mouth, which brought on a close, in which they shifted their hold for the throw twice, when Donovan threw Clamp in his own corner.

29 to 32. In these rounds, the manner in which Donovan planted on the "big 'un" raised the hopes of his friends to the "seventh heaven," while the hopes of the Clampites were at an inverse ratio, below par. George, who was strong on his legs, never murmured, and obeyed the advice of his seconds to the letter, by forcing the fighting as fast and as well as he knew; but he was well paid as he went in, notwithstanding which, he either fought Donovan down, or else he went down in the close, to avoid being thrown.

33 and last. When time was called, Donovan came up smiling, and almost without a mark, while Clamp had his left eye fast closing, and his nose and mouth swollen, as well as his right eye much discolored. Donovan, as soon as he had sparred within reach, dashed his left heavily on the mouth, without a return, Clamp hitting out very wildly with both hands. On getting within reach, Donovan again visited the mouth with the left, and the right ear with his right. Clamp dashed in and forced exchanges, in which both were very busy, until Donovan got hold and endeavored to crossbuttock Clamp, who put on the outside lock, and Donovan slipping at the same time, Clamp threw him heavily on his head, and fell on him. On Donovan being picked up by his seconds, it was evident that he was stunned, and, from the commotion in his corner, it could be seen that he did not recover as soon as they could wish. The seconds of Clamp, finding out the state of affairs, were "sharp for time," and soon had Clamp ready. When time was called, the seconds of Donovan placed him on his legs, but he could not stand, and, had he not been held up, would have fallen. Clamp, like a game and kind-hearted fellow, scorned to hit his defeated antagonist, and the allotted time having elapsed, the referee entered the ring and declared Clamp the winner, after fighting 1 hour 13 min.

REMARKS.

The above fight was remarkable for its sudden termination in favor of Clamp, when he had without doubt received the lion's share of the punishment at the time the effects of the fall put his opponent *hors du combat*. This shows that a game one, however punished he may be, has always a chance, if perseverance is his motto. However much appearances were in favor of Donovan, Clamp was far from a defeated man, for although he was much more punished than his opponent, he was as strong within himself as at the commencement. He cannot have too much praise for his manly conduct in sparing Donovan when the latter was helpless, and for which conduct he received hearty congratulations when he had made his toilet. Donovan was decidedly the more scientific and effective in his deliveries, and, bar accident, appeared as if he must prove the winner, and there is no doubt that he considered he had the victory in his own hands when he endeavored to struggle with his opponent for the throw which so unexpectedly extinguished his own chance! That he was absolutely unfit to prolong the contest there is no doubt whatever, and so satisfied were his backers with his conduct, that they offered to made a fresh match with Clamp on board the steamer on the journey home. Donovan was much cut up at the unexpected turn of affairs, and shed tears of mortification; but the sympathetic spirit in which his backers expressed themselves, soon brought him to himself. A collection was made for him by Clamp, on board the boat, which no doubt will be largely augmented.

FIGHT FOR £50,

BETWEEN

ANDY GODFREY AND JEMMY RAWLINGS.

This, the best Yorkshire tourney that has taken place for some time, was brought to a satisfactory conclusion on Tuesday, Dec. 30, on the banks of the Humber, the first essay being at Killingholme Lighthouses. The match having caused considerable excitement ever since it was first made, a good deal of money changed hands, but Rawlings had been slightly the favorite, at evens, since the commencement of the match. This it is difficult to account for, as Andy is the undefeated hero of many a hard-fought battle. Jemmy Rawlings trained under the superintendence of the well-known Ted Brown, of the Leeds Arms, Hull, where he remained the greater part of his time, whilst Godfrey took his breathings at the Sportsman's Arms, Hull, and from beginning to end, trained himself very much to the satisfaction of his friends and backers. He was born August 22, 1831, and weighed on the present occasion, 8st, (but can fight at 7st 10lb); he stands 5ft. 6in., and certainly is one of the largest 8st men that ever entered the ring. Besides being the hero of several rough turns-up, he has fought seven battles in the ring, and, with one exception, was victorious in all, and that a draw. His "first attempt" was in 1853, with Young Welch, of Manchester, whom he beat in twelve rounds, 15 min., for £5 a side. He next met the Yorkshire Slasher (Ellis), for £25 a side, at Newland Tofts, near Hull, defeating him in twenty-three rounds, 35 min. Beat Dennis M'Carty (*alias* Skiver), for £5 a side, at Marfleet, near Hull, in nine rounds, 33 min., on January 17, 1856. He made his next appearance in the P.R. with the well-known Charley Ball, of Hull, for £10 a side, on September 10, 1856, who, after fighting as game as possible, was doomed to defeat, after fighting fifty-nine rounds, in 1 hour 35 min. This fight took place on the Lincolnshire side of the Humber, at Skitter Haven. Charley, not satisfied with his last defeat, was matched to fight Godfrey again, on May 10, 1859, when he was again defeated, after fighting, at a tremendous pace, fifty-eight rounds, in 1 hour 5 min., at Skitter Haven, for £10 a side. Drew with Curley, of Shefield, £25 a side, September 10, 1861, through the interference of the police. He next fought Young Jem Watson, of Beverly, for £5 a side, winning (through a foul) in one round, 17 min. Rawlings had fought two battles, neither, however, being important. The first was for a purse, with Bob Beernan, whom he defeated, October 12, 1858, near Hull. Beat Harry Martin, in the Hull district, for £6 a side, January 1, 1859. Though comparatively a novice in the roped arena, he has had good practice with the gloves, with which he is an adept, and, as the result will show, proved himself a regular tough bit of stuff. He was born June 5, 1837, weighs 8st. 6lb, and stands 5ft. 4¼in. high. He was seconded by Charley Ball, who had finished him at Beverly very creditably, and Young Joe Innes, of Hull, whilst Young Jem Watson, of Beverly, and a friend, did the like for Andy. The ring being pitched, and all in readiness, the lads left their seconds' knees exactly at 8:58, A. M., for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The lads, as they shook hands, stepped back smiling, their neat attitude and perfect condition being the admiration of all present; Godfrey, with his left well advanced, swerving to and fro like a lever, and his right in good position for guard; but his great drawback lies in his legs and loins, which are very slender. He has, however, a good fighting "phiz," and well-developed muscles on the chest and arms. Jemmy is altogether of a different make, being short and thick, and presenting the facial configuration of a "pug" of the first stamp. He has also a very prominent chest and shoulders, and arms full of muscle. He is also very firm on his pins, his attitude being very good for either attack or defence. His expression, as he faced his antagonist, indicated great confidence in himself. Godfrey, who had won the toss for corners, chose that with his back to the sun. The lads soon got within sparring distance, when Andy tried his left at Jemmy's cranium, but Rawlings popped aside. Andy, trying again, got slightly home on Jemmy's nose, which brought them to a close, and after some severe exchanges, Godfrey on the mouth and Rawlings on the head and shoulder, Godfrey got down. As Jemmy was retiring to his corner, blood was seen issuing slightly from his mouth, which was claimed and allowed for Godfrey. Time, 7 min.

2. Both lads well up to the call of time. After some good sparring, Rawlings led off with his left, planting it heavily on Godfrey's collar-bone; Godfrey, nothing daunted, returned with his right very effectively on the chest, getting down as Rawlings attempted to close. Time, 7½ min.

3. Both up smiling, and seemingly full of confidence. Godfrey showed marks on his collar-bone, and Jemmy the same on the chest. After some very good and very cautious sparring, Godfrey landed his left very effectively on Jemmy's nose; trying again, he was stopped very prettily, receiving in exchange a trimmer in the mouth from Jemmy's right; they then got close together, and give and take was the order of the day, and Godfrey went down to avoid Jemmy's affectionate embrace, he being the stronger man. Time, 12 min.

4. Both rather slow to the call of time. After some excellent sparring, Godfrey tried with his left, which was, however, prettily stopped; he tried again, and got well home over Jemmy's right eye. Jemmy, not liking this fun, dashed out his left, landing a steadier on Godfrey's right eye; they then closed, Godfrey receiving a rattler on the side of the head when in the act of getting down. Time, 14½ min.

5. Both lads well up to the call of time. They stood eyeing each other, waiting for an opening. Godfrey, trying to "kid" the 'young-un,' dropped his hands, but it was of no avail, as Jemmy did not mean to be *caught*. They were now informed that the "blues" were close upon them, on hearing which they came to smart half-armed exchanges, both giving and receiving in first-rate style, but in the end went down. Time, 17¾ min. The "blues" here made an attempt to break into the ring, but desisted on condition that a move was to be made to the other side of the river; at last an order was given to move some six miles further down and make a descent upon the Yorkshire coast. Stony Creek was tried, and there it was all serene, for not a "blue" was to be seen. A nice spot was chosen, and the ring soon pitched, when the lads repeated the toilet business, and at exactly ten minutes past twelve they toed the scratch for the renewed fight.

6. As the lads came up, their appearance was very eagerly scanned by their respective friends, but scarcely a mark was visible on either of them, except a bump over Jemmy's left eye and a mark on Godfrey's shoulder. They sparred for a long time, eyeing each other very cautiously, till at last Godfrey, finding an opening, landed a hot-'un on Jemmy's right cheek. They fought to a close, Godfrey slipping to avoid being thrown. The referee here thought it necessary to caution him. At this, Godfrey's party were highly nettled, and, after some violent altercation, the referee resigned, nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his duty. A stranger was found, who took upon himself the unthankful office. Time, 24½ min.

7. Much the same as in the preceding round, Rawlings getting well on to Godfrey's mouth, and, after a great deal of good infighting, Andy went down. Time, 25½ min.

8 to 11. Much the same, Godfrey leading off in every round, making the pace very hot. This suited Jemmy exactly, he being by far the strongest, and invariably getting well home on Andy's nose; Godfrey, in return, visited Jemmy on the mark with some clinking hot-'uns, which ended in Godfrey going down in all except the last round, when they fell a "rattler," side by side. Time, 28¼ min.

12. Both lads came up blowing like porpoises; they sparred for wind, and after some severe exchanges, Godfrey delivered a tremendous right-hander on poor Jemmy's left cheek, knocking him down totally insensible. Time, 32¼ min.

13 to 15 and last. It was now patent to all that poor Rawlings did not stand a "ghost" of a chance; still the brave fellow came up only to receive fresh punishment, being all the while in a semi-conscious state, and it was not until after the sponge was thrown up that he remembered anything of it. His cheek was fearfully swollen, and at first fears were entertained with regard to his jaw, it being thought by some that it was dislocated, but it was quickly discovered, on examination, that he sustained no material injury, and that he would soon recover, as he had scarcely a mark upon him. Time, in both rings, 36 min.

REMARKS.

Very few remarks are necessary, although this was in every respect a "model mill." There is not the least doubt about the qualities of the men, as they are game and plucky fellows. With the exception of Jemmy's "poor cheek," neither is much punished, which is solely attributable to their splendid condition, for never did two men meet in the ring in finer trim.

DETERMINED FIGHT,

BETWEEN

JACK FARRELL AND JEM TRAYNOR, NEAR DUBLIN.

From the Illustrated Sporting News, Dec. 27.

At length the shillelagh is in danger of being displaced by the more manly and natural weapon—the fist. When we consider that some of the very best pugilists of the present age are Irishmen, we are not surprised at the attempts to establish boxing on fair and honorable principles, according to the established code, in Ireland. Both Englishmen and Irishmen *will* fight—some of them rather like it—and it is far better that they should do so with the weapons nature has provided them with, than with sticks or stones, or even more deadly weapons. A man who has a thorough knowledge of boxing will ask for no better weapon than his fists, in a street row, or when attacked by some drunken rowdy with more bounce than true courage. Therefore, without caring for the frowns of the enemies of pugilism, we publicly assert that it is with no small degree of pleasure we chronicle the following effort (though feeble at present) to introduce the manly art of self-defence into that country.

The two novices above-named consented to give a display of their science on Tuesday week last, for a purse of ten sovs., subscribed by some gentlemen admirers of the noble art, resident in Dublin.

The spot selected was about five or six miles from the metropolis. After the ring was pitched and a referee appointed, the combatants entered the arena in boxing attire. Their condition was certainly not perfection, nor their attitude artistic, but their hearts were in the right place, and when they faced each other for the fray, both seemed eager for business.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. They eyed each other for a few seconds, when Farrell led off with his left, but was short. Some very cautious sparring followed, when Farrell, perceiving another opening, let fly with his left, which caught Traynor a stinger on the chest; they then closed, and after some very severe half-armed fighting, Traynor threw Farrell, and fell heavily on him.

2. Both well up to the call of time, when Farrell, who would be busy, tried again with the left, which was again short; they then closed, and after some good fighting at close quarters, Traynor sent his man to grass.

3. As the pair toed the scratch, they eyed each other with earnest determination. Traynor delivered a right-hander under Farrell's left eye, which caused the ruby to flow in abundance; they then closed, and after a slight rally, Farrell got down. First blood claimed and allowed for Traynor, on whom 6 to 4 was freely offered.

4. Farrell, gamely answering to the call of time, let fly with his left, but was neatly stopped. Some very severe fighting now followed, all in favor of Traynor, when Farrell got down.

5. Farrell came up fresh as a daisy, and, after some very fast sparring, placed a mark to his credit by delivering a stinger on Traynor's left eye, when they closed, and in the rally Farrell got down.

6. Traynor, who seemed rather impetuous, advanced to Farrell's corner, and dealt him a tremendous left-hander on the chest, which resounded all over the ring; they then closed, and after some close fighting, Farrell once more went to grass.

7. Both men slow to the call of time, and after some ding-dong exchanges, give and take being the order of the day, Traynor, suspecting his man was going to give him the slip, exclaimed, "Ah, you dodger, are you going to get down?" With this, he popped a hot 'un into Farrell's ivories, when, after a slight rally, both went down, Farrell under.

8. The betting at this period was even on Farrell, who led off with the left, but was very short, Traynor, in return, getting well home on the jaw without a return; when they closed, and after a wild scramble, Farrell was again down; whereupon the falends of Traynor strongly objected to the dropping system practised by Farrell.

9. 5 to 4 was now freely offered on Traynor, who took a decided lead, and when getting within distance, let go with both mawleys, which reached their destination with stinging effect; when they closed, and after arranging some private matters, rather of a personal character, Farrell slipped down.

10. This was the shortest bout of the lot, as Traynor slipped and fell on his side.

11. Farrell, who was eased on account of not being obliged to go down in the previous round, was the first to lead off, but failed to make any impression, as Traynor was wary and kept out of range. When they came to close quarters, some fibbing took place of a severe character, and Farrell was, as usual, down.

12. Traynor, who seemed evidently determined to do or die, followed his man all round the ring, until getting within distance, when he delivered a straight 'un on Farrell's frontispiece, which sent him to the ground, thus gaining first blood and first knock-down blow.

13 to 20 were of a similar character to those recorded, and, therefore, needs no description.

Suffice it to say, that in the 21st and last round, Traynor threw his man heavily, and rolled over him. Barry Durham, who was seconding Farrell, seeing his man had not the slightest chance, threw up the sponge in token of defeat. Traynor was declared the winner after fighting thirty-five minutes.

REMARKS.

Considering that the men had made no preparation for their mill, and when we take into account that Traynor was, by many years, the younger man, and at least two stone heavier, we cannot but admire the gameness of Farrell in coming up every round to receive punishment, without having the slightest chance at any period of the fight, as Traynor left the ring almost scatheless, while Farrell presented striking proofs of his opponent's heavy work. Traynor, with care, might figure to more advantage in future.

MIC, THE GRECIAN, AND YOUNG HICKEN OF WOLVERHAMPTON.—These men met on Tuesday morning, Dec. 30, near Claverly, in Shropshire, 14 miles from Wolverhampton, at catch weight, for £15 a side. Both are well known as game ones. Hicken is a well-made lad, just turned 21, and stands about 5ft 5in. He is quick and active on his pins, and uses his left mawley with great force and effect; his condition was all that could be desired. Mic was considered a little too fleshy, and not in the condition that his friends expected. As soon as the ring was pitched the men quickly entered; a well-known sporting-gentleman acted as referee, and all matters being adjusted, the men got to work. Betting: 6 to 4 on Mic, who, early in the fighting, got on to Hicken's nasal organ a rattler, drawing first blood. A clashing fight took place, both men coming up, round after round, in the most determined manner, Mic in several rounds throwing his man heavily, and Hicken in return getting on to Mic's phiz, ogle, &c. After rattling away for 20 rounds, in one hour and three minutes, further proceedings were stopped by the unwelcome appearance of the gentlemen in blue, and a move was at once ordered. Several places were tried, but found to be no go, the authorities being determined to follow, and a move at last was made homewards. At a meeting the same evening, it was agreed that the next morning (Wednesday) the men should meet at the Four Ashes, and soon after nine they made their appearance in the ring, both showing the handiwork of the previous day. Hicken's superior condition was very visible, and Mic was far from right. The men were soon at warm work, and in the first round Mic again got a smasher on the nasal organ of Hicken, from which the claret flowed. Hicken replied left and right, and a hard-fought round ensued of nine minutes, both down. The same lively style continued round after round till they fought each other down, Hicken in several rounds getting well home on Mic's nose, ogle, &c., Mic returning heavily on Hicken's left jaw and nob, and in several rounds throwing him heavily. As the fight progressed, it became evident that Hicken was the stronger of the two, for, although Mic came up gamely, he began to show signs of weakness, whilst Hicken appeared to gain strength, and his quick style of fighting surprised his most sanguine friends, and it is only to be regretted that after fighting in the second ring 1h 36min, 24 rounds, the blues again made their appearance, carrying away the ropes and stakes, and thereby preventing a chance of bringing the affair that day to a finish. Both men have done their best, and the friends of each must be satisfied that both are game to the back bone. The affair has been left in the hands of the referee, and he advises a draw should be made.

SPIRITED FIGHT BETWEEN SPARKES, OF NANTWICH, AND HOUGH, OF CREWE, FOR £20.—On Saturday, Dec. 27, the lovers of the "noble art" were early astir in connection with the pending mill between Jack Sparkes, of Nantwich, and Jack Hough, of Crewe, for £10 a side. The ring was, after some beating clear of the "blues," most comfortably pitched on the by-ground, Beam Heath, near to Crewe; Bob Jones backing Hough, and Geordie Wallace backing Sparkes. At first, heavy odds were offered on the Nantwich hero, but in no instance accepted. The usual greetings having been gone through, the men stood up at half-past eight for the fight. Sparkes led off with his right "auctioneer" a stinging blow under the left eye of Hough, making him look rather blue, and slipped down to avoid a well-meant lifter from his opponent. During the eleven subsequent rounds, the sparring was very pretty, and the punishment about equal. In the fifteenth round, Hough caught Sparkes a very telling blow on the left eye, drawing blood very freely. Up to the thirty-second round there was a deal of fibbing, accompanied with several knock-downs and cross-buttocks on both sides. Acting on the advice of his friends, Sparkes now attempted to force the "game," but his unmistakably weak condition would not admit of it. In the thirty-seventh and last round, Hough, evidently meaning great mischief, went up to Sparkes, caught him a stunning blow on the left eye, and slipping to avoid a left-hander, Sparkes fell heavily over him. This seemed to settle the matter, for Geordie Wallace at once advised Sparkes to give in, which he did, after fighting 1 hour 15 min. The battle altogether was very severe, and both men were greatly punished. Hough is twenty-three years of age, stands 5ft. 6½in., and is thick-set. Sparkes is twenty-two years of age, stands 5ft. 6¾ in., and is much slimmer than his opponent, but was not in such good fettle. After the fight, Hough went round with his cap and made a collection for Sparkes, which was liberally responded to by the large concourse of spectators. There was a lot of betting, and a good deal of money changed hands.

FLETCHER VS. YOUNG SHORT.—Quite a game fight of thirty-five rounds, lasting sixty-four minutes, took place near Sheffield between these men on Dec. 26. We are so flooded with foreign ring matter this week, that we withhold the details, but will give them in our next should space permit. To give an idea of the men and the battle, however, we give the remarks thereon of the *Sporting Life*, Jan. 3. "In the commencement of the battle it certainly looked long odds on Short, who made his right hand on the body with great severity, yet was quite harmless with the left, being awfully short in leading with it, nearly always could have used his left at out-fighting, and reserved his dangerous right for cross-counter chances. The fight might have ended easily in his favor, but such was not the case. Fletcher fought with great care all through, although the going down system was practised by him to an extent that cannot be admired; and, in one or two instances, when the fight was very young, had the seconds of Short appealed, the referee would have been justified in, at least, giving him a strong warning. It was not necessary that he should do it, for he was fit to fight for a nation, and we hope the practice will wear off. Perhaps the great reputation his opponent enjoyed made him over-cautious, for never was a lad more strongly fancied; but still there is no excuse. At the time when the battle turned, he certainly refrained from the practice, and fought scrupulously fair. He is very shifty on his legs, fights pretty well with both hands, and possesses a fine temper. Being also remarkably civil, he may yet be heard of to still greater advantage."

MILL BETWEEN HACKING AND JENKINS.—On Saturday, Dec. 27, these men repaired to the neighborhood of Manchester to settle their "adjourned" mill from Liverpool, on Tuesday, Dec. 23, for the sum of £10 a side. The ring was pitched at three minutes to nine, at a spot about three miles from Manchester. In the first round, Hacking got "first blood," which was allowed. From this up to the tenth round, Hacking was down every time. In the fourteenth round, Hacking knocked Jenkins down. From this to the seventy-eighth round it was a merry mill, neither man having the advantage, when the cry of "Police" was raised, the time elapsed being two hours. A move was then made about two miles farther off, when the ring was again pitched, and hostilities were recommenced at twelve minutes to twelve o'clock. From this to the hundredth round there were many appeals made to the referee, but his decision was "fight on." Owing to the protracted contest, both men looked sickly, and slow to time; and in the one hundred and thirteenth and last round, each stood in his corner almost blind, when the referee called for them to proceed; but the backers seeing that each man had "shot his bolt," agreed to have it a drawn battle, after the plucky fellows had been fighting 3 hours 39 minutes, in both rings.

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN YOUNG BROOME AND IKE BAKER.—On Tuesday night, Dec. 30, there was a very large muster of the "fancy" assembled at Alec Keene's, amongst whom were several staunch supporters of the Ring, the meeting being held for the purpose of handing over the battle-money to Young Broome, the victor in the late battle between him and Ike Baker. The pugilistic corps were very strongly represented, there being present Nat Langham, Bob Travers, George Brown, Jem Dillon, Job Cobley, Young Broome, Billy Duncan, Sullivan, Bob Webb, and several others. Alec Keene addressed the company, stating that he was most happy to hand over to Broome the fruits of his gallant behavior in his late encounter, at the same time stating that he lamented Broome's neglect of training, and that he hoped it would be a lesson for the future. He said he was sorry that Baker was not present, as it might teach him a lesson in the estimation in which a game man was held, and then concluded by handing Broome over £100, amidst the cheers of the company. Young Broome, who had wonderfully recovered from his punishment, returned thanks to the company, and Keene, in a few well-chosen words, stating his determination, in any future contest, to train him properly, but, at any rate, to do his best, as he had heretofore. This concluded the business of the night, and conviviality became the order of the evening.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT SIX MILES' RACE

BETWEEN

THE AMERICAN INDIAN AND MILLS.

On Friday, Dec. 26, the great attraction at Hackney Wick was a race of six miles, for £25 a side, between the sensation runner, Deerfoot, and Edward Mills, the Six Miles' Champion. On Monday, Dec. 15, Mills met and defeated the renowned J. White, of Gateshead, in a race of the same distance, and by so doing became the possessor of the belt as his own private property, having held it eighteen months, the stipulated time. The present match was made before that race, but it was stipulated that if Mills won, he should throw in the belt to become the Indian's own, if successful. As this is the final race for the belt, it may interest our readers if we give a short summary of its history. The Six Miles' Champion Belt was first given by Mr. Baum, the proprietor of Hackney Wick Race Grounds, on June 11, 1860, when it was won by Brighton, of Norwich, defeating Lang, Job Smith, Barker, Mills, and several others. John White, of Gateshead, then challenged for the belt and £25 a side, which come place on Aug. 21, and White was the winner. The next race for it, was between James Pudney and John White, which came off on Feb. 25, 1861, Pudney winning. James Rowan, of Newcastle, was the next candidate for the belt, and a match took place between him and Pudney on April 29, when Rowan came off victorious. On June 10, Edward Mills then challenged for the belt, but, as Rowan could not find backers, in consequence of Mills having defeated him previously at ten miles, he forfeited the belt to Mills without a race. The next race was by Deerfoot and Mills, which took place on Sept. 9, when Mills won by about six or seven yards. Mills then beat Brighton in a race for the belt, on Nov. 11, and in 1862 he defeated Lang two races for the belt, on Sept. 15 and Oct. 27, and also White, of Gateshead, on the 15th of Dec. The race was set for three o'clock. The scene inside the grounds was exciting, every available spot being taken advantage of, and the reserved seats crammed by notables of the Turf, the Cricket field, the Ring, and the lovers of pedestrianism. Mills had for his colors a handkerchief with a white middle, surrounded with an arabesque border, and he distributed a good number of them, while the "redskin" had not so far conformed to English usages as to condescend to sport a bandana. At twenty minutes past three, the Indian entered the course enveloped in a "shaggy" rug, but devoid of "wampum belt" or "feather." He was accompanied by his backer, Geo. Martin, and J. White, of Gateshead, and after taking a turn round the ground, expressed some anxiety for the appearance of Mills, who, during this time, was quietly disrobing in the house, and in some eight or nine minutes followed his opponent, preceded by his staunch backer and promoter of pedestrian sports, Bill Price, who was in turn followed by Sam Barker, carrying the bottle and sponge. They were received with great enthusiasm, and attended to Teddy throughout the race with close assiduity. The referee having informed the competitors that they must pass him forty-one times, took up his station at the post, and no time was lost in getting the men to the mark. During this interval, many offers to bet were made, but we cannot say that much was done. 2 to 1 on Mills was current, but "very few" takers. Deerfoot's rug was now cast aside, and he appeared in long drawers and a guernsey of gauze cotton, with short drawers over. Teddy, on the contrary (determined to do or die,) stripped to the buff, with short drawers of black silk only. The condition of Mills did not strike us as being so good as on Monday week, and he seemed to have been "indulging" rather too freely during the Christmas festivities; still, he was "all there," and, with the exception of being 3lb heavier, was all that could be wished. In spite of the drawers and guernsey enveloping the stalwart son of the Senecas, his muscles were plainly to be seen distending the gauzy fabric, standing out in humps from his thighs and shoulder blades. Now all the tumult is hushed as they toe the mark, Deerfoot taking the inside place. The silence is broken by some one calling out—"Don't you toss for sides?" answered by Teddy saying—"Never mind, go on;" and go on Deerfoot did at a splitting pace (doing what was never done in any of Mills' matches before,) taking the lead from the crease, and as they swept round the bend at the top of the course, increasing it until at the bottom of the straight run, where he was leading by three yards, and Teddy's partisans looked gloomy. At this juncture, Martin cried out—"He has got one that will warm him to-day." How far the assertion was carried out, the sequel will show. During the running of the second lap, Mills made up his leeway in a slight degree; but again the Indian, bent on breaking him up, if possible, made the pace very "warm," and at the end of the sixth lap, led by five yards, and finished the first mile in 4 min. 41 sec. (half a second faster than the first mile with White,) with three yards "to the good." In going up the hill in the eighth lap, Mills closed on his man and ran in his track, the Indian no sooner picking up his foot than Teddy's was in the print. This order of running was kept up lap after lap, but the pace getting slower, still each getting over the ground at first-rate speed; but Mills had evidently made up his mind to "bide his time," until, as they were rounding the pagoda turn, in the twentieth lap, the "Little Wonder" dashed to the fore, amidst the most uproarious cheers, and soon showed the way by twenty yards. This advantage he held for the next three laps, but in the twenty-fourth, Deerfoot began to reduce the gap, Mills appearing to want rest. At the finish of the twenty-sixth round, the Indian had regained his lost ground, and was running at Teddy's elbow, and these positions were maintained until passing the reserved seats in the twenty-ninth lap, when Deerfoot attempted to take the lead, but "Young England" would not stand it; and now ensued one of the finest struggles ever seen, the assembled thousands rending the air with their shouts of applause, and as this ovation reached the ears of the competitors, it incited them to renewed efforts. For two laps and a half was this terrific struggle for supremacy kept up, when, in rounding the turn at the bottom of the course, commencing the thirty second lap, Deerfoot "cracked," and made almost a dead stop. This was announced to Mills by frantic shouts of joy from his backers; and, doubling himself together, the little hero seemed almost to fly over the ground, plainly showing that as he had the "redskin" in difficulties, it would not be his fault if he got out of them. But here the race may be said to have been over, for although Teddy now and then rested, he at no time allowed his opponent to come near him, and despite the utmost efforts of the Indian to obtain the victory, he was doomed to defeat, for on it being announced to Mills by the referee that he was entering on the last lap, the champion bounded off as though he was just starting for a race, and, "sprinting" the whole of the way home, won by at least 100 yds. The following is the correct time:

Miles.	m. s.	Miles.	m. s.
1	4 41	4	20 15
2	9 48	5	25 32½
3	14 55	6	30 46½

Previous to the start, Geo. Martin, on the part of Deerfoot, and Bill Price, for Mills, tossed for choice of ground for the hour's race, which takes place on Jan. 12, 1869. Price was the lucky gambler, and of course named Hackney Wick, so that we may expect another exciting race on the above-named day, as distance is known to be Deerfoot's *forte*.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

McKEAN BUCHANAN.

Born in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1823. His grandfather, Thomas McKean, was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Made his first appearance in his native city 17th of June, 1850, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Othello. Played there one week and left without making a very favorable "impression." Made a most successful tour of two years and a half in California, Australia and England, returning to the United States in October, 1857, and making his *debut* at the Broadway Theatre, New York, November 9th, in "King Lear." His first appearance in New York at the Broadway was June 10th, 1850, as Hamlet. He also appeared under Willard's management, at the Metropolitan Theatre, (now Winter Garden) Broadway, on the 2d of January, 1855, continuing for six nights.

Mr. Buchanan is a most correct actor throughout the entire *rôle* of his characters, however varied; he presents a style both of reading and of action, which convinces his audience that he is giving them the fruit of intense and protracted study. He has been called an original actor. This is indeed true; but his originality is not that which leads to singularity; it manifests itself rather in an independant, bold, somewhat peculiar, but always natural mode of action. His plastic talent enables him to adopt any style he may select as the correct one; his knowledge of all which connects itself with stage business permits him to avail himself of every addition which mechanical skill may afford. On the 5th of March, 1859, he appeared at the Standard Theatre, London, as Hamlet, and was highly praised by the London press. After playing in Great Britain three hundred and ninety-two nights in eighteen months, embarked for Australia on the 5th of April, 1860, in the ship Young America, on a professional tour through the Australian colonies, California, and Sandwich Islands, intending to return to England if living, during the summer of 1863. At present in California.

ANGIOLINA BOSIO.

Born a poor girl at Turin, in 1824. Studied at Milan under Maestro Caetaneo; made her first appearance in public in 1843 at a concert given by M. Strakosch; made her operatic *debut* at twenty years of age (July, 1844), in Verdi's "I due Foscari." She sang afterwards at Verona, and several other Italian cities. In Madrid she was married to a Greek, named Xindevralonis. From Madrid she went to Paris, and was engaged for the Italian during the seasons of 1848-49.

In 1850 she came to the United States, and made her first appearance on the American stage in June, at Castle Garden, New York, with an opera troupe; she visited Boston, etc.; returning to New York, she left the troupe and formed another one, and opened at Niblo's in opposition to the one at Castle Garden; it, however, broke up in a month, and she returned to Europe.

In the season of 1856, Madame Bosio, in conjunction with Mario, saved the reputation and interests of the Covent Garden management by her astonishing success in the opera of "Il Trovatore."

She died at St. Petersburg, April 12, 1859. She had visited Moscow, and on her return was in an over-heated car, and a window was opened, which caused a violent change in the temperature, icy cold succeeding to a great heat, and it struck her lungs.

In private life she was as estimable as she was distinguished in her public career; and Madame Bosio, the woman, will be mourned sincerely, long after the *prima donna* has become a mere memory and tradition with the *habitues* of the opera.

J. HALL WILTON.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the idea of transporting the Royal Opera of London to New York. To Mr. Wilton we are indebted for the engagement of Jenny Lind, when all previous proposals had failed; he not only engaged her, but brought her here, and, like a diplomatic shadow, vanished, to return with Brooke, Anderson, and a host of other artists; indefatigable in his business habits, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the wants and tastes of the American public, there are few men so capable of catering for us as Wilton, or so able to produce, at the shortest possible notice, the exact material we require. He has, however, one peculiar idiosyncrasy—to wit, never having more than "two minutes and a half to spare"—and we need scarcely wonder at that, for he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow, turning up next at Paris, London, St. Petersburg, or Vienna. Until recently was in Australia with Sir Wm. Don, since deceased.

GEORGIA HODSON.

Born in Dublin, Ireland, October 14, 1830. She is the daughter of George Alfred Hodson, the musical composer. She displayed, at an early age, that genius which has since rendered her among the first of lyric and burlesque actresses. She was placed under the tuition of the late lamented Sir Henry Bishop.

At thirteen years of age, she made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, as Amina in "Somnambula." She subsequently performed in the Lyceum, the Royal Surrey, Strand, and other theatres in London. Having won an enviable fame in her own country, she came to America in the fall of 1855, and made her *debut* on the American stage, October 22, 1855, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, as Asmodeus and Gertrude.

The character of the Indian Princess, in Brougham's "Pocahontas," was written for her. On the 24th of March, 1856, while the burlesque of "Pocahontas" was having a run at Wallack's Theatre, our heroine suddenly disappeared. She, however, soon after turned up as a member of the Rosalie Durand English Opera Troupe, and was married to Mr. John Robertson, since which time she has been one of the leading attractions of the company. Was last with the Durand Opera Troupe in California.

AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.—By a letter from a young sport in the Tenth Regiment N. Y. S. V., (Fred C.) we have the almost incredible statement, that out of four hundred men in that regiment, who formed part of the attacking army at Fredericksburg, over two hundred were carried off the ground, dead or wounded, without the men discharging a single musket! A terrible sacrifice of life, and as reckless an undertaking as the world's history ever witnessed. It was but little short of murder. Is there to be no investigation, and are the criminal blunderers to escape with nothing but censure? Depend upon it, until some example is made both in the army and among the thieving cutthroats of contractors, we shall have this infernal war on our hands for years to come. Are the people awake or asleep?

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 323.

MUSIC HALLS.

good show of hands for her jig dance, but her best performance was her dance in her second act, which was beautifully executed. Tim Hayes also pleased the people amazingly with his medley clog dance. There is talk of a match being made between Hayes and Dick Sands, for a good round sum, as soon as Sands is well enough to shake a leg.

Mdlle. Helene and George Smith appear at Washington Varieties, on Monday, 19th. They are engaged for twelve nights. Bob Butler, pantomimist, also opens there on the 19th inst., and will play the Schoolmaster, as his first piece.

Esher, at his Bowery establishment, St. Louis, is out with an immense bill of attraction. Last week he brought out "Harlequin Tom the Piper's Son," with new scenery, etc., etc. J. Holland, Jr., was the Harlequin; Charley Lewis, Clown; J. Holland, Pantaloon; M'lle. Leonora, Columbine. Extra attention has been bestowed upon this pantomime.

A Champion Jig, by a female dancer, is quite a novelty in the terpsichorean line, but at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Miss Nellie Howard is the attraction in that line. She appeared on the 16th in her Champion Jig, and in a "Corsair Hornpipe."

Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va., opens on Monday, 19th, under the same management as the Canterbury, Washington. Part of the Canterbury company open there, including Nelly Taylor, Mat Gebler, and some talent from Philadelphia.

James Pilgrim and Paul Berger are not playing at the Olympic, Philadelphia, as advertised in several newspapers, but are still at the Washington Varieties, where they are big favorites.

At Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, "Six Degrees of Crime" was one of the attractions last week. Business good.

The Melodeon, Philadelphia, which "went up" on the 6th, was re-opened on the 17th by Mr. Wolfe, late of the Continental.

The business at the Continental, Philadelphia, was very good last week. Several new faces have been introduced, the most important being Ernestine De Faiber, who has withdrawn from the Casino, and who made her *debut* at Mr. Aims' Continental on the 16th. Messrs. Mafft and Bartholomew, the well-known pantomimists, are also at this house.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

"New Year Calls" will continue on the programme at Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, Boston. It has been performed to crowded houses, and will no doubt call out a similarly large attendance this week. "Sally Come Up, Sally Come Down," is to be introduced this week by R. M. Carroll. It is a very clever act, and never fails to meet with hearty applause wherever it is given. The Morris party also give a parody on Secretary Chase's Financial Scheme. These minstrels are always up to the demands of the time, and never flag in the production of novelties.

Now, we are not positive that Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, are drawing away Brother Beecher's congregation; but it is a positive fact that many who attend Mr. Beecher's teachings, also visit Hooley's Tabernacle, and give the latter the preference, as far as fun and good singing are concerned. There is room for both Hooley and Beecher, and we wish them each success in their respective callings.

A clog dancer, two end men, and other minstrel performers are wanted for the Dearborn Street Opera House, Chicago. See advertisement in this issue.

From the Cape of Good Hope we learn that the Christy Minstrels had succeeded in recovering from the wreck of the Waldensian, a trunk belonging to them, containing nearly $2000.

"Foster's Minstrels" are to call in at Troy, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st, at Rand's hall, and as "Nigger" is a big thing in the city of pop-corn and peanuts, they will probably be the gainers by their visit. In this company we notice the names of Brockway, Jules Stratton, Blythe, and Carl Shultz.

Capt. "Samivel Sharpley," with his "Iron Clads," will shortly bill Troy, N. Y., and then, fellers, look out for "your poor feet," for when Sam puts in an appearance, there will be a crowd to see the great Ethiopian Monitor and his gunboats. Sharpley is said to have had more people in Rand's Hall, Troy, at one entertainment, than any other show that ever passed through that city. Put in, Sam, put in; they're waiting for you, and you can be as "phree" as whiskey.

An opportunity is offered for any one having $1,000 or $2,000, to become manager of a minstrel troupe that has been travelling eight years. See advertisement elsewhere.

Sharpley's Minstrels were at Providence on the 16th, and Worcester 17th. They commence this week at Norwich, thence to New London on the 20th, New Haven 21st, and then probably towards New York. Sam is giving a fine performance now-a-days; variety and quantity, as well as quality.

At the Broad Street Theatre, Richmond, Va., Harry Macarthy, whom we sometime since mentioned as having, according to his own showing, "contributed nine thousand dollars to the Southern Confederacy," now announces entertainments by "Charles White's Excelsior New Orleans Burlesque Opera Troupe." We didn't know there was any other Charles White in the business, except *our* Charley, and he is performing in this city, at American Music Hall, 444 Broadway.

"Buckley's Nightingales" are performing at Metropolitan Hall, Richmond, Va. The original Buckleys are in New York.

George Christy's Minstrels have been playing ahead of Sam Sharpley in the Eastern towns, during the past week or two, but, according to the local papers, a comparison of the abilities of the two companies, puts Sam a long ways ahead in the long run. Some of the people refuse to believe that George Christy is with the Christy party, for he has fallen off very much of late years.

The Boneless Man, Mr. W. Lester, joined the Campbell Minstrels on the 15th, on the occasion of George Gray's, the balladist', benefit, at the Dearborn Street Opera House, Chicago.

"Belisario," or Belle Sarah we suppose the boys mean, is being rendered by Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels, at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago. Ed. Kelly is the Prince Highfalutin; Arlington, Count de No Account; Albert Jones, Duke de Butternut; and Master Leon as Princess de Gassy-Nigger. A good cast.

In the year 1858, the late T. D. Rice (Jim Crow) signed a deed of gift, bequeathing to Charles White, the well-known Ethiopian delineator, all the manuscripts of his (Rice's) negro farces, songs, etc. We have this document now before us, bearing the signature of the celebrated T. D. Rice. In it, he says, "I give my manuscripts, etc., to my friend, Charles White, he being the only person, in my opinion, fitted worthily to represent my *role* in the various songs, farces, etc., written expressly for me." Mr. Rice always entertained a high regard for Mr. White, whose abilities as a performer of negro characters he frequently extolled. Friend White should feel proud of this deed of gift document, exhibiting as it does the estimation in which he was held by one of the pioneers of the burlesque negro business.

Campbell's Minstrels, "from 14th street, New York," perform in Odd Fellows' Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 21st inst.

Startling intelligence! A band of contrabands, regardless of Fort Hale and the Light House, under the leadership of one Sam Sharpley, will sail into Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Jan. 21, and open a broadside of songs, witticism, and eccentricities. A tribute of 25 cents will be taken at the door. After a furious bombardment of one hour and a half, the Iron Clads will clear the hall. N. B.—No connexion with Josephus or Wendell Phillips.

CIRCUSES.

The partnership heretofore existing between Messrs. Robinson & Lake, in the circus and menagerie business, was dissolved in Cincinnati, on the 12th inst.

Henry P. Madigan, the well-known equestrian, died at Kingston, Jamaica, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, about the 15th of last month, aged 48 years. His disease was consumption. Mr. Madigan was well known throughout the country as a performer, and at times as a circus proprietor. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, and came here when he was about eight years of age. He served his apprenticeship with James W. Bancker. He went to England in 1857 with Howes & Cushing's Circus, and while there, his daughter Rose, a dashing *equestrienne*, was married to Jim Myers, the clown. Poor "Hank," as he was popularly known, was a general favorite with the profession, a lively, companionable soul, and will be remembered kindly by numerous friends. He leaves a widow and several children.

Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus had reached Buenos Ayres, but at the date of our advices, Nov. 27, had not been there long enough to commence business. The vessel belonging to the concern, the Hannah, was seventeen days in making the run from Bahia to Buenos Ayres, a distance of two thousand miles, but would have made it in several days less time, had it not been for a storm which drove her off her course. During this storm, which lasted two days, one of their best horses, Charley, sustained severe injuries, and died in a few hours after the storm abated. This is the second horse they have lost since leaving New York. Charley was the animal which Miss Kate Ormond rode in Bahia, her own mare being very lame at the time. It was expected that they would be able to replace those animals at Buenos Ayres.....When the circus first arrived in Bahia, the prospect was not very flattering—the horses were stiff and lame from the effects of the voyage—the Tournaire boys had been left behind at Rio, sick with the small pox, and things generally looked a little discouraging; but business increased daily, and wound up gloriously, eleven thousand dollars being cleared in the four weeks the concern remained there. Miss Kate Ormond made quite a sensation.....The Tournaire boys had rejoined the company, and were at Buenos Ayres. Ferdinand is badly pitted, and will probably be marked for life. Theodore is not so much defaced, having had the disease lighter than his brother..... Mr. and Mrs. Noble, who left the Ocean Circus while at Rio, had formed a company of their own, in connection with Mr. Honora, and were said to be doing well.....All were well at the mailing of the letter before us. The business of the company had far exceeded the expectations of those who projected the expedition, and no doubt Messrs. Spalding & Rogers will be well repaid for their great outlay in fitting out the concern. We shall probably soon hear how the entertainments were received in Buenos Ayres.

Jim Budworth commences on the 19th inst., at Nixon's Circus, Alexandria, as clown.

At Gardner & Hemmings' Circus, Philadelphia, business has been very good. The Conrad Brothers and Luke Rivers have been the principal attractions during the past week. The gymnastic exercises by the Conrad brothers are very fine, and are the principal features of the evening's entertainment. The tight rope performances of Mr. Hemmings, the witticisms of John Foster, the very popular and original clown, and the very excellent performances of Mr. Charles Shay in his acts of juggling, and with his well trained tan terrier Fanny, constitute a good evening's entertainment. The well known Parisian equestrienne, Madame Tournaire, is engaged, and will appear on the 19th. Mr. Frank Whittaker, the equestrian director, who, in consequence of having broken his arm, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit at this house, wishes, through the columns of the CLIPPER, to tender his sincere thanks to his brother professionals who volunteered their services on that occasion. The following are the persons named: Mr. John Foster, E. Woods, Geo. King, W. Hill, Geo. Darious, H. Kincade, C. Shay, and Frank Dougherty.

Mabie's Menagerie is now exclusively an animal exhibition. "Ladies and children will receive marked attention from the management." All right, my covey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE.—As some papers are in the habit of taxing managers, performers, etc., for any notices that may be given them, we wish it distinctly understood that the CLIPPER is an exception. We have never taken pay from any one in the profession except for advertisements, and we caution the profession against giving money to correspondents or others for notices in the CLIPPER. Our notices are always given free. Let this fact be borne in mind.

The Stereopticon was on exhibition last week at Allyn Hall, Hartford, Ct.

The Esquimaux Family, dressed in their native costume, will appear in Morgan's new and beautiful hall, Meriden, Ct., on the 27th of Jan. C. F. Hall, Arctic Explorer, opens with them, and lectures on the habits of the Esquimaux people, and the customs of their country.

The New England Glass Blowers are to work their way into New London this week.

Wm. Van Arnum, of ye well-regulated saloon called the Verandah, Troy, N. Y., bought the old Adelphi, in that city, for $11,000, and is to put up a large hall (that will seat 2000,) and billiard rooms, bed rooms, and bar-room, so that cosmopolitans can put up at the Adelphi, and show, eat, drink, and sleep under the same roof.

Father Reed's Old Folks were posted to appear in Troy, N. Y., on the 16th and 17th at Rand's Hall, and as Troy has been short of shows for three or four weeks, we presume they were well patronised, weather permitting.

We are requested to state that the "What Cheer Serenade Band," which recently gave a performance for the Soldiers' Aid Society, at East Providence, R. I., is *not* a minstrel organization. The object for which the concert was given was a good one, no matter what sort of a band gave the entertainment. We place our "What Cheer" friends correct on the docket, though.

The White Whale at Barnum's Gardens, Boston, is dead, and Phineas bewails his loss. Alas, poor whale! and alackaday poor Barnum! Whales have their time to blow, and also wither at the north wind's blast.

Goodwin & Wilder's "Polymorama of the War," took possession of Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, on Monday evening, Jan. 12th, and had to turn away people. The proprietors understand their business, and will doubtless remain in Pittsburgh as long as it pays. This is the Polymorama which was on exhibition at Niblo's Saloon, New York, during the holidays.

John B. Gough lectured in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 7th, to an overflowing audience. On the 8th, Ralph Waldo Emerson gave a lecture in the same place, in the regular Atheneum Course. A fair audience was present, with little enthusiasm.

Mason Jones' oration on the 12th, in Boston, drew a fair house, and another on the 16th was no better attended. Jonesey will now, probably, "degenerate" a little.

On Monday evening, Jan. 12th, Capt. C. B. Hill, of the Union Blues, Rochester, gave a lecture in Corinthian Hall for the benefit of the Rochester Grays. The lecture was humorous and witty, and immensely pleasing.

Mons. De Lave, rope walker, who appeared in Jersey and other places in this vicinity last season, was at Port au Prince, Hayti, recently, but some complaint is made that he does not "walk on the square." Here is a letter we have upon the subject, but would remark that it is best not to form a hasty opinion until both sides of the question are heard:

PORT AU PRINCE, Hayti, Dec. 18, 1862.

FRANK QUEEN—I wish to inform the readers of the CLIPPER that the self-styled celebrated Mons. De Lave and lady, "champions of all the falls in the world," are in Port au Prince, but not acting in accordance with honest principles. De Lave advertised to give grand public performances in the "Place Geffard," and the merchants subscribed from $10 to $25 each, the sum of $600 being raised and paid him in advance for two public performances. He gave one exhibition, and then suddenly absented himself, leaving a number of creditors behind him. If he is a sample of your celebrated stars, with puffs on his posters purporting to have been copied from the New York *Herald*, and other leading papers, pray inform us what kind of stars you have in New York. Is he the same De Lave that performed at Nixon's Theatre, as he professed to come from there?

M. M. MATARATE.

[Not one-half of those who hail from New York ever performed before a New York audience. We have no recollection of De Lave exhibiting at "Nixon's Theatre" (Cremorne Garden, we suppose he meant, for we have no Nixon's Theatre in New York.) Posters are not always reliable. We hope De Lave may clear up this thing, and leave a clean bill of health behind him. Such transactions are calculated to injure the honest performer and the rogue alike. We have just received a letter from Kingston, Jamaica, dated Jan. 5th, which says that De Lave had just arrived there on the steamer Saladin.—ED. CLIP.]

The Old Gents Band, of New Haven, Ct., were up for a dance and shake-down, to take place at Morgan Hall, Meriden, Ct., Jan. 14th. We hope the old sports had a lively time of it.

Prof. Sweet, the rope walker, is among the Rhode Island boys at Falmouth, Va. He had just returned from recruiting service. The Professor, who is Sweet on the rope, was going to walk at Richmond last 4th of July, but owing to, et ceters, and so forth, he postponed it until next 4th; but the way things look since General McClellan was removed, we don't know whether Sweet will be able to give an exhibition there or not.

The Hibernicon, now on exhibition at the Melodeon, Boston, only requires to be brought before the public properly to meet with patronage. But three days' notice of the opening was given, and business was not large at first, although encouraging under the circumstances. As the exhibition became better known, the attendance increased up to Jan. 14th, when the hall was so crowded that many had to retire, being unable to gain admittance. This is not to be wondered at, when it is taken into consideration that Boston and its suburban cities contain over 70,000 Irish, and there is no people in the world more devotedly attached to their native land. The Hibernicon is a series of paintings illustrating the scenery of Ireland, together with the principal cities, public buildings, lakes, curiosities, castles, ruins, etc., etc. Irish melodies are appropriately given by Misses Kate and Marie MacEvoy. Master John Spalding appears as Barney the Guide, and sings several of Lover's humorous songs. Miss Teresa Spalding also sings during the progress of the exhibition.

The immense audience which attended the Sacred Concert at Music Hall, Boston, on the 11th, has induced Mr. Gilmore to repeat. So says our correspondent, "Boston." Teresa Carreno, Mad. Anna Bishop, Rudolphson, Luck, Arbuckle, and a host of other talent were engaged to appear on the 18th.

Henry Giles, Esq., delivered a lecture at the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 14th, for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Major Tom O'Neil. We are glad to hear that the house was full.

J. W. Harper & Co. are the only distributors of wall-literature in Baltimore. Make a note on't.

The Panorama of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress is for sale. See advertisement with full particulars in these columns.

An accomplished and attractive danseuse is wanted by Manager Ellsler, of the Columbus and Cleveland (Ohio) Theatres. See his advertisement.

Teresa Careno, the little pianist, gave a concert at Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 14th.

Josephus Silliman, Ex-Professor of dust and ashes and the polished arts, lectured in Union Hall, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 19th, wherein was debated his wonderful escape from slavery. Singing by contrabands, all for 15 cts. a head; friends of minstrelsy were expected to patronise the genuine article. On the same evening Wendell Phillips spoke in Music Hall; he and Josephus could get up a combination entertainment that would take.

At Columbus, Ohio, the house was crowded on the occasion of Artemus Ward's recent lecture there.

Mr. Loveridge, of Texas, gave a lecture on "Mental Disturbances," at Town Hall, Woodstock, C. W., on the 15th. Little Lola Reynolds also lectured there on the 14th.

Geo. Vandenhoff is to give three readings this week at Willard's Hall, Washington, D. C. The evenings named are the 19th, 21st, and 23d.

A complete set of scenery for a travelling company is for sale by H. Harris. See his advertisement.

The Alleghanians show three nights at Naughton Hall, Columbus, O., on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. They are bound to push along and keep moving; their metal is also of the right ring, and they know how to ring in the multitude with "them 'ere bells." Miss Baker is the mezzo soprano; Miss Boulard, contralto; Mr. Boulard, basso; Mr. Galloway, buffo; and Mr. Bassford, pianist. They performed in Cincinnati four nights the past week.

Alf. Howard, violinist, vocalist, etc., has managed to get away from the Southern Confederacy, and is once more traveling in "my own, my native land." He was at Fort Wayne, Indiana, last week, and from there would go to Laporte, and probably extend his trip to Canada. Professor Dunwar is his agent.

Professor Heller, magician, announces to open at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 21st.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Mr. J. C. Fredericks, who recently returned to England from the United States, seems to have had a fine time over here, for, in a card in the London papers, he says he had a "*six years* most successful tour in the principal cities of the United States." We have seen "J. C." many a time and oft on the Broadway, swinging a cane which by no means fit him, being almost as long as himself. We hope the tragedian's success may continue for another ten years, in the land so cleverly ruled by Good Queen Vic.

"Trapezeist" is the latest title applied to gentleman of gymnastic and acrobatic proclivities. What next?

Sam Cowell has been engaged for another year by Mr. Morrison Kyle, of London. They do not seem disposed to let Sam try another American trip.

Will Hill, Negro comedian and instrumentalist, is pronounced the only performer on the "Ballafong" in England. What is a Ballafong? Will Hill tell us, and oblige "yours truly."

We don't know how the happy family of Andersonian wizards get along together in England since the "father of the family" went over, but the son of the Professor is out with his big licks, in Dublin, and is assisted in his second sight business by Miss Anderson. Is the "venerable" to be kept out in the cold, or will he make the young 'un go under? We wait the crush of words when these two come together.

Blondin leaves England in February to fulfill a series of continental engagements. Blondin has been walking to some purpose in England.

At a concert given on the 5th Jan., at Beaumont Institution, Mile End, the principal artists were Miss Eleanor Ward, the great pianist, and Sims Reeves, the celebrated tenor.

Miss Helen Love (Mrs. W. Fredericks,) died of diptheria, on Dec. 24, in London. The deceased, who was only in her thirty-sixth year, was well-known as a leading lady at the minor theatres, and had also signed an advantageous engagement at the Britannia on the day she was taken ill. After a week's acute suffering she died on the 24th, and was buried on the 29th, at Woking Cemetery. Her loss is painfully felt by a large circle of friends and admirers, and has caused the greatest grief to her bereaved husband, Mr. Walter Fredericks, of the City of London Theatre.

One of the patent "sun-lights" was to be introduced in Mr. Fechter's Lyceum Theatre, London, in place of chandeliers around the boxes.

The mother of Mr. G. V. Brooke died in Dublin, on Dec. 25, in the 80th year of her age. Mr. Brooke was with her during her last moments.

Another "Female Blondin" has come to grief in England. Some time ago, we recorded the fall of Miss Selina Young, who will be a cripple for life, and now we have a similar accident to place on the record, the female Blondin, in this instance, however, being less injured than her predecessor. Handbills had been issued, stating that a Female Blondin would give a series of performances on Dec. 31. A rope, twenty to twenty-five feet high, having been stretched across a vacant spot adjoining the road, and near the church, at Northfleet, a female, about eighteen years of age, ascended by means of a ladder, and traversed it twice. She next proceeded to blindfold herself, and had partly crossed the rope again, when one of the gymnastic party, a man of color, climbed the poles by which the rope was suspended at one end, to receive her, and had no sooner arrived at the top, than he called out to her to go back; and at that moment the pole broke in two, and precipitated both into the road. The man received very serious injuries from the fall, one arm being broken in three places. He was conveyed to the Gravesend Infirmary, after receiving temporary assistance from Dr. Crook. The female was less seriously injured, though much bruised and shaken by the fall.

Some slight disturbances have occurred at various Italian theatres, on account of the refusal of the police authorities to allow the Garibaldi Hymn to be sung when called for. It is only just to state that, whilst the distinguished general is perhaps as popular as ever, the majority of the spectators do not join in the demonstration in question, one which is intended to be a hostile one with respect to the government.

A "reserved-seat" disturbance recently took place in the Town Hall, Birmingham, which is another evidence of the unpopularity of the bogus secured-seat system. It appears that the oratorio of the "Messiah" was to be produced. The principal vocalists were Mr. Sims Reeves, Mdlle. Parepa, Mdlle. Elvira Behrens, and Mr. Walworth. A rush took place at the entrance to the unreserved seats, the ticket-takers were carried away by the avalanche, and the legion which rushed in without payment not only occupied the unreserved portion of the hall, but demolished the separation and filled all the reserved seats, and all parts of the floor, to the exclusion of those who had purchased tickets. An hour elapsed before the tumult was in any way quelled. At length the vocalists made their *entrée*. The overture was played, but before Mr. Sims Reeves had sung more than the first line of "Comfort ye my people," the tumult again broke forth, and the police in vain endeavored to obtain silence. Mr. Reeves threw down his music and left the orchestra, followed by the other vocalists. After some time order was restored, and the oratorio proceeded, but it was evident the vocal *artistes* had not recovered their self-possession from the "rough" shock they had received.

Theatre against Circus. The proprietor of the Cardiff Theatre sued the proprietor of the circus, on the 29th of Dec., for producing a pantomime without having a license so to do. After hearing evidence, pro and con, the magistrate decided that the circus was not such a building as required to be licensed. A similar case had been tried at Sheffield. Mr. Charles Pitt, lessee of the Theatre Royal, charged the Messrs. Sanger, proprietors of the circus, with performing a pantomime without a license. The theatre man lost his case, the magistrates all agreeing that the pantomime as produced at the circus was *not* a pantomime, but a Christmas spectacle. Mr. Chambers, who appeared for the circus proprietors, expressed the regret of Messrs. Sanger, that Mr. Pitt "should have exhibited such a feeling against any party, as to try to deprive him of the means of getting an honest livelihood." Pitt had better stick to his own boxes, and let the circus alone.

Mr. Hamilton Braham, vocalist, both in the concert room and on the lyric stage, died at Rochester, Eng., on the 22d of Dec., after a short illness. He was the second son of the late John Braham, the eminent vocalist.

J. H. Ogden, "Irish Ambassador," who was in this country a year or two since, is now engaged at Knightsbridge Music Hall, London.

Johnny Duley, Little Bob, and Farrenberg, are at the London Pavillion; where, also, are "four American wonders," whose names are not given.

The North Highland Giantess, Miss M'Donald, is now a "pretty waiter girl" at the "March of Intellect Wine and Spirit Stores," Hull, Eng. This is another instance of the superiority of mind over matter.

BILLIARDS.

CANN AND DEERY.—We learn from Elizabeth, N. J., that Cann cannot raise the needful to play Deery for $250; he would be unwilling to play on a strange table, but would play on the tables at his establishment, which he regrets are not Phelan's. However, if Deery will consent to play for a cool fifty on those tables, he (Cann) can be considered in the ring.

BILLIARD CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.—Roberts, of England, persists in styling himself as the Champion of the World, and a benefit is being gotten up for him as such. Roberts is *not* Champion of the World; nor will he, if his future conduct be like the past, ever prove his title clear thereto.

DELAY NOT.—We want to know who is boss cue among our young billiard celebrities; and we want to see it thoroughly proven. Since the veteran Phelan has abdicated the post of chief chalker, it is necessary that the office be filled at once. So let a tournament, with that end in view, be arranged without delay. We want a regular nonpareil to pit against Roberts, who claims the championship of the world.

GOLDTHWAITE VS. ESTEPHE.—The former having heard that the latter seeks an opportunity to enter the lists with him, will play a match of 1,500 points, caroms, on one of Phelan's pocket or carom tables, for from $100 up, to play either in New York or Philadelphia, give or take expenses. Mr. Estephe will surely be Victor, whichever wins.

KAVANAGH VS. GOLDTHWAITE.—These skillful billiard players are likely to have a trial of skill soon. We have been informed that Mr. Chris. Conner, of Fourteenth street, made a bet of $25 that the match would not be made in a month, but we rather guess that Kavanagh will be prompt to time. It will do no harm to consider the match on, till advised to the contrary.

BILLIARD SOIREE.—A gathering of all the big billiards took place at T. Stone's establishment, corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth street, on the evening of the 15th, and many big runs were made. The highest counts were Goldthwaite 202, Kavanagh 201, Phelan 153, Deery 137. Goldthwaite is astonishing the *habitues* of the *salons de billards* by his big counts. In addition to the above, one evening last week, at Mr. Geary's saloon, in Courtlandt street, where Goldthwaite holds forth professionally, in playing the "go-back game," he ran out twelve times, and in one game scored 80 twice, 90 once, and then game. Big! By all means let the young man's powers be tested to the full, and then ho! for England, and their psuedo champion of the world.

PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIANISM AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, BOSTON.—FIREMEN'S FOOT RACE.—There was a foot-race among the firemen of Boston and the neighboring cities and towns, on the evening of the 10th inst., at the National Theatre, which created a good deal of interest, and caused the place to be filled. The prize was a silver speaking trumpet, and the entrance was free to the firemen of Boston and vicinity. The distance was one mile, or 41 times round the circle, and there were six competitors—three from Boston, and one each from Charlestown, Lynn and Malden. The time made was good, and the running of the two who made the best time, was as good as that of some professionals. The prize was awarded to the representative of Engine No. 5, of Boston, amid loud cheers. The following is a summary of the time made:—

Engine No. 7, of Boston	5 min. 39 sec.
Engine No. 4, of Malden	5 " 29 "
Liberty Hose, No. 1, of Lynn	5 " 40 "
Washington Hose, No. 1, of Boston	5 " 48 "
Engine No. 5, of Boston	5 " 02 "
Bunker Hill, No. 2, Charlestown	5 " 15 "

THE FIVE MILE RACE.—This followed next in order to the firemen's race, on Monday, the 12th inst., and drew together another large house. The run was a distance of five miles, or two hundred and five times around the ring, for a purse of one hundred dollars. Four competitors were expected to participate in the sport, but only three entered, viz:—James Griffin, of Boston; Peter Coakley, of Charlestown, and John Plympton, of Boston. The race was won by Griffin in 26 minutes 14 seconds, and the purse was presented to him by John Stetson. Coakley's time, the second best, was 30 min. 16 secs. Plympton did not finish the five miles, and his time was not taken. Coakley has since challenged Griffin to run a ten mile race, for $200 a side.

AMUSEMENTS

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT,
SHER C. CAMPBELL, W. W. NEWCOMB,
NELSON SEYMOUR, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
W. I. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, G. W. CHARLES, J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT, J. MORRISON, T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD, FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 37-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT.	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
36-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 12, and every night.
SEVENTEENTH WEEK
OF THE
"CREME DE LA CREME,"
OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS.
GREAT HIT, GREAT HIT, GREAT HIT,
OF
E. BOWERS'S
EXEMPT SHAKING QUAKERS,
Ten in number,
From Lebanon, New Hampshire,
And the highly amusing sketch called
PROFESSOR HUMBUGTHEPUBLICO.
First week of the STRANGER.
The Wandering Minstrel, HIGHO DADDY, &c., &c.
HUGHES, BOWERS, WHITING, SLOCUM,
PRENDERGAST, LEWIS, HILTON, SCOTT,
McNALLY, HUNNEMAN, HEMPE, —— STRAUB,
RIELLY, BRYANT, HOOLEY.
For particulars see Programmes.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
39-tf

AGAIN IN THE FIELD.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
The Autocrats of Ethiopianism,
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
Under the direction of the Great Wit and Humorist,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Are meeting with great success throughout this state—everywhere greeted by full houses—and their performances pronounced by the Press, and Public Inimitable and Unapproachable. Everything
NEW, FRESH, AND ORIGINAL.
They will visit all the Principal Cities in the
NEW ENGLAND STATES,
Introducing their
GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
BY THE
TWELVE STARS OF THE PROFESSION.
THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN "IRON-CLADS."
C. A. BOYD, Instrumental Leader.
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SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
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CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
The Celebrated Pantomimists
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MISS JULIA PRICE,	MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS,	MR. TOM VANCE,
KATE HUGHES,	MR. C. W. PARKER.
KATE HAMILTON,	MR. JNO. RITTER,

MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet	25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes	50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs	37 cts.	Gallery	10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes	$3 00	Colored Boxes	25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes	$2 00	Colored Gallery	15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,	MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY,	MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON,	MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT,	MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,	MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	MLLE FLORA,

MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE,	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN,	P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY,	J. JEROME,	LESLIE MAY,

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A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
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IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED, AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
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Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE,	MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG,	SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI,	MONS. CHARLES,

And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
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Dress Circle	$1	Orchestra Seats	$1
Parquet	50 cts	Second Circle	25 cts
Private Boxes	$5 and $10.		

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

GOODWIN & WILDER'S
POLYMORAMA,
Now open for a short time, at
MASONIC HALL, PITTSBURGH.
Scenes from the first
DREAD SIGNAL AT SUMTER
Down to the last Great Battle.
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Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance at ½ to 8.
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NIGHTLY ATTEST
THE SUPERIORITY OF THE ENTERTAINMENT
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WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
ANOTHER CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
BEST BILL OF THE SEASON.
MONDAY, JANUARY 19, and every evening during the week.
THE JULIAN BURLESQUE, VOYAGE MUSICALE,
THE STAGE STRUCK HEROES, ROBINSON CRUSOE,
THE FOUR VULTURES, WALL STREET BROKERS,
THE SILVER TRUMPET, SONGS, DANCES, &c.,
BY THE ENTIRE TROUPE.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7¼ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 41-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19.
Last week of the Three Years' engagement of
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
The Romantic Drama of
GIL BLAS;
OR, THE ROBBERS OF ASTURIA.
Mr. G. C. Boniface.....as.....Captain Rolando.
Mrs. W. G. Jones.....as.....Gil Blas.
The Grand Comic Pantomime of
HARLEQUIN JACK SHEPPARD;
OR, ALL RIGHT, MY COVEY.
Transformations, Gorgeous Scenes, Mechanical Effects,
Sumptuous Cascade, and Shower of Gold,
NEVER BEFORE EQUALLED.
The Great Drama of
RUGANTINO,
THE BRAVO OF VENICE. 41

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Engagement of the Brilliant and Dashing Comedienne,
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
Whose splendid performances nightly attract
CROWDED AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS,
JANUARY 19, 20, and 21,
Will be performed a Comedy entitled the
ACTRESS BY DAYLIGHT.
Anne Bracegirdle (her original character)...Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
Also, the Comedietta of
SOMEBODY ELSE.
Minnie.....Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
Seats secured ten days in advance. 41-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Gallery 15 cts. 40-1t

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FIRST CLASS THEATRE,
for the production of VAUDEVILLES, OPERAS, AGREEABLE COMEDIES, PANTOMIMES, and such unexceptionable pieces as cannot fail to satisfy the most refined taste. Mrs. English is now ready to receive applications for Engagements from respectable members of the profession, as it is her intention to offer to the Boston public the BEST TALENT OF THE COUNTRY, and for SUCH will pay the most liberal salary. Will be opened on, or about the 25th of January. Address KATE ENGLISH,
40-2t* Sole Lessee and Manager.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Having completed the most unparalleled successful engagement of upwards of
FIFTY NIGHTS,
Ever fulfilled in the City of New York, will commence a series of their wide famed
IRISH AND YANKEE CHARACTERS,
AT THE
WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA,
On
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12th. 40-

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Have concluded their very successful engagement of six weeks, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
These eminent and popular Artists are now performing at
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA,
Commencing Monday, January 5th, 1863.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
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MRS. JAS. STARK,	MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH,	MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN,	W. C. FORBES,
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With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
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Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
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MASTER LEON, Danseuse and Burlesque Prima Donna;	WM. SPAULDING, Harpist;
EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian;
	FRANK CORDELLA, Pianist;
	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet;
	JAMES GRANVILLE, 2d Violin.

"This splendid troupe of Minstrels, the best that has ever visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall one week longer. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last night but when we take into consideration the musical ability and talent that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained." Due notice will be given of their return East.
41-3t* R. L. DINGESS, Agent.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.—The Celebrated Ethiopian Comedian,
JOHN MULLIGAN,
and the unrivalled Banjoist and writer of Ethiopean Sketches, Songs, Farces, &c.,
ANDREW LEAVITT,
now performing a "Star Engagement" at the Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, are under an engagement with Geo. Lea to perform in any of the cities of the Union. Managers wishing their services, will address to Geo. Lea, Baltimore Melodeon, Md.
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Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 41tf

TO MANAGERS.—
MISS MARION begs leave to inform Managers, that her Engagements in Pennsylvania and elsewhere will close on the 16th of the present month, when she will be happy to receive proposals for engagements for CHAMBERMAID and SPARKLING COMEDY. Managers wishing to engage will please address MISS MARION, CLIPPER Office. [41-1t] H. MARION.

TO MINSTRELS.—Wm. Barmore, end man, R. C. Pomeroy, basso, Crafton Clarke, jig dancer, and Ben Wallace, comedian, wish to engage with some Minstrel Band.
Address WM. BARMORE,
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NIBLO'S GARDEN,
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
It affords Mr. WHEATLEY much gratification to be able to announce an engagement for a limited period with
THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST,
MISS BATEMAN,
Who will make her first appearance at this Theatre on
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, 1863,
In a new (five acts) Play of singular and beautiful interest, entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN,
Arranged from the German of Mosenthal, expressly for
MISS BATEMAN,
She will be supported as previously, by
MR. JAMES W. WALLACK, Jr.,
AND
MR. EDWIN ADAMS,
And a Company of Artists expressly selected with a view to their fitness for the characters to be represented. It will be produced with New and Beautiful Scenery by J. H. SELWYN.
Entirely Original Music, composed by ROBERT STOEPEL.
Musical Conductor.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
New and Characteristic Costumes and Appointments,
By MONS. PHILLIPE and S. WALLIS.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 41-

FOR SALE.—Having other business which demands my entire attention, I will sell the Scriptural Painting known as the "PANORAMA OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS." This Panorama, which has never been equalled by any similar work of art, contains over 12,000 square feet of Canvas, and was painted by Dallas, Kyle, Huntington, and Wright, of New York city, where it was exhibited for over two hundred and fifty nights at fifty cents a ticket to crowded houses, since which it has been continually on exhibition in the States and Canadas, everywhere meeting with the most flattering success. The nature of this exhibition is such that it is always favorably advertised by the clergy from the pulpit, and public schools attend it in a body, so that a paying house is always certain no matter where it goes. The Painting is in perfect order, and looks better than when first exhibited. The whole property consists of two rolls of canvas (weighing about 800 lbs) with the complete machinery, lights, &c., for showing; a large two-horse, four-wheel, chaise-top panorama carriage, substantial and showy, and so constructed as to contain the canvas, with all the machinery, baggage, &c.; a span of large, dark bay horses, weighing about 1100 lbs each, with complete double harness; a top-buggy, used by the agent, with horse and harness for the same; also electrotype plates, bills, &c., making the most complete exhibition of its kind in the world. It can readily be taken to places off the line of railroads, where but few exhibitions go. It has always cleared from $5 to $50 a day when traveling through the country, and will do as well for ten years to come. I should prefer to sell a half interest in it to some energetic man who would take the management of it. I don't want to hire an agent for it, but want to sell to some man who will go with it, and if he hasn't the cash, I will trade for any good, tangible property. It cost, all complete, over $5000, but a half interest will be sold to the right man for a low figure. Address CHARLES A. SHAW,
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Entertainments every Evening,
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Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
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In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 40-tf

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THE MODEL CONCERT HALL OF THE WORLD.
The Company now engaged at this popular place of Amusement, is
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Under the same Management.
☞ All business letters for both places, must be directed to Washington, D. C. 37-tf

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The only Room in the City suitable for
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CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
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Easy of Access,
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The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
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OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
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FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
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(LATE THEATRE.)
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THE ONLY
FIRST CLASS PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN DETROIT.
THE LARGEST AND BEST COMPANY IN THE WEST.
THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE WEST.
THE MOST COMPLETE STAGE AND SCENERY.
All the prominent Stars of the Concert Halls treated with on liberal terms. Communications from the Profession solicited.
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This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

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CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
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The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
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JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

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THE MOST RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE
AND CONTINUOUS SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER,
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The following artists appear every night:
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in their different Acts, Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c.,
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
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The leading Dancers of the City, with the
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MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.
THE BEDOUIN BROTHERS,
The Celebrated Troupe of Gymnasts,
with several other prominent performers,
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor and Manager.
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THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED
SPANISH DANSEUSE AND TIGHT ROPE ARTIST,
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CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
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Nos. 115 and 117 Dearborn st., Chicago.
WANTED, 1 superior Clog Dancer, 2 End Performers, and other acknowledged talented Minstrel Performers, for a permanent Company. Address JOHN PARKER,
41-2t Agent and Treasurer.

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WANTED—A capable and energetic man with one or two Thousand Dollars, to take charge of a first class Minstrel Troupe, to travel; have been traveling eight years, and are well established. For particulars please address JOHN S. LEFAVOUR, of Howard Opera Troupe, Salem, Mass. 51-2t*

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WANTED—A GOOD LEADING MAN.—Parties believing themselves competent, should address at once, the manager of the Madison (Wis.) Theatre. 40-2t*

MACE AND HIS LATE FIGHT.

HOTCHKISSVILLE, Conn., January 15, 1863.

EDITOR CLIPPER:—I was surprised to see in the CLIPPER that there is a rumor afloat to the effect that Jem Mace had sold the fight. How people can think so, or what they have learned to make them think so, I am utterly at a loss to know, and without some evidence to support the charge, it must fall to the ground. Now, in the first place, if it was a cross, what was Jem doing to have five hundred colors out? You must bear in mind that if Jem had won, the colors alone would have brought him £500, which is one hundred more than the stake they fought for; now that he lost, he don't get one cent, unless those who took colors pay him for them as if he had won. In the next place, can any man, after reading the report of the fight, come to any conclusion but that Jem was doing his utmost to polish his man off. Round after round, what havoc Jem's left made with poor Tom's dial plate. Again, in the 18th and 19th rounds, Johnny Gideon begged over and over for somebody to take his 6 to 1. Now if Jem had crossed it, they that were "in," ought to have been "on," for just as the shot was going home that landed Tom a winner, six to one was offered and no takers. The two succeeding rounds Jem had not the ghost of a chance. Now if Mace had sold the fight, he took a rather curious course to lose, getting all over his man as he did. The stingers he gave Tom were almost enough to knock any man out of time. Moreover, all accounts agree in saying that the blow in the 19th round was more like the kick of a horse than anything else, and that the right side of Jem's face swelled dreadfully. Poor Tom napped his bib, but took it with good grace. Now, Mr. Editor, I think the charge emanated in this wise—some Yokels had been putting the pot on, and it boiled over, as it will do once in a while.

ONE WHO HAILS FROM THE BAD KNIFE TOWN.

OLD CITY GUARD.

HEAD QUARTERS NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.,
near "Belle Plain Landing," Va., Jan. 6, 1863.

FRANK QUEEN—Allow me to occupy a portion of your time, and a small space in your paper, as you will see by the heading of this letter that I am out with the New York Ninth, and I write this to give you and the readers of your paper an idea of what is going on in this direction. Our regiment left New York, May 27, 1861, and since that time have seen hard service; the strength of the regiment has been very much reduced, and the Old City Guard is a mere shadow. Antietam and Fredericksburgh proved very disastrous to us, and many a brave lad fell. There is great dissatisfaction exisiting in the regiment on account of change of number. We were sworn in as the 9th Regt. N. Y. S. M., with the understanding that the Regt. would always remain as such; but now they call us 83d N. Y. V. Is this right, Mr. Editor? The few privileges that we had as a militia regiment are now taken from us. Is this not discouraging? Had we known this when we first volunteered you can rest assured that there would not have been such a thing known as a 9th N. Y. S. M. in the field. I am suffering from the effects of an injury received at the battle of Fredericksburgh, but am in hopes of being able to assume my regular routine of duty soon.

JULIAN H. KENT, Equestrian.

A LITTLE POP AT PIGEONS took place at Keokuk, Pa., on the 12th inst., by eight members of the Keokuk club, for the Champion's Badge. The conditions were—at seven birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 boundary, charge unlimited. The following is the result:—

Stannus	1100001—3	Edwin	1011000—3
Zebleman	0000111—3	Harris	1111000—4
Wooster	1001000—2	Bowden	0100001—2
Royce	1111001—5	Dollery	1001100—3

The shooting being towards the sun, was not up to the mark, but the winner is a rising young sportsman, and knows how to handle a gun. A supper and a good time wound up the day.

THE $500 PIGEON SHOOT.—John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr Mayhew, of Utica, shot their great match of 100 birds each, for $500 and "satisfaction" on the 13th inst., near New York Bay Cemetery. In the last shoot, at Utica, Mayhew brought down 92 birds out of the 100, to Taylor's 80. Mr. Taylor, in the present match, however, entirely turned the tables, and after killing 77 birds out of 100 to Mayhew's 61 out of 90, the latter gentleman gave up. A considerable number of persons were present, and a pile of "greenbacks" changed hands and ownership.

SKATING.—At the time of going to press, there was skating on all the ponds except the Central Park, on Monday, 19th. On the Union, at Brooklyn, Jackson Haines went through his performances, and quite a crowd were present. There was also a gala time on the Washington and Capitaloine ponds, the fine weather and capital skating tempting many to be present. At Jersey, there was a grand time, and should the ice increase in thickness, there is to be a grand carnival at Sylvan Lake. No skating on the Central Park until Tuesday, 20th, but the Fifth Avenue pond was well attended, the ice being in fine condition.

A SPIN OF SEVENTY-FIVE YARDS.—A foot race of this distance is made between Bill Noden, alias Shoulder, and John Woodward, alias Dock, for $200, to come off in four weeks from January 12, at Philadelphia, so we are informed. Both are said to be fast, and "old uns" at the sport, and a good race is looked for. Jas. Walton, the final stakeholder, holds $25 a side, and the remainder is to be put up in like amounts, at different periods, the last on the Saturday before running.

TWO MILE RACE BETWEEN DOBSON AND GILDERSLEEVE FOR $200 A SIDE.—Another race, similar to that of Cassidy and Gildersleeve's, was run at the same place, Elm Park, the early part of last week. It was only two miles this time, however, but, as before, the celebrated "Young Sport" got beat, although he had all the best of it but the win, and the betting was all in his favor. We hope these races are "on the square."

THE FIGHT AT FARNBOROUGH.—A model of this memorable battle between Heenan and Sayers, on April 17, 1860, executed by one Matthews, then unfortunately domiciled in Sing Sing, has been shown us by S. D. Kehoe, dealer in Indian clubs, dumb-bells, etc., to whom it was presented by Dominick Reagan. The figures of Heenan, Sayers, seconds, bottle-holders, etc., are of wood, about five inches in height, and admirably placed in position. The whole is enclosed in a glass case, twenty-six inches square, on the back of which, inside, is a painting in perspective of some of the most prominent personages present at the battle, making the whole a model of the scene it is intended to represent. It has been on exhibition at Thomas Burns's, Nautilus Hotel, Staten Island, but may now be seen at Jemmy Burns's, Central Hall, Grand street, N. Y.
N. B.—Persons wishing Indian clubs or wooden dumb-bells, will please address their orders to S. D. Kehoe, New York Post Office.

ON GAME FOWLS.—The following card on game fowl we publish as requested by an admirer of feathered gladiators:—
NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 9, 1863.—EDITOR OF CLIPPER: *Dear Sir:* I wish to intrude upon your valuable columns, to bring before the notice of cockers, one of the best flocks of game fowls in America. Having frequently heard of the "splendid games" bred by Mr. H. N. Thurber, of Pomfret, Conn., I resolved to incur the trouble and expense to visit his place, which I did four weeks ago. I found all the conveniences for careful breeding. In conversation with Mr. Thurber, I found he had been quite a cocker. On examination of his stock, I found strong indications of his experience. Knowing that ocular demonstration is a sportsman's strongest conviction, he anticipated my wishes by gaffing several of his *stags* and *cocks*, and setting them to their work; and, although they were in anything but fighting condition, I have never seen *gamer, harder, stronger* or better sparring fowls breasted for battle. After being literally cut to pieces, they showed good heart, and when breasted next day, were as eager for the fray as ever. Mr. T.'s fowls are bred especially for the pit, and show all the qualities of perfect *game fowls*. Sportsmen wishing such, will do well to visit him. They will find a man ever ready to test the mettle of his birds. SPUR.

GENTLEMEN! If you want to learn the best method of enjoying yourself in the society of Ladies, send 25 cents and receive a Book containing full instructions, and many other racy things. Address ALONZO LINCOLN,
41-1t* Box 479, Worcester, Mass.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE and AFTER, 25 cts each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 41-1t*

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STEREOSCOWPANIOVIEW.
Send 25 cts. and receive something Rich and Racy.
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SEND FOR A RECEIPT to make Hair curl. Only 25 cents. P. N. ZEBLY, Albany N. Y. 41-1t*

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Sent post paid, for 25 cents plain, and 50 cents colored, by
41-1t* J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y.

GEMS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Send for a Catalogue.
Address JOHN MORAN, 115 Exchange Place, Phila., Pa.

"CAN'T COME IN."

"Miss Julia at home this evening?"
Asked one of the visiting corps
Of the red cheeked Irish damsel
Who answered the ring at the door.

"Faith—an' I b'lave she is sir."
"Is she engaged, d'ye know?"
"Ingaged—well—I can't say it,
But I thought so long ago.

"Whin she gits a-hold of her swateheart
They are like two burreds caged.
Och! if yees could see thim kissing,
Yee'd think they *were* ingaged!"

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

LEAVING PORT IN A FOG—GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS—SOMEBODY MADE A FOOL OF—THE GREAT EASTERN'S DIMENSIONS, AND HOW THE SHIP IS LAID OUT—ERIN'S RUGGED COAST—PASSING QUEENSTOWN, COVE OF CORK, AND CAPE CLEAR—LETTER WRITING—"SOMEBODY IN MY BED"—ALMOST A DUEL.

"She moves!" echoed a thousand voices, as the ponderous engines were started, and the monstrous paddle wheels commenced their "rotation in office." "Easy does it," our good-natured captain remarked, in his anxiety to prevent accidents, as we crept along at a moderate gait with hundreds of other craft following in our wake. It was anything but a fine day for those anticipating a good sight of our floating city as she majestically ploughed the river Mersey; I haven't the gift of language sufficiently developed to describe the peculiar atmosphere as story-writers do, on purpose to spread themselves, but know it was a——d foggy, which is about all I do know. We couldn't see much over the length of a block, and but for the hurrahs and hi-hi's from our seeing-off party, it would have been mighty "dry food" to commence with. None of us cared to lay down to our work and look after things so long as the string of little vessels kept within speaking distance—no, sir, we wanted to drive away dull care, and with this laudable purpose our band struck up "The Girl I left behind me," playing it all the way up to Prince's Pier, where all Liverpool appeared to be assembled to see us pass that particular spot and give a parting salute.

On Prince's Pier there are several big numbers painted, distinguishable in clear weather for miles, and I arranged with the Nicholas boys for them to be opposite No. 75 (here's a good number for policy players) with umbrellas hoisted, while I was to get on the most conspicuous part of the ship, fasten an embroidered handkerchief (the same one that Nellie Ward gave me) around Pony Moore's pictures, and swing it to the breeze. I struck to my agreement, got way up on the side, hoisted my colors, and kept twirling and twisting them around at a great rate, to the infinite amusement of the other passengers, who knew blame well I couldn't recognize anybody from that distance even with a Herschell telescope. No matter for that—I promised to do so anyhow, and kept my word, although one could no more distinguish a man with an "umbrella" than a fop with an eye-glass. Several of my "companions du voyage" bid me tell their friends on the pier to go get such and such an article they'd left behind and bring it by the next boat, and if they didn't hear me tell them, it wasn't for lack of "hollering"—in fact they all cracked their jokes, but nary budge for me—I was bound to stick it out till we'd passed the pier, and then soberly got down, unfastened Nellie's cambric, wondering if I should ever see the sweet creature again, and proceeded to take observations and look after "somebody's luggage."

Although the Great Eastern's dimensions, and all pertaining to this Monster of the Deep, have been described over and over again by more elaborate pens than I ever want to handle, I think it's no more than right that one of the middle class, or "one of the boys," if you like that term better, should have his say. With your approval, I'm going to do it. The Great Eastern Steam Ship, then, which is made for screw, paddle, and sail, is 692 feet long, 83 wide, and 58 feet deep; across paddle boxes, 114 feet; has 4 decks, 10 boilers, 112 furnaces, and 10 anchors; spreads 6500 square yards of canvas; draught of water, 20 feet, and when laden, 30 feet; depth of hull, 83 feet; 3000 horse power; 25,000 tons burthen; and will accommodate 10,000 troops, (after a fashion, but you or I wouldn't care to test such accommodations). It was designed by I. K. Brunel, (since dead,) and built by Scott Russell, of Blackwall, London. In its construction, 10,000 tons of iron were used. Gas is laid to all parts of the ship, and electric light to the mast head. So much for the figures; they will no doubt be found quite interesting.

Now for the way this Noah's ark of a ship is laid out. At the bow is a raised platform used for a look-out. Next comes the forecastle and berths for the crew, underneath which the chain-lockers are placed. Then the two first funnels, with coal and cargo each side, and the boilers for the paddle engines at the bottom. Two masts are fixed before the first funnel and one after. Between the second and third smoke stacks are the paddle engines, wonderfully beautiful in design, execution and mechanism. The third, fourth, and fifth smoke stacks take their rise from the boilers for the screw engines, and coal is stowed away just above them. The other three masts are one between the third and fourth funnels, and two after the fifth. Between the last funnel and fifth mast are the engines for the screw propeller, and abaft that to the stern the rest of the cargo is distributed. Very few men or women know less about the ins and outs of a ship than myself, and as I can understand all that is written above, I believe you will have no difficulty in doing the same.

With such a conglomeration of trunks, boxes, packages, etc., we couldn't expect to get things ship-shape in one hour or two, so while the crew were stowing away the luggage, we gathered together in little parties, admiring the scenery of "Erin, dear Erin's" romantic and rugged coast. As we steamed away from Albion's shores, the excursion boats—looking like children's toys alongside of our magnificent steamer—dropped off one by one, after a parting cheer heartily replied to by ourselves with huzzas and a display of linen, (not from our extremities, Captain,) until we were finally left alone on the ocean, with land fast disappearing at every revolution of the paddle wheels. Passing Queenstown, where nearly all the steamers stop for passengers and the latest European intelligence, we glided gracefully along past Cork Harbor, or the "Cove of Cork," a magnificent little haven, very useful for vessels to put into in rough weather, or in case of accident, and so on to Cape Clear, the last point of land visible on leaving port, and the first on entering. When off Queenstown, we expected a visit from the pilots, and many of us had written letters to "the girls we left behind us," on board the ship, so as to send a parting farewell in case we all went down to Davy Jones's locker, or failed in reaching our destined haven, the glorious United States. I indited some half a dozen epistles to Eleanor Ward, Emma P——n, Jack McDonald, John C. Heenan, George Newbold, and George Maddick, the jolly, rollicking editor of the *Illustrated Sporting News*, but like hundreds of others, was disappointed in nobody boarding us, and compelled to tear them up again. Verily, the course of true love never did run smooth. I only refer to the ladies, of course, in this quotation, although I should have liked my male friends to get their *billet doux*, too. But, putting the best face on the matter, I soon became resigned to my fate, with the fond hope of soon seeing other sweet faces, with whom I had been in correspondence at New York while stopping in England, one in particular, of equestrian fame—"the lady of my love I will not name, but bravely wear her colors as a token, and I will fight for victory and fame," as the song goes. ("A good A I M, and well put," remarks our far-seeing Skipper.)

There being nothing further worthy of notice, we set to hunting up our respective cabins and sleeping apartments. You must know that the Great Ship Company has agents in every important town in Great Britain. To save trouble, many bought their tickets at these outside agencies. Indeed, I might have got a railroad fare from London to Liverpool thrown in by purchasing a passage ticket in Cannon street, London, but preferred having "the pick of the basket" as to bunks, which those outside Liverpool couldn't do. Here's where our first troubles commenced. Those whose certificates were not numbered went to work and picked out the best bed-rooms, stuck up their names over the berths, filled them with their valises, carpet-bags, hat boxes, and other traveling necessities, so as to bluff "us fellers," who *had* numbers, off, and get us to turn in where we could. I experienced very little difficulty in finding my caboose, and, like all the rest, some gyasticutus had replevined and taken possession of it. Now, Frank, had it turned out to be a young lady, my gallantry would have let the matter drop, and sought other (but not more congenial) quarters. As it was not a crinolined divinity, I felt bound to talk back—so, without further ceremony I dumped his chattels on the floor, rubbed out his patronimic, and reversed the order of things by putting my name and fixins in their place, thinking that that would make him a little riled when he came back and saw the course things had taken. Feeling as proud as any of your bogus "shoulder-straps" who promenade Broadway every fine afternoon, I strutted on deck, confident that the chap, whoever he was, wouldn't dare chuck my traps out. Vain, foolish, egotistical young man that I was—I'd hardly been up stairs fifteen minutes ere everything that bore my ex-dis-tinguished name was lying scattered promiscuously over the floor. Calling in the aid of Dr. Dixon's dictionary, I cursed like a trooper, swore I'd annihilate the reprobate if he was as big as Mike Smith, and did other foolish things that we are all apt to do in the heat of passion. All that wouldn't get me back my bed, however, and those within hearing suggested that the Purser be called as the only man who could bring order out of chaos, (the C. B. taking the character of chaos.) On second sober thought, I concluded not to demolish the would-be robber of my virgin couch; (saying is one thing and doing quite another, isn't it?) had a confab with the purser and my rival, resulting in his having to skedaddle like a kyoodle with his narrative between his hind extremities, to where he belonged—in the steerage! A great triumph or virtue! It afterwards leaked out that he bought up the steward with a few pieces of silver, and that unworthy servant had put him up to this particular berth, thinking he possessed a second-class ticket. Similar scenes were going on all over the boat, which speaks bad for somebody.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B., Philadelphia.—Express replies to your query in substance as follows: "The result of 31 to 26 for 31 to 27, would be—Black wins."

EXPRESS, New York.—Much obliged for "Betsey Baker."

J. I. C., Elgin, Mich.—Mr. Spayth is not the Champion Draught Player of America. There are several as good, if not better than he, in this country.

GAME No. 42—VOL. X.

Sixth game in the match between the two Dons.
Communicated by "A Looker-on."
SINGLE CORNER.

Black, Mr. B.		White, Mr. A.		Black, Mr. B.		White, Mr. A.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	14..18	to 22	26	to 17
2..15	22	25	18	15..13	22	23	19
3.. 8	11	29	25	16..22	25	11	8
4.. 4	8	25	22	17..25	29	8	4
5..12	16	24	20	18..29	25	31	26
6.. 8	12	27	24	19.. 6	9	4	8
7..10	14	24	19	20.. 9	13	8	11
8.. 7	10	32	27	21..13	17	27	23
9.. 9	13	18	9	22..25	22	11	15
10.. 5	14	22	18	23..22	31	15	6
11.. 1	5	18	9	24.. 6	9	23	18
12.. 6	14	19	15	25..14	23	21	5
13..11	18	20	11	drawn.			

GAME No. 43—Vol. X.

BETSEY BAKER.
COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.
From the "Scottish Draught Player."

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	16.. 6	to 10(b)	27	to 24
2..15	22	26	18	17..19(c)	23	17	13
3..12	16	29	25	18.. 9	14	13	9
4..10	14	25	22	19..14	18	9	6
5..16	20	24	19	20.. 2	9	11	7
6.. 8	12	19	15	21..10	14	20	11
7.. 7	10	15	11	22..23	27	32	28
8.. 3	7	18	15	23..18	27	7	2
9.. 7	16	15	11	24..27	31	2	7
10..10	15	22	17	25..14	17	21	14
11..15(a)	19	17	10	26.. 9	18	24	20
12.. 6	15	23	18	27..18	23	7	10
13..15	22	26	17	28.. 5	9	11	7
14..20	24	27	30	29..23	27	7	2
15.. 1	6	31	27	30..27	32	drawn.	

(a) 6 to 10 loses. (b) 9 to 13 also loses. (c) 10 to 15 also loses.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 41—Vol. X.

BY A. L. R., OF BALTIMORE.

Reserved till next week.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 105th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..17	22	25	18
2..28	24	20	27
3.. 2	6	1	10
4.. 3	7	11	2
5.. 9	6, and wins.		

MATCH GAME.

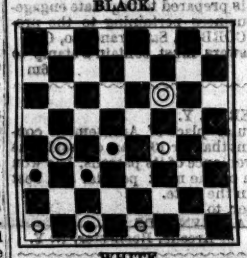
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
5..12	16	25	22
6..10	15	21	17

POSITION No. 42—Vol. X. THE 106th POSITION OF STURGES.

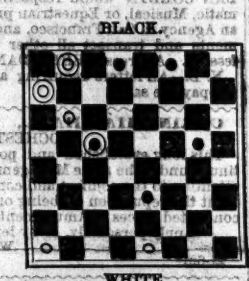
Occurred in actual play between Messrs. Hines and Leara, of this City.
COMMUNICATED BY EXPRESS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. LAWRENCE, Lowell.—The emendation of Mr. C.'s prize Prob., obviates the possibility of your solution, even were it sound otherwise—but see below. As to our own contributor's position, you are right about its being a mere "typographical error." Having seen the amendment of that, also, we are curious to know the result of your determination to solve it within the specified time.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—You'll be the death o' some o' those fellows yet, if you so persist in bringing them to such critical standards of excellence, and in putting such troublesome interrogatories.

H. CHADWICK.—Can we not look to you for a few of the best games from your late Brooklyn tourney?

EGMONDVILLE (C. W.) CHESS CLUB.—This flourishing Club recently held its annual business meeting and unanimously re-elected their old board of officers, as follows:—President, C. L. Van Egmond, Esq.; Vice Presidents, Messrs. G. Jackson, and E. Cresswell; Secretary, Thos. P. Bull; Treasurer, H. R. Jackson.

A QUESTION OF TWO.—In the course of a note to us our contributor J. S. says:—"Before, however, dismissing Mr. Campbell's prize problem, I would respectfully submit the following questions: what are the two Black Pawns placed at K Kt 3d and K B 2d for; if, as Mr. Campbell asserts, a White P was at Q B 2d? As the position was formerly published, the P at K Kt 3d prevented the Q checking at K B 5th, and the P at K R 2d would take the Q if she captured the P at Kt 3d. But these Ps are now unnecessary. Will Herr Kling, or Herr Lowenthal give us a little light on the subject. Is placing unnecessary pieces on the board one of the features of "pre-eminence" which Herr Kling in his notes so strongly claims for this problem?

Will Mr. Campbell please let us know how he avoids the following solution to his "Prize Problem," supposing a White P to be at Q B 2d?

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..Kt to K 6 +	B × Kt	4..P checks	P × P
2..Q sq	Kt × Q best	5..P × P, mate. ?	
3..Kt—Q 3 +	K moves		

HERR KLING'S CRITIQUES

ON THE WORLD'S CONGRESS PRIZE PROBLEMS.
"Aut Cæsar aut Nihil. (3d Prize Sett.)

BY SIGNOR JOSEP PLACHUTTA.

NUMBER 1.—This is the most ingenious, elegant, and original composition in the whole sett of this series. In fact, the final *coup* in the two main variations is conceived in the highest degree of excellence. Indeed, I have no hesitation in declaring that this position will rank among some of the best contributed to the Tourney.

No. 2.—The only problem in this sett which I might fairly point out as an old idea. I must, however, at the same time do justice to the author for the points of interest he has been able to introduce, and render the problem altogether not easy of solution.

No. 3.—This position, although complicated and difficult, is somewhat marred by the introductory move. I am of opinion that, had the first move been altogether omitted, and the mate be intended in four instead of five moves, the problem would have been a most excellent one.

No. 4.—A neat position, but hardly difficult enough. The idea is not of novel origin.

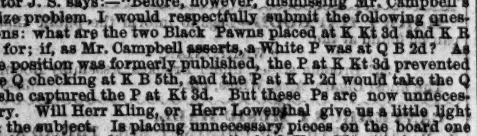
No. 5.—A very complicated, intricate, and original position. The ingenuity of the termination calls forth the highest admiration.

No. 6.—This is really a masterpiece of strategy; every move in the solution enhances the beauty of this fine position. Special admiration is afforded [evoked?] by the move of B to R 7th at the proper time, which idea alone renders this a position of very high merit.

ENIGMA No. 364.

From Bell's Life in London.

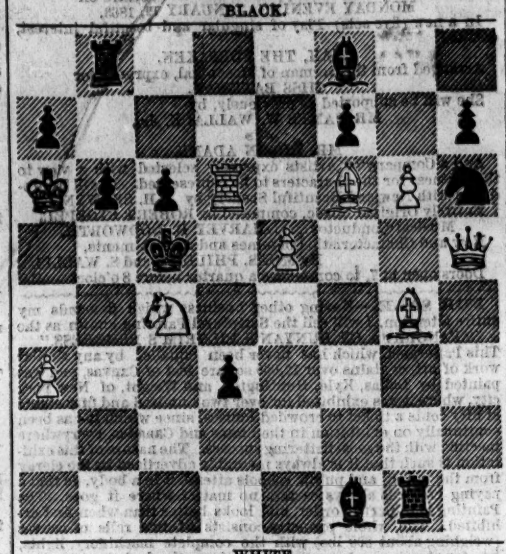
BY M. HERLIN.



White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 364.

"NIGHT IN THE ORISONS,"
World's Congress 1st Prize Problem.
BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME No. 364.

An elegant little *partie* played some two years since in Cleveland between our contributor John Schlesinger and Dr. Leslie.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Dr. Leslie.	Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Dr. Leslie.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to K 6	B P × P (e)
2..K Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3	14..Kt—K R 4	Q—K Kt 5 (d)
3..K B—B 4	K B—B 4	15..K B × P	Q × K Kt (e)
4..P—Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	16..K R—K sq	K—Q sq
5..P—Q B 3	B—Q R 4	17..Q × Q Kt	Q P × Q
6..P—Q 4	K P × P	18..Q R—Q sq +	Q B—Q 2
7..Castles	K B × P	19..K B × B (f)	K Kt—K 2 (g)
8..Q Kt × B	Q 2d P × Kt	20..Q B × Kt +	Q × Q B
9..Q—her Kt 3	Q—K B 3	21..K B × P dis +	K—Q B sq
10..P—K 5	Q—K Kt 3	22..K R × Q	Q B—Kt sq
11..Q × B 2d P	P—K R 3 (a)	23..Q R—K sq, and the Attack mates in three moves.	
12..Q B—R 3	P—Q Kt 3 (b)		

Notes, by our Contributor.

(a) If the Defence here play K Kt to K 2d, 12..Kt to Kt 5th with a resistless attack.
(b) With the idea of playing Q B to Kt 2d, after which to castle in safety on the Queen's side.
(c) If Q B take P, then K B to Q Kt 5th, etc.
(d) Guarding the K Kt P.
(e) There is nothing better: he cannot take B, with Q or P, without loss.
(f) Threatening mate on the move.
(g) The only move; for if Kt to B 3d, Q B mates.

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